MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF W. J. MÜLLER.

N. NEAL SOLLY.

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MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER

A NATIVE OF BRISTOL

LANDSCAPE AND FIGURE PAINTER

WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS AND AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS AND OF HIS PRINCIPAL WORKS

BY

N. NEAL SOLLY

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF DAVID COX"

Illustrated with Photographs from Paintings and Sketches by the Artist's own Hand

"I am looking forward to sketching green fields, trees, &c., the works of a living God—these things make my heart glad. It is in nature, and not in streets, that I find my *own self*."

LETTER OF WILLIAM MÜLLER'S, dated London, April 14th, 1845.

LONDON

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY

1875

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

If I can assist you at any time in any information I shall be glad. You may do not hesitate to write me. Trusting you will have a pleasant & day excursion. Wish with five Sparks. — colours for sketching believe me

Yours truly

Wm Shirreff

22 Charlotte Pl. Edinburgh

July 28th 45.

PREFACE.

THE scantiness of materials—if I except those most interesting remains of an artist, his own works—which appeared on inquiry to be available for a life of W. J. Müller caused me to hesitate for some time whether I could justly undertake the present memoir. I felt, however, so deeply interested in Müller's very remarkable character, both as a man and an artist, and so much admiration for his works, that eventually I resolved to persevere, being impressed with the belief and the hope that the public, especially that portion of it which is interested in matters pertaining to art, would pardon any shortcomings, and kindly welcome my work. I have endeavoured to collect, classify, and condense in this volume all the authentic particulars of Müller's early life, travels, and career as an artist which were available, supplemented by an account of his most important paintings and sketches.

I was, moreover, fortified in my determination by the thought that what was now difficult might become altogether impossible if postponed for many more years. I was encouraged, also, by several of his surviving friends who knew him well One of these thus wrote to me on hearing of my project:—"It will give great pleasure to Müller's old friends, and should be a grateful thing to the English school of painting, that his life be written. It has certainly been watched for a

long while, and, if fortunate in rendering and embodying the character of the man, it will be very strange and exciting."

Another old friend, Mr. E. Duncan, the artist, in referring to his long-standing friendship with Müller, adds:—"I had a profound admiration for his genius as an artist, and great respect for him as a man."

The difficulty of my task has been increased by the circumstance that so few of Müller's letters have been preserved—scarcely any of his very early ones—for as his friend, Mr. J. Chisholm Gooden, writes from London, "Poor Müller's death took us all by surprise at the time; indeed, nothing could have surprised one more sadly: correspondence, under such a state of affairs, is not hoarded."

By degrees, however, many of his letters, written during the last few years of his life, have come to light, and have been placed in my hands; these I have invariably introduced, as they are all more or less interesting and characteristic.

I have also been assisted with many pleasant recollections and anecdotes from Müller's friends, sketching-companions, and fellow-travellers who happily still survive. And yet, after all is told, I am sorrowfully conscious that much of interest has been irretrievably lost, and must for ever remain unrecorded.

With respect to the dates of pictures, I have met with some difficulties, as many are not dated; but I have done all in my power to be accurate with respect to these and other dates; still it is very possible that some errors may occasionally have crept in.

That Müller was an artist of very original genius, and that he is deserving of a biographical niche amongst the eminent painters of this century, few will deny, I believe, at the present day. On this point the judgment of the world has had ample time to mature and pronounce itself. Thirty years!—a whole generation—have come and gone since Müller died. His career, although so remarkable, was so

short that, like a brilliant comet, the light of his genius had scarcely blazed brightly above the horizon ere it was blotted out and lost in the obscurity of space.

Unfortunately, Müller's important works are all absent from the public galleries of London, and are only seen now and then—one or two—at rare intervals, when changing hands at Messrs. Christie and Co.'s great sale-rooms in King Street, St. James's.

A few short notices have appeared respecting this artist and his works, chiefly in the pages of the *Art-Union*, edited by Mr. S. C. Hall, who was a personal friend of Müller's. Some spirited and most interesting papers appeared in it many years ago, written by Müller shortly before his death, and giving a graphic account of his travels and experiences in the East. They contain, too, some interesting particulars of the character and customs of the natives. Those which refer to his last journey to Lycia (Asia Minor) I have been permitted to reprint, and they will be found in the Appendix, No. V. These will be of especial interest to all who have not already read them, as Müller's spirited character and love of adventure are most vividly pourtrayed in his own words.

Whilst recording my obligations to Mr. S. C. Hall, I have also to express my sincere thanks to Mr. John Harrison, of Bristol, for an interesting paper describing their sketching excursions together, and other reminiscences; and equally so to Mr. Harry Johnson, the well-known artist, Müller's former pupil and travelling-companion, for a paper containing his recollections of their journey to Lycia, and for other assistance.

To Messrs. George A. Fripp, Skinner Prout, J. Chisholm Gooden, Jos. J. Jenkins, Chas. Baxter, T. Morson, W. J. Muckley, Chas. Sandars, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Carpenter, Mr. W. Hall, and some others, who have assisted me by the loan of letters and by information, I have also to express my sense of their kindness; as well as to Mr. W. Sharp, of Hands-

worth; to Mr. John Henderson and to Mr. Albert Levy, of London, for their generous loan of paintings and sketches to be copied by photography for this work.

The portrait which forms the frontispiece was painted by Mr. Branwhite, a Bristol artist, and brother-in-law of Mr. E. G. Müller: it has always been in the possession of the latter gentleman, and this, I believe, is the first time it has been copied, which remark also applies to the bust. Without the assistance of Mr. E. G. Müller I could scarcely have undertaken this work, and to him I am especially indebted.

N. N. S.

Edgbaston, *February*, 1875.

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Vincent Brooks, Day & Son

THE SLAVE MARKET. CAIRO.

INTRODUCTION.

IT will be acknowledged, I believe, by most persons who have thought on the subject, that comparatively few artists who die young have had their names inscribed on the great roll of fame. So true it is, that great works in the higher branches of art are generally the result of long and thoughtful practice and of mature experience—the production of man's middle or latter years.

It is recorded that Titian lived to the great age of ninety-nine, Michael Angelo to that of eighty-nine, Tintoretto and Claude each to eighty-two; and among eminent modern artists I may instance both J. M. W. Turner and David Cox who survived almost in full vigour to the age of seventy-seven years. It is true there are a few names which form bright exceptions to this rule, the "divine" Raffaele having lived only to the age of thirty-seven, and Corregio to that of forty; but turning to the British school of art, if we except the brilliant and lamented Bonnington, who scarcely attained to his twenty-seventh birthday, there is no instance so remarkable of great genius and great performance nipped ere its prime as that of William James Müller.

Although removed from the scene of his labours at the early age of thirty-three, few artists have bequeathed to posterity so great a variety of remarkable and interesting works.

How rapidly he was rising in his profession, and how great the loss to art when he was thus suddenly called away from the "Banquet of Life," it will be my aim to show in this

memoir. So incessantly, so passionately I may say, did Müller press onwards in the pursuit and practice of his art, even when health was failing and his brave spirit was battling against the assaults of organic illness, that long since he had mastered every difficulty in the practice of landscape both in water-colour and oil, whilst at the same time he was rapidly taking his place and winning recognition as a painter of figure subjects.

Although Müller's health was, without a doubt, in some respects affected by the way in which his pictures were treated at the Royal Academy—to which I shall refer more at length hereafter—there can be no question that his incessant and unremitting devotion in London to studio work, especially during the last year of his life (when he painted larger pictures than usual), undermined his health. His health at no time was very robust, and the hardships which he suffered during his Lycian journey had also affected it to some extent. I am confirmed in this opinion by his friend and medical attendant, Mr. Harrison, of Bristol.

But Müller's ardour for his profession was so extreme that even a strong constitution could scarcely have withstood the constant strain of the "art-fever" early and late. To Müller indeed may be applied with truth those lines of Lord Byron to the memory of a talented and ardent young poet, too early called away from his labours—

> "'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
> And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low;
> So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart."

As a sketcher I shall have to show that Müller was especially pre-eminent, uniting many rare qualifications of temperament and feeling to great art-knowledge and constant practice; he was thus enabled to produce that series of sketches during his last journey to the East which will never

be forgotten by those who saw them when exhibited together (at the Graphic) in London.

Of an intensely keen and earnest temperament, resolute, almost defiant, yet withal modest with regard to his own art-work, and generous in offering aid or advice to others, Müller had little sympathy with the weak and irresolute. Admired and esteemed by his friends and companions—for he was eminently "life-giving" and companionable—he never seemed to be quite happy alone; in this respect he resembled David Cox, who also was always most sociable in his feelings.

Müller had a pleasant and ever-ready sense of wit and humour, at times slightly sarcastic: yet his satire was humorous rather than severe; it resulted from a keen perception of what was affected, pompous, or ridiculous, and certainly did not originate in a wish to cause pain, or from a censorious or cynical spirit. Full of self-confidence, whatever happened, he always appeared equal to the occasion, and went straight to his purpose. To this sturdiness of character, which made him rather self-asserting at times, and never allowed difficulties to turn him aside from the path he had marked out, Müller united great readiness to oblige: it will be readily understood that, considering his peculiar temperament, to confer an obligation was a positive pleasure to him, whilst to receive one was more difficult, and left him to some extent uneasy. Open-handed and free with his money where others were concerned—for he was a most generous fellow—he was simple and careful in his personal expenditure. Although grateful for kindness and prompt to acknowledge it, he never felt quite satisfied till he had had an opportunity of making some return. Truly, "independence" may be said to have been Müller's motto throughout life.

He was remarkably anxious, also, to fulfil every professional promise or engagement; that this conscientiousness was carried to a painful extreme in his last illness will be shown in some of his letters. He was, perhaps, too anxious

to be first in everything which he undertook, and he was undoubtedly ambitious; but it was an honourable ambition, that of excelling and obtaining recognition from brother-artists in his profession.

Müller's stirring, irrepressible energy and vivacity made him at times slightly irritable, and inclined him occasionally in early life to practical jokes: these were more in fashion thirty or forty years ago than they are now, but, being tempered with fun and good-humour, the object of the joke could scarcely take offence. In addition to the love he displayed for his profession of an artist, Müller felt a lively interest in natural history, music, and some other pursuits. He was a very keen observer of character, and during his travels nothing of moment was ever allowed to escape his observation. The letters he wrote during his last journey—that to Lycia—contained in Chapter XII. and in the Appendix No. 5, must bring conviction on this point to all who read them.

Müller's paintings and drawings are now scattered far and wide, and are not very easy of access. One work in oil—a figure subject—and seven drawings and sketches are all, I believe, that are to be found in our national collections.

His style varied so much in character, treatment, colour, and subject, as years went on, and he was so ready to gather hints from the works of other artists—especially the old Italian and Dutch masters—that to give anything like an adequate idea of what Müller contributed to art would, indeed, take a large collection of his works.

I shall be excused, therefore, I trust, if I go at some length into a description of many of his important works—a poor substitute, I feel, for a personal inspection of them. I have introduced these descriptions of pictures into the chapters relating to those portions of his life in which they were painted; this, I thought, would be less tedious to the general reader than collecting an account of all into one separate chapter.

When Müller had arrived at the age of twenty-seven, namely, in the year 1839, he had already attained to great excellence as a painter of landscape, for which he had fortified himself by extensive foreign travel, and he had occasionally painted small figure subjects of less importance. These works were well known and sought after by the dealers and collectors of Bristol and Birmingham, but he still remained comparatively almost unknown in London. This may be partly accounted for by his residence in the country, and by the want of influential friends in the metropolis. After this date he took up his abode in London, and, having studied for some time in a life academy, he turned his attention much more to the production of figure pictures, for which he brought home a great variety of fine and varied subjects from the East; these remarkable works soon brought his name more under public notice. It spite of little encouragement from the London societies of artists, his pictures were of so striking a character that it was impossible for even professional jealousy entirely to ignore them. Had his life been prolonged, there can be no doubt that Müller, who had already entered his name as a candidate for the honour of admission as an associate in the Royal Academy, would eventually have forced his way through the outworks of that rather conservative and exclusive citadel.

That William Müller did not during his lifetime reap the pecuniary advantages nor the honour to which his genius entitled him is only too true, and also that he deeply felt this want of recognition. The prices, indeed, which he generally received were, in most cases, ridiculously small for such works, even in those days of low prices; but with the lapse of years they have gradually taken their deservedly high position in public estimation. Even before the end of his life many of our best artists recognised the great merit of Müller's latter works. Amongst these I may instance J. M. W. Turner, Collins, Herbert, W. Etty, David Cox, and

Clarkson Stanfield. We can scarcely feel surprised at this, for artists of eminence are often the first to notice the indications of the genius and rare ability which may be rising up around them.

That Bristol, Müller's birthplace, has been backward to recognise his genius will, perhaps, excite less surprise from the fact that that city is acknowledged to have been slow on some other occasions to show honour to the memory of her distinguished sons. The marvellous boy-poet, Chatterton, so long without a monument of any kind, is a case in point; and others might, I believe, be cited. Bristol has been the cradle of several men distinguished in the fine arts. Lawrence and Bayley were born there; and Danby and Bird long made that city their home. But it is never too late to take the subject of some public recognition, to which I am referring, into consideration. Some day, perhaps, the omission will be owned and remedied, just as a fine memorial window has lately been subscribed for in Birmingham, and placed in Harborne Church, to the memory of David Cox; and, better still, this same town has just done honour to itself and to the memory of a great philosopher, once wronged in Birmingham, by erecting a statue to Priestley.

Much I think may be gathered in the way of encouragement by young artists, and somewhat also in the way of warning, by considering the life of W. Müller.

There can be little if any doubt that, had his life been spared, he would have become greater and more eminent as an artist than he was, and have taken his place in the foremost ranks, for he had made unusually rapid strides during the last three years. There is also too much reason to believe that his life was shortened by over-exertion. The strings of the harp will snap, and the finest bow must suffer and give way, if always strung or bent. Nevertheless, we may be thankful that this true artist was spared to achieve so much, and that, although his life was short, he has still lived long enough to earn a deathless fame.

HILLSBRIDGE PARADE, BRISTOL, WM. MÜLLER'S BIRTH-PLACE.

LIFE OF WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER.

I.

EARLY LIFE.

1812 TO 1830.

THE ancient city of Bristol had long carried on an important trade with the Western World, although up to the end of the last century the accommodation for shipping was insufficient and insecure. Floating docks were much needed, and the question—how to supply them? was long and anxiously considered. At length, the preliminary difficulties having been surmounted by means of an Act of Parliament, the excavation of a new channel, or "cut," for the passage of the waters of the Avon was commenced in 1804, and completed in 1809; thus several miles of the old channel, including a small portion also of the river Frome, which passed in a winding course through the centre of Bristol, were converted into a floating harbour.

This "new cut," as it is called, rather resembles a huge canal than a river, and facing it, on the northern bank, a modest-looking row of houses was erected, by name Hill's Bridge Parade: the situation is very quiet, as it is far removed from the trade and bustle of the city. Here, at No. 13, William James Müller was born, on the 28th of June, 1812. A view of Hill's Bridge Parade is given at the

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commencement of this chapter; the house in which Müller was born is indicated at the right-hand corner, where two dogs are sketched in.

William J. Müller's father—John Samuel Müller—was a Prussian by birth, a native of Dantzic. During the sanguinary war waged by the French under the first Napoleon early in the present century against Prussia, the inhabitants of Dantzic suffered greatly, the town being besieged and taken by the French; and Mr. J. S. Müller, who was a man of scientific pursuits, and by no means wealthy, was greatly crippled by having a great many soldiers quartered on him. Hopeless of bettering his position if he remained in Dantzic, he determined to try his fortune in England, and having, as he used to relate, escaped at night over the walls of the city with one or two friends, he left Germany (doubtless) in one of the timber-ships, of which there were so many trading between the Baltic and Bristol.

Mr. Müller, although bereft of fortune, soon found a welcome from the members of the Philosophical and Literary Society of Bristol when they became aware of his solid attainments in natural history. Geology, botany, and conchology were all favourite pursuits of his.

Amongst these gentlemen were several names well known in the world of science:—the Rev. D. W. Conybeare, H. F. de la Beche, Dr. Daubeny, Dr. Lant Carpenter, the Dean of Bristol, H. Beeke, D.D., J. S. Conybeare, Samuel Roolsey, and many others.

Mr. Müller was appointed, after a time, Curator of the Bristol Museum, and settled in that city, having married shortly after his arrival Miss James, a member of a Bristol family of liberal traditions, and long resident there. This lady, like her husband, had early lost all her near relatives.

She had had several brothers; but these, as well as a cousin, were all drowned together, in a most awful manner, in 1802,

by the upsetting of a sailing-boat, near Denny Island in the Bristol Channel, in consequence of a sudden squall.

Of this marriage three sons were born; also one daughter, who died in infancy. The eldest son, Henry, born in 1808, was brought up to the medical profession, and having early in life obtained a country practice at Congresbury, about ten miles from Bristol, he married. But he only lived for one year after his marriage, and died in 1843. William James Müller was the second son; and the youngest, Edmund G. Müller, born in 1816, still survives. Like his brother William he has followed the profession of an artist, although educated first for the medical profession, and is a resident in the neighbourhood of Bristol.

Having referred to the subject of Mr. J. S. Müller's pursuits in natural history, I will now mention that in the autumn of 1821 he published a quarto volume on the natural history of the Crinoidea, or lily-shaped animals. This work was beautifully illustrated with fifty plates, drawn on stone by the author. He says, in his preface, with becoming modesty, "I have applied the slender talent of drawing I possessed to executing the necessary illustrations in a series of lithographic plates, as the only mode in which a private individual could bring forward such an undertaking." He also contributed, through his friend Mr. Conybeare, to the Royal Society several papers on scientific subjects, which were published in the Philosophical Transactions. He had likewise completed the manuscript of a work on Corals and Coralines; it was entrusted by him to a young man who assisted in the Museum, or Philosophical Institution, to make a fair copy; but, unfortunately, the youth was seized with cholera, and died suddenly. After his death search was made for Mr. Müller's manuscript; but it had disappeared, and was never afterwards found, and Mr. Müller did not himself live to replace it. His publications, it should be stated, appeared in the name of J. S. Miller, by which name he was

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generally known in Bristol; but his sons resumed the German family name of Müller when they grew to man's estate, in fact, before William went to Germany, although still pronounced in Bristol as Miller. As William Müller, although also christened James (not John, as has been erroneously supposed), very rarely used it in signing, I shall omit it in speaking of him in future. His early life was passed at the house of his father in Hill's Bridge Parade, looking on the quiet cut, where only a boat or barge occasionally passed up or down. He never went to school, but was educated entirely by his mother, for whom he ever entertained warm affection and esteem. She was a small, delicate lady of good acquirements; she could read and translate French and German accurately, and these languages she taught to her sons. William, however, also took some lessons from a German professor before going abroad the first time, which made him tolerably proficient in reading that language; but he was quite unable to speak either German or French fluently. His father was too much engrossed with his scientific pursuits to assist in the education of his boys, otherwise than in directing their attention to natural objects, and setting such objects before them, as far as possible, as subjects to be drawn, and insisting on accuracy of outline. Mr. Müller also lost no opportunity of familiarizing the minds of his sons with the elementary study of natural history in its various branches. Although William Müller was only nine years of age when his father's work on the Crinoidea was published, I am informed on good authority that many of the drawings for the illustrations were made by him. As a child he is reported to have been remarkably intelligent and quick, and from the age of four years to have been never happier than when entrusted with a pencil and paper or a slate. He indulged his infantine fancy by an attempt to draw every imaginable thing. His mother used to treasure some of these early efforts which showed his precocious

talent. His father, seeing the bent of the boy's mind, directed his attention to the models in the Museum. When about ten years old, Mr. Müller on one occasion desired William to draw a particular shell for him very carefully, and he accordingly drew it in three different positions; but not one of them represented exactly what his father wished. The lad went home late, thinking over his day's work, and in the night he said he *dreamt* that if he were to place the shell in a certain new position he should succeed in drawing the part his father desired. The next morning he started early for the Museum, and when his father arrived two hours later the drawing was completed to his entire satisfaction.

About this time William Müller commenced sketching from nature near Bristol; his first sketch, as he stated in after-life, having been made in the grounds of Blaize Castle, belonging to Mr. Harford. He also made large studies at the Institute of bones, skeletons, and large fossils, drawn with a vigorous outline, and filled in and shaded with lamp-black. These were used as diagrams by various lecturers on scientific subjects, and the practice, without doubt, assisted in giving young Müller power and accuracy. A drawing by him, when about ten or eleven, of a mummy-case, with all its hieroglyphics, was especially noticed for accuracy and finish. This was made for J. C. Prichard, the author of the "Eastern Origin of the Celts," and other works, and in acknowledgment he gave his young friend, William Müller, a colour-box, which was much prized.

Soon after the Philosophical Institution in Park Street was finished—viz. in 1823—exhibitions of paintings, both ancient and modern, were occasionally held there. Works by the old masters were lent by gentlemen having collections in Bristol and its neighbourhood. Art-students were allowed to make copies of single figures or parts of the pictures, but not of the whole work. It was thus that W. Müller, in 1824,

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made a clever copy in oil of a figure in armour, called "The Trumpeter," from a small painting by Terburg, lent by Mr. D. W. Acraman. This copy is still in Mr. E. G. Müller's possession. The character of the original work is well sustained, and, for a boy of twelve, it is a remarkable performance. This little picture shows that at this early age Müller had become an accurate draughtsman, and had mastered the early difficulties of manipulation in oil colours.

Modern paintings were also exhibited at the Institution in Bristol. From 1826, for many years in succession, Müller became an occasional exhibitor there, and also at the exhibition-room in Broad Street, situated behind a stationer's shop kept by Mr. Davey, and generally known as "Davey's Exhibition." But at that time there was but little appreciation or encouragement for modern art in Bristol, and the prices obtained by local artists for good pictures were exceedingly low.

When barely fifteen years of age Müller was apprenticed by his father to the well-known landscape painter, J. B. Pyne, then a resident on St. Michael's Hill, Bristol; and in that artist's studio in Small Street he continued to draw and paint for about two years. At the end of 1829, or quite at the beginning of 1830, this arrangement came to an end. Mr. Pyne gave usually, it is said, but little time or personal superintendence to the instruction of his pupils; this caused Müller and his father to feel somewhat dissatisfied. Müller was also expected to set and clean Pyne's palette, which was unpalatable to the ardent young student; and on Mr. J. S. Müller making some complaint, Mr. Pyne said he was quite willing to cancel the indentures. He was taken at his word, and henceforth W. Müller had no other teacher than nature. Although Müller did not acquire in Mr. Pyne's studio as much as he and his father seem to have anticipated, there is no doubt the experience in the method of work-

ing in oil which he gained from that master, and the facility in execution which he learned, were of great advantage to him in after-life, and the influence of Pyne's manner of "handling" and colour, especially his greys and yellows, may be traced, I think, in many of Müller's pictures; there was this marked difference, however, that Müller's was a stronger, deeper nature, and of a wider grasp, hence a more free, firm, and masculine mode of execution and treatment became gradually developed in his work. A young artist who took a short course of lessons in oil-painting from Pyne at Bristol, about the year 1831 or 1832, informs me that he found Pyne a most amiable, generous man, and an admirable teacher; he had unusual power of handling (strength of wrist), and his heart was set on the technical part of the art; in twelve lessons he showed the whole nature and use of oil pigments and vehicles, and how to lay them on.

It is pleasant to find that the early termination of the agreement between Pyne and Müller did not estrange them in after-life; they always spoke in a tone of friendliness of each other, and in 1843 Müller, in writing to a friend, thus refers to his apprenticeship:—"In early life placed under the direction of my friend J. B. Pyne—nay, serving a regular apprenticeship to the arts with him, to whom I owe so much—I commenced painting in earnest."

Pyne had a pupil of the name of Carter, who became a clever landscape painter; and also another pupil of the name of Mawley, who became a companion and early friend of Müller's. The following letter, written by Müller soon after he left Pyne's studio, viz., early in 1830, will be read with interest:—

"13, Hill's Bridge, 6 morning.

"DEAR MAWLEY,—This is weather we should not let slip by us; would you, therefore, make it convenient to call on me to-day at ten in the morning, or at two in the noon. I want

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very much to make a sketch for my picture of the snow on the rocks. Now, should to-day not be convenient, would you make it so to-morrow, at the same hours?

"Yours truly,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—It is a saying, and I have often heard it told, that

'They that would not when they could
Should not when they would.'

I had almost forgotten it.

"N.B.—Mind you are punctual, and let Edmund have an answer."

I have already remarked that Müller's father had fostered from an early age in the minds of his children a love for nature and natural history. This taste was cultivated by William Müller very early, and throughout his life, indeed, it never forsook him, for he thus wrote in 1843, only two years before his death :—

"Travel to me affords two pleasures—my love of botany, and natural history in general (for I cannot forget the impressions given me by my father, to whose acquirements as a man of science his works testify better than aught I can say). I continue to combine them as much as possible with my profession; a new flower often delights me as much as a new sketch."

On the 25th May, 1830, Müller, who was not then quite eighteen, had to mourn the death of his excellent father. He frequently referred in after-life to this early loss as a great misfortune to him and his brother; but they continued to reside with their mother in Hill's Bridge Parade until she died in 1836.

The Rev. Dr. Beeke, Dean of Bristol, was appointed

executor by Mr. J. S. Müller under his will, and that gentleman and other friends of Samuel Müller—Dr. Cook, of Tortworth, Gloucestershire, the Rev. John Eaden and the Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter, of Bristol—continued to take a kindly interest in the career of young William Müller. These gentlemen were all more or less fond of art and admirers of the old masters. The Rev. John Eagles, whose cultivated taste and great knowledge, through travel, of Italian art afterwards exercised so important an influence on Müller, had left Bristol for Halberton, in Devon, in 1822. Before that date he had been acquainted, I believe, with Mr. Samuel Müller, but he did not return to the neighbourhood of his native city, Bristol, until 1834; of this gentleman I shall have to speak further in a future chapter.

Some time after his father's death W. Müller was commissioned by the dean, Dr. Beeke, to paint a large oil-picture for him of the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe. The spot chosen was from a float in Bathurst Basin; a number of mackerel boats are shown grouped together in the basin, and the church appears rising up behind some picturesque buildings. The old dean came to see the picture during its progress, and expressed great satisfaction and approbation when it was completed. He was to pay £25 for the work, and when he handed the money in £5 bank-notes to young Müller, the latter modestly conveyed them to his pocket without counting. Upon this the dean said—"You are a very young man, Mr. William, and will, I trust, excuse an old friend like me remarking, that when you receive money it is always better to count it and see that it is right before writing the receipt." Acting on this admonition, Müller counted the notes, and to his surprise found £30. Imagining the good doctor had made a mistake, he handed him one of the notes back; the dean only smiled, however, and begged him to retain it, saying that it was intentional, and that in his opinion the picture was well worth all the money he had paid.

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No subjects appear to have had greater attractions for Müller, early in life, than wintry landscapes with snow, leafless trees and rushes white with hoar frost, or rivers half choked with ice, especially when the large red sun near the horizon seemed to struggle through the frozen vapours, bespeaking a coming night of intense frost; of such subjects he afterwards painted one or two pictures for Mr. D. W. Acraman, one of his very earliest patrons (in these he always introduced one or two figures); also a picture of his warehouse in Prince Street, boats in a fog, and several others, in later years. The Bristol dealers, however, were the usual buyers of his small and very early works; many of them were painted to order, and for exceedingly low prices; of this more in the next chapter.

II.

THE YOUNG ARTIST IN BRISTOL.

1831 TO 1834.

WITHIN a very short time of his father's death W. Müller may be said to have fairly commenced his career as an artist. A youth of nineteen—dark, spare, energetic, and full of ardour for his profession—he not only was able to support himself, but without a doubt he contributed materially by his work to the family housekeeping.

No place in England offers greater advantages than Bristol and its neighbourhood for the study of landscape art. The city itself, forty years ago, was full of quaint old buildings and examples of early Gothic and Tudor architecture. The old houses on the banks of the narrow and winding Frome were especially picturesque, in places overhanging the stream at this date; but modern improvements of late years have swept away most of those relics of a past age. The surrounding scenery is very beautiful and varied. The rocks of St. Vincent, the woods of Leigh, the cliffs and caves of Cheddar, the banks of the Avon near Clifton, and Durdham Downs, all offer endless subjects for the pencil. I may add also that Müller often visited, in his sketching excursions, the villages of Henbury, Clevedon, Stapleton, Thornbury, and Whitchurch (the last-named was always with him a most favourite spot); also

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the grounds of Blaize Castle, the Horseferry or old passage on the river, the happy valley, Bridlington, Combe Valley, and Hanham Mill on the Frome. In later years, when revisiting Bristol, he always returned to these subjects with fresh zest.

Early in 1831 Müller made a journey to Norfolk and Suffolk, which occupied him about two months. He was probably induced to visit that part of England in consequence of having made the acquaintance, in 1830, of Mr. James Bulwer—a gentleman belonging to an old Norfolk family and a cousin, I believe, of the late Lord Lytton. Mr. Bulwer was then residing at Clifton; he was fond of art, and appreciated the talent and industry of the young artist, W. Müller. He purchased several of his sketches and drawings, introduced him to his friends, and being possessed of a number of drawings by John Sell Cotman (the well-known artist of the Norwich school and a pupil of old Crome), he lent these drawings to W. Müller, who copied some of them, and was delighted with their breadth, simplicity, and the sacrifice of details to the general effect. Some years later, when both Mr. Bulwer and Müller had removed to London, Müller met Cotman at dinner at that gentleman's house. Mr. G. Fripp was also present, and he remembers Müller telling Cotman how much he felt he owed to him from the study of his works in those early days. Mr. Bulwer's enthusiasm for the works painted by Crome, Constable, Cotman, and others, in Norfolk and Suffolk, had naturally some influence on Müller, and partly led to his choosing low, flat-lying reaches of frozen river scenery for many of his early works.

When in Norfolk Müller stayed first at the house of the Rev. Mr. Rogers, near Norfolk, where he painted one or two water-mills backed up by trees (quite a Constable or Gainsboro subject), with plenty of coltsfoot or burdock leaves in the foreground; these foregrounds were especially admired by his host, who purchased one of the mill pictures. The Town Hall

at Ipswich; a view at Ackford, Suffolk, dated March 27, 1831; and study of trees, Ackford, March 29 (same year), are amongst the subjects I have seen. All the sketches made at this time were on tinted paper of various low-toned colours—green and grey and greyish blue predominating, and for the high lights body-colour was introduced; the handling is rather careful, and less free than in after-years. Whilst in that part of the country Müller stayed also at the house of another clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Leathes. Before leaving Norfolk Müller made studies on the river Yare, and sketched reaches of water called Norfolk Dykes, used occasionally for navigation, but then frozen over: these sketches served as subjects for some of his snow and hoar-frost pictures with frozen water painted in later years.

Müller's early practice in sketching from nature was quite as much in black and white (lead pencil or chalk) as in colours, his very early sketches especially. Mr. Skinner Prout (now a member of the Water-Colour Institute, London) came to reside in Bristol in 1831, and having formed an early friendship with Müller—who was about his own age—they used to sketch a good deal together, generally selecting as subjects old buildings, which Prout preferred. It was thus that many ancient houses and parts of streets were sketched by Müller in the years 1831 and 1832;—for instance, the old Sheriff's House; the old Guildhall; part of the Bishop's Palace, burnt down during the riots; an ancient room in Corn Street, Old Temple Street, &c. Some of these have since been removed or burnt down. He also made many studies about the docks and river—fishing-boats, barges, and vessels on the stocks; nothing came amiss to his pencil even at this early period, as is proved by his numerous sketches of the above subjects still existing which I have seen. Then, as in after-life, he appears to have adopted and stuck to the excellent rule of *not touching* a sketch after he left the spot; to alter or tamper with it in the studio, he said, was "ruin." Müller and Prout made several

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excursions together about this time to Hanham Mill and Pool, about four miles up the Avon in the direction of Bath, which became a very favourite spot with Müller for several years, in winter as well as in summer. The forms of the old buildings composed well, and the old nets used by the fishermen there to catch freshwater fish, being often hung out to dry, formed capital foreground objects. That part of the river Frome which is now arched over, and has disappeared from sight, was explored by them in a boat, from which they sketched the bridges and old houses where no footpaths existed: this ancient part of Bristol was eminently picturesque, but the inhabitants were scarcely deserving the name of *civilised*, for the young artists were sometimes pelted with stones from the windows when at work, as they said, "in bodily fear." The sketches which Skinner Prout thus made with Müller formed the subject of his work published in 1834 by Mr. Davey, of Broad Street, Bristol, entitled Prout's Antiquities of Bristol. Müller at one time intended to join Prout in this publication, but he afterwards relinquished the idea. This early and regular practice from nature—this habit of painting so great a variety of subjects—joined to his natural genius for colour and aptitude for composition, soon enabled Müller to form a style of his own. This style, however, was frequently modified, as we shall see, by the study of the early masters, whose works he occasionally delighted to imitate. Gaspar Poussin, Ruysdael, Claude, and Ostade were in turn taken as models, and influenced his practice. On one occasion Müller painted a small upright landscape in the manner of Gaspar Poussin, which might pass for a genuine work by that master. This, by way of frolic, he signed G. Poussin, junior. This little picture is in the possession of Mr. Morson, Southampton Row, London, where I have seen it. Blue hills and Italian buildings form the background or distance, and in front are some trees and figures.

In selecting his subjects for landscape Müller appears

early to have considered whether the "lines were right" in composition, and, if wrong, he would turn away and look elsewhere for a subject; or else he would so alter the arrangement that the principal objects were easily grouped in the right position. In painting interiors a broad arrangement of light and shade seems always to have been the first consideration with him: no one knew better than Müller that it was not true art, when painting landscape from nature, to sit down and copy, or endeavour to imitate, *all* that was before you. Some may consider that the practice of arrangement and selection to which I have referred may be dangerous for young artists. With respect to beginners who have not sufficiently educated their eye, or fully cultivated the imitative faculty, this may be true; but W. Müller was beyond that, even at this early period of his career.

It is well known that he always painted with his left hand, although he used his right hand in writing. His facility of handling was so great, his execution (originally learned from J. B. Pyne) so rapid, that he was enabled eventually to do an amazing amount of work in a short time. This will be more fully described later in the book, when I come to relate the time Müller took to paint some of his most celebrated pictures. It may be said that this rapidity was attended with some drawbacks; be that as it may, it was an essential part of Müller's character as an artist even from a *very early* period in his life, and as such I have ventured to draw attention to it here.

In the autumn of 1831 the Bristol riots occurred. It was on the night of October 30th in that year that such fearful devastation took place; when the Custom House, Bishop's Palace, and Mansion House were gutted and burnt. William Müller and his young brother Edmund were up all night in the streets, and witnessed nearly all the destruction caused by the rioters. Edmund was so fortunate on that night as to be the means of saving some valuable deeds, which were thrown out of the windows of a lawyer's office into the street.

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W. Müller made several clever sketches of the scenes of conflagration and ruin; such as "Rioting in Queen's Square," "The Remains of the Mansion House," "Ruins of the Custom House," with the bare and broken columns standing; also "Removing the Prisoners at night to the Gaol," with the glare of burning buildings all around. This latter sketch, as regards movement and effect of light and shade, is very clever. Mr. E. G. Müller has still several of these rough graphic sketches in his possession. The most interesting, however, of the drawings by Müller, suggested by the Bristol riots, which I have seen, is in the collection of Mr. Reveley, of Bryn-y-gwin, Dolgelley; it is dated 1832, and represents the interior of an old house in Bristol where the loot, or plunder, was secreted, and afterwards discovered by the police. Rich red and crimson carpets, damask furniture, and other valuable articles, are piled together in an antique-looking room; opposite a fireplace, with a fine high carved mantel-piece, a poor woman is seated nursing a child; in the corner of the room a staircase is indicated, with a window on the first landing, down which a ray of light is streaming into the room. The whole is masterly, and full of powerful, warm shadows, like a picture by one of the early masters. For this drawing, which is remarkable as the work of a man aged nineteen or twenty, Mr. Reveley's father only paid, at the time, ten shillings! At the present day it would, doubtless, sell readily for one hundred to one hundred and fifty guineas. At this time, or soon afterwards—namely, at the beginning of the year 1833—Müller was painting interiors and other subjects in oil, for which he obtained about one to five pounds each. Mr. Reveley says that he remembers the Rev. John Eaden purchasing one for the latter sum: a rich and powerful interior, with two figures near a fireplace; quite a Rembrandt in effect. And Mr. Reveley relates that he endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade his father also to buy one or two of Müller's oil-pictures.

Müller was very young at this time, and of a sanguine yet merry temperament; one of the peculiarities of which was (as already remarked by me in the introductory chapter) that he had great enjoyment in practical jokes. These sometimes occasioned a little annoyance to his young friends, although they well knew there was no malice in them. He was fond, also, of spinning yarns, as the sailors call travellers' tales. In these he gave the reins to his vivid imagination, and then expressed great astonishment at his wonderful stories being believed.

On one occasion Müller and one or two of his youthful companions went to spend an evening with a young friend who lived in Bristol with his mother, and whom we will designate as "Mr. Jones." He was rather a butt, and Müller played off a joke on him in this wise. Being shown into a parlour up-stairs, Müller suddenly asked Jones to fetch something which he wished to see. Directly he was gone, Müller, who had come prepared with a brush and a little paint, drew a sharp diagonal line across the mirror, placed over the mantel-piece, which he knew was much prized by the Jones family. When his host re-entered the room, Müller put on a rueful expression of countenance, and said, "Oh, Jones! I have had *such* a misfortune. I can hardly tell you," and pointed at the looking-glass. "Oh, dear! What will my mother say?" And down Jones rushed to tell her. Presently they heard poor Mrs. Jones slowly ascending the stairs, and saying, "I would not have had that glass broken for anything; it has been so long in my family. But misfortunes will sometimes happen, you know, my dear." Meanwhile Müller had entirely removed all trace of the paint, and thus obliterated the imaginary crack. When the old lady entered she looked anxiously at the glass, and after standing amazed for a moment, she turned sharply on her innocent son, and accused him with having hoaxed her, much to the merriment of the rest of the party.

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On another occasion, Müller used to relate, that he and two or three of his young friends—scarcely more than lads—went out to sketch in the neighbourhood of Bristol. On their way home they had to pass a village-inn with a swinging sign, "The Black Swan," painted on a signboard. Müller had his gun or rifle with him, and as they approached the inn his companions chaffed him about his shooting, and told him he could not hit the "Swan." Müller, regardless of consequences, immediately fired at it, and hit the swan through the body, making the signboard swing at a great rate, and alarming the landlord, who came rushing out, very angry, to see what *was* the matter. He found a group of young men convulsed with laughter; who, however, eventually succeeded in appeasing his wrath, and "making things pleasant."

Such matters as I have related above may be deemed by some of my readers as too trivial to introduce in a biography; but they tend to illustrate what the French call *gaieté de cœur*, which was a marked characteristic of Müller in his early years.

In March, 1832, Müller visited Tortworth Park, about fifteen miles from Bristol, where he remained a few days, and made several sketches. He made a finished drawing this year, "The Relief-Board at Queen Elizabeth's Hospital," 21 in. by 16 in., now in the possession of Mr. Llewellyn. It is rich in colour, and full of figures; many of the recipients of the charity are represented in gay and flaunting costumes, thus indicating an alleged abuse in the distribution of the alms. On one side a tent or awning appears to have been erected, in order to protect from rain or snow those who were waiting to take their turn. The building, which is of the Tudor style of architecture, is beautifully drawn. The fault of the drawing is, that it wants more "point," which somewhat mars the general effect. Another of Müller's highly finished drawings of the same date (1832) is called "Rustic

Courtship," and represents the interior of a barn or stable, with two horses and a white goat on one side—quite an Ostade subject; near the centre is a window, through which a country lass is looking in, and resting her arm on the sill; close by, but inside, a young man is leaning forwards, apparently much interested. Several rural implements are introduced in the foreground, and the colour and arrangement of light and shade are agreeable. These drawings evince ability as well as earnest work; but the handling is less vigorous and rapid than in his later works.

At the end of this year, or early in 1833, several young artists living in Bristol formed a sketching-club, or society for drawing once a week at each other's houses. It consisted of about eight members, and included William Müller, Skinner Prout, Brittain Willis, Robert Tucker, Samuel Jackson, T. L. Rowbotham, W. West, and William Evans—known in London as "Welsh" Evans. The drawings were all from imagination (a word being generally given), and they were left with the member at whose house the meeting was held, each house being visited in succession. I have seen some of the sketches made by Müller on these occasions; although slight, they are spirited and full of imagination, and so rapid was he at this time that he used generally to make two sketches in an evening. The programme was "tea and chat" at six; at seven all set to work, ready strained drawing-boards being provided beforehand at each house. Sepia, or various shades of grey, were generally used, although oil-colours were occasionally introduced. At nine a simple supper was served—cold meat, cheese, and beer, with pipes afterwards till eleven, at which hour the party broke up.

After a year or two, towards Christmas, more luxurious suppers gradually crept in—turkeys, plum puddings, &c.—evidently a mistake, for my informant states that from that time the society fell off, and the members declined. Mr.

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Prout relates that on one occasion, arriving a little before the others at Hill's Bridge Parade, he discovered his friend Müller in the kitchen with his coat off just finishing a plum pudding. The pudding was pronounced a success; but it may have helped to set a bad example.

In the summer months, instead of meeting in-doors, the members used to take excursions together to Leigh Woods, or some spot in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and there spend the afternoon and evening in sketching from nature.

The Mr. West referred to above continued to be a friend of Müller's as long as he lived. He resided in an old, dismantled windmill on Clifton Downs, close to St. Vincent's Rocks, and, being very fond of optics and astronomy, he turned his residence, at his own expense, into an observatory (well known now as the Clifton Observatory), and this was furnished by Mr. West with a camera, excellent reflecting telescopes, and an astronomical clock. He never discontinued his profession of a landscape painter, however, and in his latter years was celebrated for his Scandinavian subjects, having made one or two journeys to the North of Europe to sketch the scenery of Norway and Sweden. He represented rocky foregrounds, with foaming torrents and waterfalls, and mountainous backgrounds, vigorously and with much effect.

In the autumn of 1831 new London Bridge was opened, and directly afterwards the destruction of the picturesque old bridge was commenced. Müller made some sketches in London in 1832 for a large oil-picture of this subject, which he commenced to paint for the Academy. When partly finished he found that he required some more details; so he started off by the night mail-coach from Bristol one evening (the rail did not exist in those days), sketched in London all day, and returned home the same evening, travelling again all night—a fair example of his energy and enterprise when the pursuit of art was in question.

This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1833,

No. 975 in the catalogue, and called "Destruction of Old London Bridge," by T. Müller, Hill's Bridge Parade, Bristol. This was the first work he exhibited in the Academy, and it was hung in the Library too high to be well seen. The time chosen for the picture was morning, the tone being grey and silvery, like one of Callcott's early works. The bridge does not occupy a too prominent place, a large part being devoted to the river, with boats and shipping; its size was about 5 ft. by 3 ft.

In the winter of 1832-33 Mr. Reveley, who has already been referred to as possessing one of the drawings made by Müller after the Bristol riots, accompanied his father to Clifton. There, at the house of Mr. James Bulwer, they made the acquaintance of Müller. Mr. Reveley, senior, purchased some of the young artist's sketches, and, although not in the habit of teaching, Müller was induced, as a favour, to give Mr. Reveley's son, Mr. Hugh J. Reveley, six lessons in water-colour drawings. The latter had made a youthful sketch of a tree, blasted by lightning in the Dolgelley Valley. This Müller took as the subject for one of his lessons, and in the course of two hours he produced a masterly and powerful drawing of the blasted tree, with a dead stag at its roots and a fine wooded background, which I have seen at Bryn-y-gwin. It is very interesting as showing what Müller could at this date produce with so much ease. In the same collection is a finely coloured view in the Conway Valley, with a figure driving cows, made by Müller in the summer of 1833.

In the spring of 1833, early in May, Müller made a short sketching excursion to South Wales, which was reached quickly and cheaply by the steamboats from Bristol. He made Neath his head-quarters, having some friends there. Some of his sketches made on this occasion, which I have seen, are "Waiting for the Ferry-boat at the Canal going to Neath," "Port Neath, Vale of Neath;" also "Newcastle

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in Emlyn, on the Banks of the Teify." These sketches are all free and effective, but without colour.

Müller had never yet visited North Wales, a country which he liked especially and often frequented in after-years, calling it our "English Switzerland;" but in June, 1833, he planned a walking tour through part of Cardiganshire, Merioneth, and Carnarvonshire, with his friends Skinner Prout and Jackson. They started from Bristol by the steam-boat to Swansea, and then took coach by Llandilo and Llanbedr to Aberystwith, where they stayed a day, and sketched the curious old wooden pier at the entrance of the old harbour, and other objects. Early on the morning of the 27th of June they shouldered their knapsacks, and, with folios under their arms, walked to the Devil's Bridge to breakfast. Delighted with the grand scenery in that neighbourhood, they halted there for some hours, and then walked on to Machynlleth, which they reached late at night after a walk of about forty miles. Here Jackson separated for a time from the others. The following morning Müller and Prout took the skilfully constructed road leading to Cader Idris, which winds through very picturesque hollows and between richly wooded hills. After viewing the beautiful lake of Llyn Tal-y-Llyn, they shortly reached the base of Cader Idris, which they ascended as far as the elevated lake called Llyn y Cae. This little mountain lake is situated in a deep hollow, surrounded by dark, precipitous volcanic rocks. By the edge of the tarn they rested and sketched, and whilst thus occupied William Müller turned to his friend and told him that that day (the 28th June, 1833) was his twenty-first birthday—a circumstance often referred to afterwards. In the afternoon they walked on through picturesque passes across the mountains to Dolgelly. They slept there, and the following day, after sketching a water-mill near Dolgelly and views of the valley, they walked on past Llanilltyd by the mountainous road (one of the finest in North Wales) to

Trawsffynydd, a village situated on an elevated moorland. This road skirts a river, on which are several waterfalls— Rhaidr Du, Rhaidr Mawdach, and Pistyll-y-Cayne (the fall of the Cain) — of some of which Müller made sketches. In the inn at this primitive village only Welsh was spoken, and the travellers had some difficulty in making their wants known by signs. It was a wild and rather dreary spot, surrounded by peat bogs, and shut in by distant mountain-tops. After sleeping there, they obtained a guide the next morning and walked by unfrequented, rocky paths, and through wild and lonely fastnesses, across the mountains to Harlech, which they reached on the last day of June. The 1st of July was spent in that artist's paradise, old Harlech, with its ruined castle overlooking Cardigan Bay and the estuary of Trawth-Mawr, and bounded by the distant Snowdon range. Here some excellent sketches were obtained, and on the following day they proceeded through Maentwrog and Tan-y-bwlch and over the mountain-road (the one which Copley Fielding preferred to all others in Wales) to Pont-Aber, Glas-lyn, and Beddgelert, when they again halted. On the 3rd they walked under Snowdon by Llyn y Gader and Llyn Cwellyn to Nant-mill. This water-mill is finely situated, and had a very picturesque old wheel, surrounded by water-plants and old timber. Müller was so much delighted with it that he not only stayed to sketch it on his way to Carnarvon, but the following day he walked back from Carnarvon, about eight miles, to make a very careful study in oils of the mill-wheel with its surroundings. One or two days were spent in Carnarvon. Edward I.'s Tower, and other portions of the castle, were sketched, and they then walked up the Vale of Llanberis to the lake, making a careful study of the interior of the old Welsh Church of Llanberis *en route*. In the afternoon they proceeded to the north side of the valley, and there, perched on the hill-side underneath Mr. Asheton Smith's slate-quarries,

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and overlooking the lakes, the Tower of Dolbadern, and the Snowdon range, Müller made a very careful study, which afterwards served him as the subject for several drawings.

They next proceeded through the Llanberis pass to Capel-Curig and Bettws-y-Coed. Here Jackson joined them again, and they stayed two nights, and visited the Conway Falls, the Lledr Bridge and Pandy Mill on the Machno. Whilst passing along the lofty cliffs overhanging the Conway Falls the young artists amused themselves by hurling stones and bits of rock into the foaming torrent below, showing that they still retained some of the frolic and mischief of boyhood.

From Bettws they walked through Llanrwst, Trefriew, and Pont Dolgorrog, and so, following the course of the river Conway, arrived at the ancient town of that name. Müller was much struck with the beauty of this part of Wales, which abounds in fine subjects for the brush, and he determined to revisit it, which he did more than once in after-years. A day was spent here, and Müller made several studies of the castle, and also of the walls of the town, castle, and estuary as viewed from the adjoining heights. This was on the 8th of July. Müller painted one or two pictures of this subject. Whilst at Conway he also made a water-colour sketch of the interior of a cottage, with a rude bedstead, chest of drawers, &c., and an old woman sitting before the fire. He liked these Welsh interiors, and painted several of them. On the 9th they walked on by Penmaen-Mawr to Bangor. They had intended to take the mail-coach the same evening from Bangor to Holyhead; but on its coming up they found to their dismay that it was quite full, inside and out. As they wished to start the next morning by the mail-boat for Dublin, although already tired, they made up their minds to walk on across the Isle of Anglesey during the night. A long and dreary walk they found it; and reaching Holyhead at a very early hour, before any of the inns were open, they were forced to remain loitering about

the streets till the hour when they were permitted to go on board the steamer. They landed safely at Kingstown, after a prosperous passage, on the afternoon of the 10th of July, and lost no time in proceeding on to Dublin. This was Müller's first and only visit to Ireland, and he made good use of his time by visiting the sights of Dublin, including the Museum of Pictures, which was then open. Prout relates that Müller had taken his folio of sketches into the picture-gallery, and had placed it on a bench whilst looking at the pictures. Meanwhile a lady came up, and seeing the folio, opened it, and began to turn the sketches over and examine them without asking leave. Müller, turning round and seeing what was going on, said, in his quick, decided manner, "Look, Prout. That's impudent, isn't it?" Which put a sudden stop to the inspection. Had leave been asked, Müller would have been the first to grant it in a courteous manner; but it was a part of his peculiar temperament to notice the slightest attempt on the part of any one to take a liberty. Müller does not appear to have made any sketches in Ireland, and after a few days they embarked on board the steamboat direct for Bristol, and arrived safely at home again by the middle of July. Most of Müller's sketches made during this trip were in pencil, but several were also in water-colours.

About 1832 or 1833 W. Müller and several other young artists, picture-restorers, &c., were occasionally in the habit of meeting at the Artichoke tavern, in St. Augustin's Back, of an evening. It was kept by a jovial man—Bob Hardcastle by name—who used to drive the old Barnstaple mail-coach. It was about this time—the end of 1833 or beginning of 1834—that Mr. Charles Hawker, of Aris's *Gazette* office, Birmingham—who when travelling on business occasionally visited Bristol—saw there, in a frame-maker's window, one or two small oil-pictures, bright yet powerful. He inquired who had painted them, and whether they were

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for sale. He was told that they had only been sent to be framed; but being recommended to call on the artist, W. Müller, at Hill's Bridge Parade, he did so, and there saw several more pictures. Although he liked them, he hesitated to inquire the price, having only a very small amount of money to spare. He, however, expressed his admiration for a small upright landscape that stood on the mantel-piece unframed; and he was surprised when Müller said that its price was half-a-guinea. Müller, moreover, explained that it had only taken him one day to paint it, and that he valued his time then at about half-a-guinea a day for studio work; but soon afterwards he increased it to a guinea a day. Hawker carried the little picture home with him with great satisfaction; for he was not only a true lover but a good judge of good art. This, I am informed, was the first picture painted by Müller which ever appeared in Birmingham; a town where so many of his finest works were purchased and admired in after-years. I may add that many of these passed through the hands of Charles Hawker, including the "Prayers in the Desert," and that David Cox, whenever he visited Birmingham, before he had taken up his abode at Harborne, used to give him a call, to look at anything he might happen to have of Müller's. Thus the works of Müller began to be known very early in the "workshop" of England.

About the year 1832 or 1833 Mr. George A. Fripp, the well-known artist, who was a native of Bristol, began to turn his attention to landscape art as a profession; and he soon became a friend and sketching companion of Müller's. Mr. Fripp tells me that he distinctly remembers that Müller excelled very early in painting interiors after the manner of the Dutch artists, his admiration for Ostade and Rembrandt being unbounded. This is confirmed by the picture of the interior, showing the plunder obtained at the riots, painted by Müller in 1832, to which I have already referred. A subject which Müller was fond of representing was a large

oak-panelled parlour, with high mantel-piece, ornamented ceiling, and old oak furniture, such as used to exist in old-fashioned English manor-houses. Some figures were introduced, such as a cavalier reading, or a page amusing himself with greyhounds or a mastiff; the predominant colours being rich yellows and siennas, plenty of dark shadows, and a ray of light streaming down through a high oriel or latticed window. Anything in which there was a little touch of romance, or which carried back the thoughts to a bygone age, had always a charm for Müller. About this time his imagination was excited by reading the life of Benvenuto Cellini, written by himself in the sixteenth century, and translated from the original Tuscan by Thomas Nugent. The doings of that energetic, talented, but rather wild and erratic artist appeared to seize hold of Müller's mind and stir his ambition. There was, doubtless, something in the brave, daring, and persevering temperament of Cellini, and his narrative of his hair-breadth escapes and adventures, which found a ready response in the ardent character of young Müller. This book, perhaps, helped to turn his thoughts more especially in the direction of Italy, whither the bent of his art-studies had already partially directed them, and thus paved the way for the journey he shortly afterwards undertook to that country.

In December, 1833, Müller went with some young friends to stay at Cheddar, in Somersetshire; of which place Mr. Eagles has thus written:—"The rocks at Cheddar are in character the finest, and in places they are perfectly precipitous to a depth of perhaps four hundred feet. They are magnificent in form and colour, and the numerous caverns and holes add much to the sublimity of the scene. Cheddar is certainly much grander than the Pass of Llanberis." Whilst at this place the young artists lighted up the grand perpendicular cliffs with rockets. As the cliffs caught the ascending light they appeared to *come forward* out of the

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surrounding gloom; the effect thus produced was startling, almost supernatural, and very suggestive as a grand lesson of light and shade. The caverns, too, were lighted up with tow and turpentine; and William Evans, who was one of the party, was dressed up in the costume of Robinson Crusoe, to serve as a model, and was thus sketched as a suitable denizen of the cave. Driving home on a dark night towards Bristol in a hired carriage, the road being under repair, and Evans driving, the wheels on one side went down into a deep rut or hole, which upset the vehicle, and landed all the party on the bank, breaking the shafts. This obliged them to return to Cheddar for assistance; but eventually all was put right, and they reached Bristol in safety, although very late.

In one of the Cheddar caves a poor labourer and his family had lived for three or four years. Their furniture was of a very primitive kind: an old bedstead of wood and wicker-work, a curious screen, some chairs and a table of the roughest fashion, manufactured by the father, besides several curious utensils, formed the household goods. Of this subject Müller made a sketch representing the old woman washing in the cave, with a little girl standing by her; and this he lithographed himself in the spring of 1834—a copy of which is in my possession.

On the 1st of April, 1834, Müller and Prout made an excursion together to Glastonbury, and remained a few days at the George Inn in that place. Müller made several sketches here, including one of the ruins of the renowned abbey. They lighted these ruins up also at night, according to their wont, with turpentine and tow, in order to bring out the old arches, buttresses, and walls into broad lights and shadows; this was the sort of thing in which Müller greatly delighted.

When at home at this time he was much engaged in executing small oil-pictures for dealers, especially for Mr. Heath, of Bristol; and in the spring of 1834 Müller painted

for him a large upright picture, about 4 ft. by 3 ft., of Pandy Mill on the Machno, from a sketch taken the preceding summer, and for which he was paid £15. It was a fine subject, and in every respect a good picture, but was afterwards much injured by having a yellowish-brown stain passed all over it by Mr. Heath to give it a look of age.

III.

FIRST JOURNEY ABROAD.

1834–1835.

AS early as the autumn of 1833 Müller said to his young friend, George Fripp, at Bristol—"Let us go abroad together, Fripp, next year. We will go to Switzerland for five or six months, and do a lot of sketching." There is no doubt it was the love for art, and the desire to excel in his profession, which induced Müller to make the pecuniary sacrifice necessitated by foreign travel, and he happily reaped all the benefit he expected from his first journey to the Continent: the experience thus gained led him to undertake other expeditions more distant and more interesting, as will be described hereafter. The idea having taken possession of Müller's mind, the subject was discussed and every arrangement made in the spring of 1834, and at the beginning of July the two young artists—Müller, aged twenty-two, and Fripp, one year his junior—started from Bristol by the old "Regulation" coach for London. Müller was at this time in the full vigour of early manhood: he looked somewhat older than he was, of middle height, flat chested, not particularly broad shouldered, but wiry, well knit, and active. His hands were small, and his fingers long and slender like the hand of an Arab. He had a dark complexion and dark hair (worn long), brown eyes,

square forehead, and full massive brows; the expression of his countenance was intelligent, but so resolute that no one who saw him could avoid looking at him twice. Being short sighted, he used an eye-glass, which he applied occasionally to one eye when looking at nature, and then dropped whilst actually engaged in drawing or painting. One eye was brown and one grey, and he used to say jokingly that with one eye he saw colour and with the other he saw form. It is probable that this shortness of sight may have aided Müller to some extent, and may partly account for the broad way in which he viewed nature; I mean, that it assisted him to generalise and mass his subject, and to sink such details as were not essential to the character of the view he wished to represent. He had the happy knack as a sketcher—even in his early days—of seizing at once on the picturesque side of each object and scene. This art, which is only learnt with difficulty by some, appeared to come quite naturally to Müller; indeed, the amazing facility with which he arranged and mastered the most difficult subjects always surprised his companions. This was the man—then scarcely known beyond Bristol—who resolved to work his way upwards to fame, if not to fortune.

Mr. Fripp, to whom I am indebted for most of the particulars of the journey here to be described, possesses still the sketches which were made by himself during the whole of the time they were out, with the names of the places, and occasionally the dates, jotted down. As these were generally the same subjects as Müller had also sketched, I have been much assisted thereby. Mr. E. G. Müller has also in his possession most of the original sketches made by his brother—at least those in pencil and monochrome, most of the coloured ones having been parted with. The pencil sketches are especially elaborate, with well-marked lights and shadows. They appear to have been rapidly drawn with a broad pencil; yet none of the delicate markings of architectural subjects are wanting; friezes, capitals, and cornices

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are all distinctly given. They are the best pencil sketches I have ever seen. These, and Müller's passports—fortunately preserved—have assisted in clearing up doubtful points and giving accuracy to the narrative. Whilst enumerating the towns visited and routes taken, I fear I may be laying myself open to the charge of being somewhat prolix or tedious; at the same time there is, I think, a good and sufficient reason for placing these particulars on record. A great many of the places sketched during this tour formed the subjects of the oil-pictures painted by Müller during the next few years. He never again visited any of these countries, except skirting the coast of Italy on his voyages to and from the East, and one journey from Naples to Rome and Civita Vecchia; and therefore the names of places and dates may be an important clue in deciding as to the authenticity of any pictures of Italian, German, or Swiss subjects attributed to Müller. This is, unfortunately, no needless precaution, as since his death, the value of his works having greatly increased, a great many imitations and spurious works have been brought into the market and sold as his. I have myself seen several works assigned to Müller, which I believe —indeed I might add, I am certain—have never been touched by his brush—in some cases called by the names of places that he never visited.

The day of the young traveller's departure from Bristol was a little postponed in consequence of Müller's having undertaken to paint three or four small oil-pictures in the style of Ruysdael, at five guineas each, for Mr. Heath, of Bristol, which he had promised to finish before leaving home. On arriving in London they put up at Webb's Hotel, in the Regent Circus, near Piccadilly, where they spent a week early in July, saw the picture-exhibitions, obtained passports, and made purchases of drawing materials, &c., for their journey.

Embarking in the evening of the 12th from St. Katherine's

Wharf, London Bridge, on the steamboat for Antwerp, they entered the Scheldt the following morning; and much delighted Müller was with the Dutch craft and foreign boats on the river (from studies of which he afterwards painted one or two pictures), also with the towers of the Cathedral and churches of Antwerp rising up beyond the distant banks.

Arrived at Antwerp they lost no time in visiting the celebrated pictures by Rubens, and other Flemish and Dutch artists, in the Museum, Cathedral, Church of St. Jaques, &c. The second day, in walking through the old streets, Müller stopped near the Bourse. Some picturesque Flemish women, with high caps, were seated at stalls in the thoroughfare; he exclaimed, "Look there!" and, procuring a chair, sat down in the middle of the street and commenced sketching the Bourse and its surroundings, old gabled houses with the figure of the Virgin and Child at one corner, market-women, baskets, and jugs. This was Müller's first sketch abroad, and his companion was much surprised at the manner in which he appeared at once to make himself at home in this public thoroughfare, apparently unconscious of the gazing crowd.

On the third day (the end of the second week of July, 1834) they started for Brussels, and arrived there on the 15th. They walked through the city, visiting its chief monuments, and on arriving at the Place of the Hôtel de Ville Müller made a most elaborate sketch of all the architectural details of that fine old Gothic building, with its beautiful ornaments. He also introduced the market-people and stalls in the foreground. The following day they proceeded to Liege, and remained there three days; for, as Müller expressed it, there was "excellent stuff" for pictures on both sides of the river and amongst the old buildings. Of the sketches at Liege, one, the cloisters of an old church with figures, was especially telling.

All the sketches made in Belgium were in black-lead

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pencil on white or tinted paper; but they opened their colour-boxes occasionally after arriving on the banks of the Rhine.

From Liege they proceeded, on the 18th, to Aix-la-Chapelle, visited the minster commenced by Charlemagne, where he lies buried, and also the Gothic Town Hall, which contains the portraits of the plenipotentiaries who signed the treaty of peace there. A few sketches were made in that ancient city, and they did not stop again till they arrived at Cologne. Here Müller set to work sketching the boats, barges, and rafts on the river (subjects of which he was always very fond), also the towers and fine old buildings seen from its banks. The swift-flowing Rhine charmed him by its grandeur and varied scenery. He, however, found himself rather at fault in his knowledge of German, and Fripp was no better off in that respect, although he knew more French; they therefore began to be afraid that they might have to pay dearer for many things in consequence, or, as they termed it, be fleeced, and they knew, moreover, how important it was to look to small economies; for their resources were very moderate, and they had a long journey in prospect. So, addressing his companion, Müller said, "Fripp, we shall certainly be victimised for want of experience and knowledge of the language; let us put on students' attire, a blouse, with caps and knapsacks, and walk along the banks of the Rhine, sketching as we go."

After a short consultation this course was determined on; the necessary articles were purchased in Cologne, the knapsacks packed, the tobacco-pouches filled, and, taking the steamer as far as Königswinter, they landed there in the guise of poor students, and sent their luggage on in the steamboat as far as Coblentz.

Königswinter, as is well known, is a small town at the commencement of the beautiful scenery of the Rhine. After ascending the Drachenfels by the path which winds through

vineyards and woods, and sketching on their way up, Müller was so exhilarated by the scenery, that on returning to the inn to supper a bottle of the host's best Rüdesheim was ordered, and so much enjoyed that a second was called for. The charm, however, had fled with the first bottle. "Ah!" said Müller, "that is always the way; they give you good wine at first, to tempt you on, and then follows what is scarcely worth drinking!"

Königswinter afforded one or two good subjects by the river. They sketched one day in the neighbourhood of the "Seven Mountains," and then crossed the Rhine in a rowing-boat to Rolandseck. From this point they started on their walking excursion up the left bank of the river, one of their first halting-places being Remagen; thence on to Andernach, where they arrived late and very tired, for the day had been tremendously hot. Having swallowed a hasty supper, and been ushered into a double-bedded room, Fripp jumped into bed, turned over, and went off "like a shot," as he expressed it. Early the next morning, when he awoke quite refreshed, he was greatly surprised to see Müller at the window, only half dressed, sketching away in his shirt-sleeves. "Halloa, Müller!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing there? Have you not been sleeping?" "Sleeping, indeed!" rejoined Müller with an accent of disgust. "If you have slept with that tremendous noise of diligences, &c., going on all night underneath our room—if you have slept through *that*, I say, Fripp, you will certainly require an *extra trumpeter* at the day of judgment." They had unfortunately occupied a room over an archway leading into a courtyard, where the diligences put up, and Müller, who was of a nervous temperament, paid the penalty. Fripp remarked (I may here add) that he never knew so pleasant a fellow to travel with as Müller, for he possessed such a vein of humour and so much observation, that he had something amusing or witty to say on every passing event.

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From Andernach they walked on to Coblentz, where they arrived on the 27th of July, having crossed the Moselle. They remained at Coblentz a day or two, sketched Ehrenbreitstein, the two bridges over the Rhine, and the interior of a chapel with a figure, and wandered through the narrow and picturesque streets of this famous old city.

At Coblentz they embarked for St. Goar, and remained a week at that spot—reputed the most beautiful on the banks of the Rhine. Here they made the most of their time; several sketches of the Castle of Rheinfels, of the Katz and Maus Castles, and of the adjacent valleys, were the result. A sketch by Müller from the hill above St. Goar-Hausen is especially beautiful. It represents the ruined Katz Tower, with the fine rock on which it stands; below is a raft passing down the Rhine, which carries the eye across to the picturesque town of St. Goar, with the Castle of the Rheinfels crowning the distant heights. Another sketch represents an old, frail bridge spanning a gully, with a portion of the same castle. In the centre of this bridge stands the figure of the Virgin and Child. Müller's characteristic and practical remark on this was, that "the good people would have displayed more common sense, if they had built a better bridge and had omitted the Virgin."

From St. Goar to Mayence they took the steamer again, passing rapidly that portion of the Rhine which is so rich in feudal castles and suspicious-looking strongholds. They remained but a very short time at Mayence, and left on the 3rd of August for Frankfort, a city so full of interest to all travellers; but Müller only spent one day there, being anxious to reach Heidelberg, of which he had heard so much.

Here they made a more prolonged sojourn, explored some of the scenery of the Neckar, and made several sketches of the grand old ruined castle, probably the finest in Germany: one of the terrace and principal façade of the castle is full of careful detail. Another interesting sketch at Heidel-

berg was of the interior of a German cottage, very pleasing in composition. From this Müller afterwards painted a picture rich in colour, which was in the collection of Mr. Charles Meigh, of Hanley.

They next took the diligence for Strasburg, passing through part of the Black Forest, and they halted there to sketch the ancient fir-trees, which delayed them a day They spent a short time at Strasburg, visited the Cathedral, in the interior of which Müller sketched a fine column adorned with sculptured figures. He also sketched the tower of the Cathedral, with some old houses, as seen from the canal, and some of the picturesque street-scenes.

From Strasburg they proceeded to Freyburg, and thence to Schaffhausen, situated about three miles above the great falls of the Rhine. The beauty of this spot had been made familiar by Turner's pencil to Müller, and he had determined to spend a week there. The town itself was full of curious old houses with fine oriel windows. One of the subjects sketched by Müller from the Lion Hotel I have seen. He also made studies of the cataract rushing over a ledge of rocks, seventy feet sheer descent! with the old castle of Laufen on the heights above—a sight never to be forgotten.

Their next place for halting was at Zurich, where they arrived on the 25th of August; it is pleasantly situated at the head of the Swiss lake of that name. They sketched at Zurich for two days—"The Lake, with Ferry Boats," also the Cathedral of Zurich and part of the town from the lake. Next they took the diligence to Rapperschweil and Wesen. At the former town Müller made a fine sketch of the Alps rising up in the distance. Between Wesen, the small town on the westernmost end of Lake Wallenstadt, and the village of Wallenstadt at the east end of the lake they spent ten days, and made good use of the beautiful materials all around. The dark waters of the lake, with the lofty cliffs of lime and sandstone bordering its northern shore, the Swiss

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cottages on its banks, the boats, and other incidents, afforded rich and varied subjects for Müller's pencil. Taking the diligence to Coire, and afterwards to Tusis, they crossed the waters of the upper Rhine. Tusis is situated at the entrance of the gorge of the unequalled Via Mala. They shouldered their knapsacks again at this place, and with folios under their arms walked on through the grand scenery of the defile, surrounded by precipices, until they arrived at the village of Splugen, near the head of the Splugen Pass. On his way Müller sketched the falls of the Rhine from the Via Mala; a fine subject. Here they remained several days; sketched the covered bridge over the Rhine (at this place a pent-up torrent), and several of the châlets, with dark fir-woods surrounding them, also the village and pass of the Splugen; very effective. Fortunately the weather was very fine, and the clearness of the air and the wonderful panorama of Alpine peaks made the days spent here amongst the most delightful of their whole tour. At Splugen Müller engaged a guide, and they walked on up the pass to the summit, seven thousand feet above the sea. Halting now and then to sketch the grand scenery, they proceeded down the Italian side of the pass until they arrived at Chiavenna, where they rejoined their luggage, which had been sent on by carrier to that place. They now deposited their sketches in the drawing-box, made on purpose to hold them, and at the same time replenished their folios with a supply of fresh sheets of paper. It was now the end of August, and, having determined to see the greater part of Italy during the autumn, they remained only one night at Chiavenna, although it nestles under a grand mountain range, and is surrounded by hanging vineyards, whose fruit was then ripening fast. Having skirted the Lake of Como, they took the shortest route for Baveno, by the Lake of Lugano and Laveno. Beautifully situated on Lago Maggiore, Baveno is only twenty-five minutes sail from the Isola Bella. Müller was delighted with this place and the

bright character of its scenery, and he determined to remain here ten days. Many sketches of Isola Bella and other parts of the lake were the result, and these formed the subjects of several of his well-known and important pictures painted after his return home. I have also seen some figure-subjects which he sketched here. Leaving Baveno about the middle of September, they travelled, without stopping, to Milan, which they reached on the 19th of September. Here they remained just sufficient time to visit the grand Duomo, with its celebrated monuments and statues, and a few of the most interesting of the other churches, especially that of Santa Maria delle Grazie, attached to which are some conventual buildings, where, in the refectory, is Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of the Last Supper. Müller used to say that he found that celebrated work "sadly dilapidated." Before leaving Milan he also made a careful examination of the gallery of the Brera, with its frescoes by Lombardy artists and its very beautiful collection of paintings by old masters.

Partly walking and partly by diligence they travelled through Brescia and Lonato, and, skirting the Lago di Garda, arrived at Verona. Here they remained one whole day, made a sketch of the ruined forum or amphitheatre on the left bank of the Adige, and, meeting with a gentleman who was willing to join in the hire of a veturino, they proceeded from Verona at a very leisurely rate through the rich plains of Lombardy. The weather was perfect, and the profusion of ripe grapes added to their enjoyment. They halted for a short time at Cenza and Padua, and arrived at Venice on the 29th of September. To visit Venice had been the goal of Müller's ambition for months, if not for years. Most thoroughly did he enter heart and soul into the wondrous time-worn beauty of this floating city, the "Queen of the Adriatic." They remained in Venice about two months—all October and until the end of the third week of November—located at the Albergo dell'

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Europa, opposite to the Dogana, and abutting on the Grand Canal. Here they gazed on the Rialto every morning; and having hired a gondola with an active gondolier, Jacobo by name (who also acted as their general servant), Müller set to work to sketch in earnest. Working up all the private canals, and stopping at the best points of view, most of the sketches made were from the gondola; and marvellous sketches they are for detail, careful finish, and picturesque effect. The "Piazza, Place St. Mark," "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Dogana and San Salute," "The Rialto," the "Back of Titian's Palace, Venice," and "Foscari Palace," are some of the most beautiful. The latter sketch contains an enormous number of windows most carefully drawn, and at the bottom Müller has written this note in pencil, "*Note*—When built, no window-tax; but it's *one* on the artist." In addition to sketching, each day was varied by visiting the paintings in the Doge's Palace and in the other buildings and palaces. Those by Titian and Tintoretto made a deep and lasting impression on Müller, and without doubt greatly influenced his manner of painting, especially during the last few years of his life. It has already been remarked that Müller had great power of imagination; but he had also cultivated to an unusual degree the faculties of imitation and adaptation: he was a master in many different styles, and could change his style rapidly. He was thus able rapidly to assimilate and make his own a good deal of what was admirable in the canvases of the great masters referred to above, and which are so abundant in the galleries of Venice. When fatigued by their work, or overcome by the heat, they used to take refuge on the Lido, where, walking on that pleasant sandy shore, they were refreshed by the cool sea-breezes blowing up the gulf. Besides the buildings at Venice, the boats, with their picturesque awnings and cargoes, were repeatedly sketched by Müller, and when massed together formed fine foreground objects.

At last, on the 22nd of November, Müller and Fripp bade adieu to Venice; they left it with extreme reluctance, although bound for Florence. Having hired a veturino, they proceeded by Rovigo and Ferrara to Bologna, where they made a short halt on the 25th of November, and were much struck with the beauty of the place. They journeyed on thence across the Apennines, and arrived at Florence on the 27th. The art-treasures in the Palazzo Pitti and in the Uffizi Palace, and the fine monumental buildings, so absorbed Müller that he only made one or two sketches during the few days they were able to remain in Florence. But Müller often referred afterwards to the collection in the Pitti Palace, and declared that, with the exception of Venice, nothing in Italy had delighted him so much. On this point, however, his companion, Fripp, remarks that, in truth, Müller liked best those places where he *sat* and *sketched*.

Leaving Florence at the end of November, they travelled to Rome by the usual route, and spent their Christmas there. Sight-seeing absorbed a great part of their time in Rome. The treasures of the Vatican and many of the private collections were visited, and the world-renowned monuments and buildings of ancient and modern Rome. In the Forum Müller made one or two sketches, and also one of the Castle of St. Angelo and St. Peter's from the Tiber. Several sketches in the Campagna of bullocks and bullock-waggons were likewise added to his folio. But Müller was restless to go to Tivoli; his imagination had been excited by descriptions and paintings of the temples, waterfalls, and groves of that classic spot, and nothing in Rome seemed quite to satisfy him, as his heart was set on Tivoli. So one day he said, "I tell you what, Fripp; the olives are ripe; we shall have Tivoli all to ourselves: let us go there at once." So they hired a trap and started. Truly, they found the fine olive woods still green, and all their own, and no other travellers in the inn. It was delightful weather for painting

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—fine frosty mornings and sunny days—so they sketched all day for three weeks; and on his return home Müller painted some of his celebrated pictures from his Tivoli sketches—"The Sybil's Temple;" "The Old Roman Aqueduct"—now in ruins; "The Villa de Medicis," and several views of the cascade of the Teverone. The olive-tree is difficult to paint, but Müller at once mastered its peculiar character, and rendered its gnarled, twisted stems and dark green intricate foliage with great truth. The hills about Tivoli are covered with olives, and myrtles flourish in the hollows. A beautiful view is obtained near Tivoli of the Roman Campagna; but the most charming subject is that of the river Teverone, which throws itself over a precipice and, falling from one rock to another, is lost to sight amidst evergreen groves and wooded hills. They were far advanced into the month of January, 1835, when they returned to Rome. They made but a brief sojourn on this their second visit to the Eternal City, for time pressed, and their purses were getting very light. Calculating that they had just money enough left to take them home, on the 16th of January they started for Civita Vecchia, where they immediately embarked on board the French steamer for Marseilles; but not without regret on Müller's part, as he said he saw great capabilities for some good sketching in that port. Indeed, all Italian seaports had great attractions for him, and he painted several such subjects in oil after his return home.

Their voyage down the coast of Italy was cut short by a great storm, against which their steamer was unable to contend, and, being driven in towards the coast, they found shelter in the port of Leghorn. After waiting there two or three days, as the storm continued, they left for Turin, and then crossing into Switzerland by the Mont Cenis Pass, they arrived at Chambery on the 1st of February. Staying there one day, they took the diligence by Lyons to Paris, which

they reached on the 6th. The following morning they started again for Boulogne, and from thence to Calais they travelled in an old English stage-coach which was running at the time on that road. The weather had become very severe, the ground being covered with snow, and a few stages from Calais they were startled by seeing a large wolf which had just been caught in a trap. Embarking in the steamer at Calais for Dover, they made the best of their way through London to Bristol, and very pleased they both were to find themselves at home again, laden with the spoils of their eight months' tour.

Müller had not spared himself in any sense during this journey. Up early and retiring late to bed, he would often play several games of billiards after a hard day's work. He had so keen a sense of the ludicrous, and was so amusing, that his society was almost always welcome, and he easily made acquaintances and found companions in the foreign hotels. In sketching, he generally completed a half-imperial sketch in two hours; and Mr. Fripp states that he never knew him take more than three hours for any coloured sketch during the whole of their journey; two and three sketches being frequently made in one day. This extraordinary rapidity and facility enabled Müller to master easily the most difficult and elaborate subjects, from which, when time pressed, as it often did on this journey, most artists would have shrunk. He was no sooner settled in at Bristol than he resumed his work in oil, and commenced a series of pictures from the subjects brought home. Several of these pictures will be described as I proceed.

IV.

ART-LIFE IN BRISTOL.

1835 TO 1838.

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THE years which intervened between W. Müller's return from Italy in 1835, and his departure for Greece and Egypt in 1838, formed a marked epoch in his career. These were passed at Bristol in the practice of his art. When he returned home his mind was well stored with the images of all the grand and beautiful scenery he had passed through, and the remembrance of the masterpieces of art he had seen in Venice and other Italian cities; and from this period a perceptible change gradually took place in his manner of colouring, which became less hard, and, at the same time, richer and more vigorous.

I ought, perhaps, to refer more especially here to the influence which the companionship and friendship of the Rev. John Eagles had on Müller during these years. That gentleman had returned from Devonshire about 1834, to reside at Winford, near Bristol, of which place he had obtained the curacy. There Müller was in the habit of visiting him, and sometimes staying a week or ten days in his house: many were the sketches they made together, and the hours they spent in conversing on art.

Eagles was a man of cultivated tastes, fair literary attainments, and considerable art-knowledge, which he loved to

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FROST SCENE, THE GAME-KEEPER.

display. The "Sketcher," written by him in 1833 and the two following years, appeared first in *Blackwood's Magazine;* the papers were afterwards collected and published in 1856, and a very agreeable volume it is. Eagles was devotedly fond of sketching, in which as an amateur he excelled rather than in more finished work. His manner was free and rapid, but wanting in precision.

Although greatly Müller's senior, their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, which ended only with life. Eagles was a great admirer of the old masters, but especially of Gaspar Poussin. He was the inventor, too, of a glass medium in oil-painting, which, although now discarded, was thought well of by several artists for a few years. Müller used it for some time, and experimented with it in various ways, as described in letters to Mr. W. Roberts contained in this volume.

Occasionally Mr. Eagles took duty in a parish church on the Mendip Hills, or at Brockley Coomb, at which places Müller also visited him. These were pleasant changes for the young men who resided with Eagles as pupils, and he never missed an opportunity of endeavouring to impress on them his own feeling and love for nature and art.

In one of the last of the papers of the "Sketcher" contributed by Eagles to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the winter of 1835-1836, he thus, after describing a glorious frost-scene, refers to W. Müller:—

"Mr. Müller, of Bristol, a painter whose proficiency, industry, and ready genius must insure him great success, was with me before that beautiful hoar-frost had departed. We loitered about lanes, which furnished ample scope for observation. Every briary brake was a perfect picture. He has since painted a picture of this character of winter, and he selected it as well from admiration of the effects, as because he thought it would afford him the best opportunity of putting

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to the test a medium, the discovery of a friend of mine, which I spoke of in one of the chapters of the 'Sketcher.'

"He has admirably succeeded, and was delighted with the facility which it allowed him, and with the unclogged pure look, which was so evident that a peculiar beauty in the texture was noted by many who were unconscious that the picture was not painted with the common materials. To those who can be prejudiced under the idea that the medium is not oil, it may be as well to say that *it is*, the excellent quality being given to it by its dryer."

The picture of Winter referred to above by Mr. Eagles is, I believe, the one purchased from Müller, in 1836, by Mr. T. Howe, of Coventry, and still in the possession of his son, the Rev. John Howe, vicar of Knowle, Warwickshire, where I have lately seen it. This picture, signed and dated 1836, is 4 ft. by 2 ft. 9 in. It is a fine representation of hoar-frost and ice; it has a peculiar beauty of texture, and is very silvery and pure in colour. The subject, "A Norfolk Dyke near the River Yare," is mentioned in the following letter, written by Müller to Mr. Howe, in acknowledgment of the £30 received by him in payment for this fine work, and which I will now describe. On the left is an old mill-building with a water-wheel, surmounted by a grand group of leafless trees whose branches are silvered over with hoar-frost. Some picturesque outside steps lead up to the door on the second floor of the miller's house. A ruddy glow shines through the open door, near which a woman is standing. In the corner are bulrushes and other plants, and an old boat is seen partly sunk and frozen into the ice. On the opposite, or left, side of the picture there is an expanse of frozen watér, with some small vessels or boats, also a Norfolk village dimly made out in the distance; and this is admirably managed as regards aërial perspective, so that you feel you are looking far away. On the ice to the left some children are dragging bundles

of faggots on a sort of wooden sleigh. The sky is a very quiet grey, with whitish-grey clouds, as if laden with snow.

To T. HOWE, ESQ., *Coventry.*

"13, Hill's Bridge Parade, Bristol,
"September 19th, 1836.

"SIR,—Agreeable to your desire, I beg to acknowledge the receipt of £30, the sum due to me for the snow-piece, at the same time to express my thanks for your prompt reply, as also my pleasure at finding my exertions have met with your approval.

"This, believe me, sir, is a source of much delight; and I need not add, if at any future time you should wish me to paint a companion, in the same manner as I am now doing for my friend, Mr. D. W. Acraman to the snow-piece of his —a summer view—it will be with much satisfaction I will attempt to do my best. With regard to the local situation on the Yare, I ought to have said when last I wrote that, strictly speaking, it is not on that river, although very near, being, in fact, on a Norfolk dyke, yet used for navigation. It is within some few miles of Hardley, which I believe to be the name of the village in the distance; but, it being some months since I was on the spot, I do not at this moment remember.

"I beg to remain,

"Your obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

Müller resumed his sketching excursions occasionally with his friend, Skinner Prout, in 1835. At the end of April in that year they went to stay a few days at Culbone, near Minehead, on the Somersetshire coast, where Lord Lovelace had a seat. Here they painted the interior of a church and several other subjects. It was very cold sketching out of doors, and having lighted a fire of furze, it spread rapidly, to their great alarm, and it was only after some time that they extinguished it with great difficulty, having scorched their hands and

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faces. Wooking-Hole, near Wells, was also visited, on account of some caverns there with fine stalactites inside, which Müller delighted to light up. He used also to go into all kinds of old houses, it did not matter how ruinous, to make studies of interiors, for which subjects he always had a great partiality on account of their capabilities for light and shade.

This summer Prout and Jackson accompanied Müller to Brislington, a few miles from Bristol, to visit a friend of theirs, a Mr. Brown, who kept a boys' school. It was their host's birthday, and after dinner they were enjoying themselves very much, drinking healths, &c., when Prout suggested that, to commemorate the day, the three artists should each paint a picture and send it to Brown as a remembrance; to which they all agreed. Prout's contribution was soon sent, but Müller postponed his, and for a time the promise was in abeyance, although not forgotten. One day, after some considerable delay, he said that he had never given Brown his picture, so he commenced to work on a large canvas, 4 ft. by 3 ft., and painted a fine view of the Rhine, the Katz Castle, near St. Goar, a silver-grey effect, like a Wilson, and this he gave to his friend. Many years afterwards (when Müller was no longer living) Brown desired to sell it, as he was much in want of money. The picture had had a dark coat of varnish put over it, but that was carefully removed; and having been sent to London, it was shown to, and immediately purchased by, my cousin, Mr. Horsman Solly, for £50.

It was about the year 1835 that Dr. Lant Carpenter, who, as I have already mentioned, had been a friend of Müller's father, asked William Müller if he would give his daughters some lessons in water-colour drawing. He replied that, although he never undertook to *give lessons*, he should be happy to call occasionally in George Street, and look over the Miss Carpenters' drawings. This he did every alternate week for a considerable time, often staying over an hour, and bringing with him drawings of his own in outline and

colour to be copied. He also corrected and criticized his pupils' drawings, which my informant, Miss Mary Carpenter, says he did in a spirited and amusing manner. He remarked, for instance, that he supposed their mountains were meant to represent "rock crystals," and the foreground trees "bunches of seaweed." Then, taking a brush, with a few broad washes, and some rapid and firm touches, he would soon harmonize the crude colours, and greatly improve the forms. These *visits*, as Müller called them, were looked forward to eagerly and greatly prized, for, as Miss Carpenter observes, his genius was very remarkable, even at this period. Müller declined to make any charge for the instruction given, but some acknowledgment was made afterwards, I understand, in the shape of a present.

Before sending his drawings or paintings to the exhibitions his friends used to call on Müller to see them. One day, several persons having called at the same time, and the studio being rather full, a young man who came late, and whose name was not familiar to Müller, was asked to wait in an upstairs room. After his other visitors had left, Müller asked the young man (who was quite a gentleman in appearance) in what he could serve him. "Mr. Müller," he replied, "I am come to ask a very great favour: will you give me some lessons in painting?" Müller expressed his regret that he could not do so, explaining that he never gave lessons. On hearing this refusal the young man burst into tears, saying that he felt his life a burden to him for want of an occupation; that he was possessed of ample fortune, but that he had set his heart on becoming an artist, and that if Müller would not help him he should be without hope. As Müller expressed it, he could not help feeling contempt at this avowal: a spirit so self-reliant as his could not sympathize with such apparent weakness in another, and after telling his visitor the titles of a few books on drawing, perspective, and painting, which he recommended him to read, he bade him

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good-bye. Müller related this anecdote himself to Miss Carpenter. On one occasion Müller exhibited in the Bristol Institution a picture of "Lake Wallenstadt." It was a fine piece of colour, with a range of snowy mountains in the distance. Miss Carpenter not long afterwards visited Switzerland, and on proceeding down Lake Wallenstadt she felt disappointed at seeing neither mountains nor snow, remembering how much she had admired them in Müller's picture. On her return home, she told Müller that she considered him a "deceiver;" that she had traversed the whole length of the lake in a steamer, and had seen nothing of his snowy mountains. "In a steamer, indeed!" exclaimed Müller, with an amused and somewhat contemptuous expression; "no wonder, if you went by *steam*, that the mountains should have disappeared!"

From the sketches made by Müller during his tour on the Continent, a great number of oil-pictures were rapidly produced. He made up his mind what he would do, commenced at the top of the canvas, and painted all in quickly and without hesitation. Besides a great many small works, sold principally to dealers, he completed many large ones in this rapid manner, never occupying more than three or four days over each, as Mr. Fripp, who frequented his studio at that time, says he distinctly recollects. Mr. Fripp adds that he recollects also that whenever he entered Müller's studio there was always some new picture just painted, wet on the easel, either ordered or sold. This rapid work enabled Müller, although his prices were so low, to obtain what was then considered a good income for an artist, about £300 a year; but as he was always open-handed, and spent a good deal in travelling, he laid by but little. Müller painted several large pictures of Tivoli, chiefly uprights, four, five, and six feet high, also views on the Rhine—the "Via Mala" and "Pass of the Splugen." One of the important works painted at this period was the "Doge's

Palace, Venice," a long picture about 5 ft. 6 in., and rather narrow; a great concourse of people were represented on the quay, bright in colour, and full of detail. This was for some time in the collection of Mr. H. Bradley, at Leamington, but he parted with it before the sale of his collection in 1860, and I have not been able to ascertain where it now is. I may here remark that the Italian and Swiss subjects painted by Müller during the year or two following his return from Italy were, for the most part, bright and sunny, with a fine impasto of colour, rather smooth and glossy. A few years later his *landscapes* were greyer and lower in tone, but grander in feeling. This series of Italian pictures by Müller has been termed his Claude period. Of these (not dated, but painted, I think, about 1836) Mr. John Henderson has one, a small upright. It represents a view of Tivoli, and is a very pleasing composition, very pure and bright in colour. Of this same smooth bright character is a picture representing a rocky stream, with a Swiss châlet and trees on the left; on the right, a winding road with figures mounted on mules; sheep, goats, and cows, and a blue mountainous background, a very pleasing work, dated 1838, and now in the collection of Mr. Walter Lyndon, near Birmingham.

But to return to the Venetian subjects painted by Müller soon after his return home, I should mention the "Embarkation of the Doge from St. Mark's Place," dated 1835. This is a sunny evening effect, quite a Claude in feeling, the size being 21 ft. by 27 ft. On the right is St. Mark's Place, with the Doge's palace; in front a crowd of figures occupies the quay, and fills the boats where the Doge is about to embark; these are decorated with awnings, banners, and crucifixes, and the masts of several tall ships rise up beyond. A broad open space of rippling water reflects the tints of the setting sun, and, in the distance, the Dogana completes this poetical picture. It has been for about thirty years in the collection of Mr. H. Cooper, King's Heath. Another of the bright

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pictures of this date is "The Entrance to Lake Como," about 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. Several boats are represented on the lake, with a fine background of mountains.

One of the early commissions given to Müller for an Italian subject was from the rector of one of the churches in Bristol. The subject, "The Rialto," was chosen by the rector; but the price had not been agreed on, and when nearly finished he came with his wife to look at it. A vacant space had been left in the foreground, and the rector, who otherwise approved of the picture, pointed to that part, and inquired of Müller "what he would do with that." "Oh," said Müller, "I shall put in plenty of figures there." On leaving, the lady stayed for a moment behind her husband, as if deep in thought, and then said, "Figures, Mr. Müller? Figures cost a good deal of money, I believe, so I think it would be better to put in *only just a few*."

Mr. Acraman had a commission, I believe in the year 1836, to forge a very large anchor for a ship of war for Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, at his iron-works, St. Philip's, Bristol. He already possessed several works by Müller, and he gave him a commission to paint a large picture of this subject—"The Forging of the Anchor"—which he intended to send to Egypt as a present to the Pacha. The only suggestion to the artist—which he made in joke—was, that he should put plenty of smoke in his picture, for fear the Pacha might otherwise see how it was done, and so take it into his head to make anchors for himself. It was a fine and original work, full of spirit, and Mr. Acraman ordered another copy for himself, before forwarding the original. When that gentleman, however, came to look at it in Müller's studio, he exclaimed, "Ah! I cannot have it." "Why not?" inquired Müller; "is anything amiss?" "Not at all," replied Mr. Acraman: "it is a good picture; but I should not like to hang it up amongst all my others in my drawing-room; it reminds one too much of the 'shop.'"

It may be remarked here that Mr. Acraman had a very fine collection of works by old Italian and Dutch masters in his house. This copy of "The Forging of the Anchor" is now, I believe, in the possession of Mr. T. Proctor.

Mr. Acraman also purchased the following pictures, painted by Müller after his return from Italy:—"Italian Peasants on a Road" (this was a beautiful landscape); "The Ceremony of the Marriage of the Doge of Venice with the Sea;" "Italian Boy with a Hurdygurdy," which was spirited and full of character; "View of the Rialto, with numerous Boats and Figures;" "Santa Maria della Salute and the Dogana, Venice" (the latter was one of his most important works).

For Mr. C. G. Heaven Müller painted two uprights, 4 ft. by 3 ft. 3 in.: one was a grand view of Tivoli; the other the Via Mala. For Mr. William Heaven he also painted somewhat similar subjects; for Mr. T. Carlisle, a large upright of Tivoli, and several others; for Mr. W. Tothill, a view near Chiavenna; for Mr. G. Davey, a large picture of the Rialto; the Dogana for Mr. James Cuningham; and an immense number of smaller pictures, principally sold to the dealers. But of the large Italian pictures painted about this time I have omitted to mention a rather important one—"A beautiful Landscape, with a number of Mules going along a Road."

Müller also painted at the beginning of the year 1836 a large picture for the Royal Academy Exhibition, which was exhibited that spring, and hung in the *anteroom* at Somerset House—not a very good place. The subject was, "Peasants on the Banks of the river Rhine waiting for the Ferry-Boat." This was a finely composed picture, grey in tone, and was purchased by C. de Winton, Esq. After this, Müller exhibited nothing at the Academy until after his return from Egypt in the summer of 1839. He had no encouragement to do so, as the two pictures he had sent had been hung

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badly, and he had more commissions from dealers and others than he could execute at his then very low prices.

Towards the end of the year 1836 William Müller had the misfortune to lose his mother. After her death he and his brother removed from Hill's Bridge Parade to College Green, where they took lodgings at No. 40; but at the end of six months they went to live at No. 16, College Green. Here Müller remained, with the exception of his tours abroad, until his departure from Bristol to reside in London in the autumn of 1839.

Müller exhibited this year (1836) the following pictures in the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street:—"The Rialto Bridge, Venice," No. 344; and "Hoar Frost," an autumn scene near Monmouth.

From 1835 to 1838 Müller occasionally resumed painting —frost scenes and other subjects near Bristol. "A Frozen River," and some other winter pieces, were purchased by Mr. Acraman. He also painted a large upright forest scene, 4 ft. 1 in. by 5 ft. 3 in., dated 1837, which is now in the collection of Mr. William Sharp, at Handsworth, and once was called "The Gamekeeper." A copy of this picture is at the beginning of this chapter. A fine group of trees is in the centre of the picture, forming part of an avenue; and, sheltered beneath, you perceive a cottage with open door, from whence issues the ruddy gleam of a blacksmith's forge. On the left is a frozen pond, where boys are disporting with a rough wooden sleigh. On the road to the right a man with a gun is gazing on a fine buck at his feet, which appears to have been just shot; and close by a woman, carrying a child, completes the group. The trees are vigorously painted, and the grey, leaden hue of the sky is true to the season represented.

In 1837 Mr. Dix was at Bristol, preparing materials for his work on Redcliffe Church. This was in May, and Müller, accompanied by Skinner Prout, used often to sketch the

interior of the porch, the muniment-room — made famous by Chatterton — and other parts of the fine old church, before it was restored. Redcliffe Church was a subject of which Müller was always exceedingly fond: his childhood had been passed almost within sight of it, for St. Mary's Redcliffe is situated within a very short walk of Hiil's Bridge Parade.

It was in this year, 1837, that Müller first became acquainted with Mr. John Harrison, of Berkley Square, Bristol, a gentleman well versed in art-knowledge and a clever amateur sketcher. They had many sympathies in common, and a warm friendship was the result. For many years, even to within a month or two of Müller's death, they sketched together, chiefly in Leigh Woods and other beautiful spots near Bristol. Mr. Harrison has embodied his pleasant remembrance of some of these excursions, and other matters connected with Müller, in a very interesting paper, which will be found in Chapter XVI.

Most of Müller's sketches at this time were made on Harding's paper, which he liked much when it first came out. He said it worked better than any other, and for several years he adopted it. After a time the paper fell off in quality, of which Müller complained; and he then took again to using tinted paper, for a time, for his water-colours.

In the year 1837 Müller again exhibited in the Society of British Artists—

No. 332. "A Snow Piece."
No. 416. "Italian Boy."

And again, in the year 1838—

No. 376. "Hoar Frost: a Scene near Hanham, Bristol."
No. 559. "Composition from Civita Vecchia, Italy."

These were all works of merit, and some of them, namely,

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the "Snow Piece" and the "Italian Boy," were purchased by Mr. Acraman.

In 1838 Edward Dighton came to Bristol, and took up his quarters in Park Row. He promised to become distinguished in his profession of a landscape-artist, but unhappily he died young. He soon became acquainted with Müller, and joined him as a pupil in his studio. When Müller removed to London in 1839, Dighton followed, and they continued to work together for some time. He was always a favourite pupil of Müller's. At this time both George and Alfred Fripp were also often in Müller's studio in College Green; but Prout had left Bristol for Australia. Although at this period Müller did not exhibit in the Royal Academy or the British Institution, he sent works every year to the Society of British Artists, and he watched all that was going on in the great centres of art with much interest. At this date Roberts and some other artists had visited Egypt and Greece, and their labours in those rich fields for landscape and figure-subjects stimulated and inclined Müller's mind, without a doubt, in the same direction.

He had now so great a demand for his pictures that he found it difficult to obtain the leisure necessary for so long a journey. During the summer of 1838, however, he made all his preparations, and early in September he left Bristol—this time unaccompanied by any friend. It was a bold step to take. The journey was long and expensive; but he was quite right in this onward movement, as the results achieved abundantly prove.

V.

JOURNEY AND VISIT TO GREECE.

1838–1839.

EARLY in September, 1838, W. Müller left Bristol for London and Paris on his way to the East. He arrived at Paris on Monday the 10th, and spent the next day there, visiting the Gobelin manufactory of tapestries and the galleries of the Louvre. In the small pocket sketch-book which he carried with him, are several rapid sketches or memoranda of paintings in the Louvre which struck him on account of their composition and arrangements of light and shade. The numbers of the pictures are given, but no artists' names. Taking the diligence to Lyons, and the steamboat on the Rhine to Avignon, Müller arrived at Marseilles on Saturday the 15th, and immediately embarked on the steamer for Malta, touching at Civita Vecchia. The following are extracts from his pocket note-book, written in pencil :—

"*Sunday* (16*th*).—Passed the Isle of Elba: much larger than I thought it to be—several miles in length. Beautiful moon. Observed stars most brilliant."

"*Monday* (17*th*).—Civita Vecchia: landed. I think more than ever of this place; it contains hundreds of subjects. If I can, on my return, I will stay here. The quay is full of

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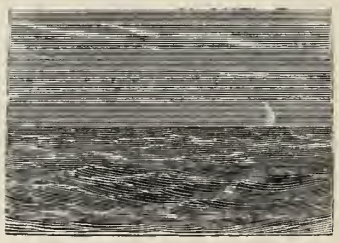
matter for the brush. Italian language as if composed of gentlemen's names. Our table to-day curious: Turks, monks, Armenians, priests, English, and many other nations. Much sea going, but very fine sky: too much spray to walk on deck. Receive from French gentleman the account of the Philosophical Institute; find a slight inclination to the *maladie de mer*. Better after dinner (which is just to begin). The advantages of a little knowledge of natural history: I formed a pleasing acquaintance from the shells, and a little knowledge of the world. This evening I saw the moon descend, and cut the horizon sharp until it became a small speck and then vanished: most beautiful effect."



"*Tuesday* (18*th*).—Sicily made its appearance: a most exquisite day,—not a cloud—not too hot. I truly commence to partake a little more of independence of society, and my own feelings become then specially the means of obtaining me pleasure. Sicily is much larger than I thought. The island in the distance is much like Wales, only much more marked in long ridges. I want to get to work—five o'clock. We still see it plainly: much surprised at the power of discovering land at great distances. Tuesday evening passed Maritima—an island used as a state prison to Sicily."

"*Wednesday* (19*th*).—Same character of weather: truly not a cloud on the sky. Sicily still in sight—one o'clock. Sirocco wind all this evening. I feel great weakness in my body, and strong inclination to sleep, with soreness of eyes."

On the following morning (Thursday) they appear to have arrived at Malta, and landed there. At this place Müller stayed a few days, and re-embarked on board another steamboat bound for Constantinople, but touching at Syra—an island in the Greek Archipelago which had recently become a principal station for steamboats and a great commercial *entrepôt*, and where passengers for Greece had to land and take the small boat running to the Piræus. Müller resumes his notes as follows :—

"*September* (25*th*), *Tuesday*.—This morning I had the pleasure of remarking what I have so often read of—the phosphoric light in the sea ; it was in great balls of a rich blue colour—like the glow-worm, continuing some considerable time where the water was in agitation ; it also took place on the top of the waves to a considerable distance. Found two people going to Athens ; rather pleasant—one speaking English, and an *old traveller*. Our vessel is very fine and well armed—the particulars of which I ask to-morrow morning."

"*September* (26*th*), *Wednesday*.—This morning rose at seven to eight, and found the weather rather stormy : at half-past ten, when at breakfast, called on deck ; a water-spout, to my joy ! "

(Here follow two sketches, marked first appearance, second appearance.)

"*Eleven to twelve*.—We now experience a heavy storm of rain, thunder and lightning—wind S.S.W. : most of the passengers ill—myself quite well. Smoke to-day one cigar ; yesterday and day before, nothing. One o'clock weather fair —wind down—sails furled. This afternoon I noticed a very curious thing, a rainbow under the wheels of the packet. It can hardly be called a *rainbow*. Curious dream of Egypt."

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On the 28th Müller landed at Syra, in the Grecian Archipelago, and on that day he made his first sketch, of a boy fishing. Some old convents and interesting remains of antiquity exist in that island; but Müller was very anxious to reach his destination, and he started almost immediately in the boat for Athens—

"The spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave,"

and he disembarked in the port of the Piræus on or about the 30th September. On arriving at Athens, Müller found a friend there in a gentleman named Pennethorn, an architect, who had travelled much in the East, and who, being thoroughly acquainted with Greece and its antiquities, was both able and willing to render much valuable information to the young artist; and they appear to have made many excursions together through the environs of Athens and around the monuments of ancient Greece—monuments where the "spirit of beauty" once reigned supreme. No one, I believe, better than Mr. Pennethorn could introduce Müller to the marvellous remains of Attic art, the production of a period when, as has recently been remarked, almost every inhabitant of Athens was surrounded by an atmosphere of refined art, in domestic as well as in public life. I must now again refer to his note-book, although dates are very frequently omitted.

"*October* (*2nd*).—Sketch of Acropolis from Pentelicus road. Cloudy day and rain; yet I made my first day's work, and returned to dine at half-past five, half an hour sooner than usual. How is this, that one should do more than on the late supper days? Subjects easier. Tremendously red sunset—a poor imitation of one of the most sublime things I have ever seen in nature. With P. [Pennethorn] on the Acropolis."

The above remarks are written opposite a sketch of a remarkably brilliant sunset. The note-book resumes thus:—

"The Greeks place a lemon on the fire of charcoal to destroy the acid generated by the burning of the coal. How? Athenian cigars are twenty for half a drachm; twenty septa for coffee—equal to a halfpenny English money. Went to the Venetian convent, outside Athens; afterwards, to Mount Lyartes. Noticed to-night that sharp clearness for which I think the atmosphere of Greece is peculiar. Hadrian's Arch in the distance. Dark purple-indigo with orange; a fine contrast! As yet I have not the colour to its full extent, nor anything like it." (A fine blot of the effect above described is sketched in on the other side.)

During the six weeks of Müller's residence at Athens, he spent most of his time in the Acropolis. There, surrounded by temples and statues—the Parthenon, the Propylæ with its historic gateway, the Erectheum, and many other fine remains—he made nearly thirty sketches, six of which were of the Parthenon, and several studies of the Caryatides. He also sketched the Tower of the Winds, the Temple of Jupiter Stator, the Monument of Lysicrates, the Cave of Parraglia, the Arch of Hadrian, and other well-known objects near Athens. His folio was enriched with several sketches of the city itself from the plain, with the craggy rock of the Acropolis rising up in the distance. He wandered through the groves of the Academy, and visited the plain of Marathon, where he frequently made sketches, with early morning and late evening effects. Greek Husbandmen Ploughing, Greek Boatmen, a Greek Marriage Procession, and other figure subjects, were also rapidly sketched in his pocket-book. The marriage procession is very interesting; it consists of the bride and bridegroom, mounted, several musicians, and a group of friends and spectators. To this

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Müller appended this note—"Clothes of all colours." In a view of Mount Hymettus, in the distance a number of cattle and a figure on horseback are introduced; all these are full of movement and spirit. On the 12th October Müller made a sketch of the Venetian convent outside Athens, which during the revolution in former times was in the occupation of brigands; also, on the same day, a sketch of a cave at Mount Pentelicus. Beneath a beautiful sketch of a ruined temple with a golden glow on the upper portion of the column, the base being of a cool grey, Müller makes this note—"The shadow thrown on the columns is in consequence of the sun setting behind Mount Lycabettus."

In the large collection of Müller's sketches, which took place in 1846, after his death, about fifty Grecian ones were included.

In this constant work from nature, and also in making excursions to Mount Lycabettus, Mount Hymettus, and other places in the plains of Attica and Marathon, Müller's time slipped rapidly away, and early in November he found it necessary to embark again for Syra on his way to Egypt. Unfortunately he did not entirely escape the fever of the country, the effect of malaria, so prevalent in the autumn there. Arrived at Syra about the 7th or 8th November, he made a small but beautifully coloured sketch in his pocket-book of the interior of an old Greek convent, with cattle and dark figures. The interior is in gloom, a slanting ray from above lighting up part of one column and also the cattle. To this Müller appended the following note:—

"This subject was truly beautiful—a ruined interior, exactly the same as the Venetian convent at Athens. I have made the figures rather too large. What a situation or scene for the Manger! (Nativity), only the architecture in no way corresponds. What would I have given for time and health! Syra, Ægina, November."

Beautiful as were the materials for pictures which Müller had gathered together during his sojourn at Athens, his subsequent visit to Egypt appears to have taken a so much stronger hold upon his mind, that he for the most part neglected his Grecian sketches on his return to England. A few large pictures of Athens and of the Acropolis were painted, but nothing of equal importance with those which were suggested by Cairo, Siout, and the ancient cities on the banks of the Nile. One cause for this may be traced, I think, in the fact that Müller's early associations were *not* classical, and his imagination appears to have been far more deeply stirred by

"The splendour and havoc of the East."

I will here quote a few lines from his paper (published in the *Art-Journal*), which relates to this part of his journey; and I shall give some extracts from the remainder of the paper in the next chapter, which will be devoted to an account of his tour and residence in Egypt.

"Bidding adieu to Greece, I took my passage in the French boat for Alexandria; and finding I was suffering under a severe cold, accompanied by fever, induced by an excursion to the summit of Mount Hymettus to obtain, for probably the last time, a view of the plains of Marathon, I declined joining our party, and rested in my berth for the remainder of the voyage (three days). It was with a feeling of exceeding pleasure I heard the announcement of our arrival, found my fever had left me, and that, although weak, I was sufficiently strong to make preparations for landing."

VI.

EGYPT.

1838–1839.

AT the time William Müller reached the shores of Egypt,—nearly forty years ago,—a halo of mystery still lingered round that strange and ancient land, much more so than at the present time. In those days no railway whistle disturbed the solitude of its deserts, no steamers divided the upper waters of the Nile, scaring the crocodiles and pelicans from their ancient haunts. The much-dreaded visitations of the plague were of such frequent occurrence, that travellers were often turned back by that terrible phantom, although the natives, with the indifference engendered by fatalism, regarded its advent as one of those decrees of Heaven against which precautions were useless. As the steamer bearing travellers from the north-west approached Alexandria, the first object signalled to the west of the port was the Arab tower, then the two date-trees and Pompey's Pillar appeared in sight, and shortly afterwards the new harbour was entered. This is separated from the old port by a neck of land which unites the ancient Pharos to the continent, and here the modern town of Alexandria is built. The site of the ancient city, once containing 300,000 inhabitants, is now little better than a desert, strewn here and there with vestiges of its former grandeur, but devoid of

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beauty, and of little interest except to the antiquary or the historian.

Müller was only twenty-six years of age when he arrived in Egypt, and landed from the French steamboat in the second week of November, 1838. He lost no time in engaging a servant who could speak the language of the country, and after spending a few days in exploring the town and neighbourhood of Alexandria, and making a few sketches, he took the track-boat on the recently constructed canal to its terminus at Douchfert. This journey in the boat especially interested Müller, as he was passing through a strange country where the natives, their costumes and rural occupations, were all new to him, and highly picturesque.

At Douchfert he struck a bargain with the captain of one of the native boats trading on the Nile between that place and Bourlak, the port of Cairo, and there Müller arrived without mishap in the course of three days.

Cairo was at this period thoroughly Eastern, like a dream of the Arabian Nights, and comparatively few Europeans resided there. Its numerous and extensive bazaars, its narrow and winding streets with overhanging stories or latticed balcony, its richly decorated mosques and tapering minarets, contrasted wonderfully with the cities of Western Europe. Still more so the contents of the shops and bazaars, filled with piles of gorgeous stuffs and carpets, inlaid atagans, damascened swords, gold-embroidered slippers, Morocco cushions, and Eastern pipes of all fashions. My own experience of travel in a Mahommedan country enables me to realise what so imaginative a man as Müller must have felt, especially in wandering through those strange places, the Eastern bazaars—the light glittering downwards through coverings of many-hued awnings, the strange apathy of the swarthy natives lolling about, or seated cross legged on low cushions smoking long pipes, or sipping the brown and fragrant coffee.

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All these strange sights attracted Müller immensely, as he has often described. So also did the exterior of the mosques with their splendid portals, the Moorish archways with the throng of men and camels passing beneath; but, above all, the slave-markets, with their painfully degrading yet picturesque accessories, made a deep impression on his imagination. These formed the subjects of many of his finest sketches. He was also continually making hasty sketches in his pocket sketch-book, some in colour, of the camels, and Egyptian people passing down the streets, or sitting cross-legged in the native coffee-houses—turbaned Turks in rich pelisses, Arabs in the graceful burnouse, Copts in fringed garments of camel's hair, and half-naked Nubians, their black limbs relieved by some scanty drapery of white cotton. After a fortnight spent almost incessantly in hard sketching, which was truly Müller's greatest happiness, he prepared to ascend the Nile as far as Thebes, intending to make a more prolonged stay at Cairo on his return; he also postponed till that time a visit to the Pyramids of Gizeh.

Having made the acquaintance in Cairo of a fellow-countryman, a Mr. Gibson, and of a French gentleman, Monsieur Dombrecourt, they agreed to become travelling companions to Upper Egypt. They hired a boat, engaged a native crew, and (accompanied by Müller's servant, Aleck) left Cairo at the beginning of December on their long and tedious voyage up the Nile. Stopping at various villages, and at Beni-Hassan, where Müller made several sketches, they arrived at Manfalout on the 20th; at Souhaedsch and at Siout on the 22nd and 23rd; at Denderah, famous for its temples, on the 27th, and at Thebes about the 1st of January; here they made rather a prolonged stay, visiting Karnack and Luxor on the right, and Gournou on the left, bank of the Nile. The Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, and of the Tombs of the Queens, the avenue of Sphinxes, and all the wonderful temples and halls, were visited and sketched. On their return

down the Nile, they halted at Manfalout, and visited the dangerous crocodile mummy pits, situated a few miles from that place in the desert, also the great Pyramids near Cairo. I shall now resume the extracts from Müller's travelling note and sketch book, and, after giving from the *Art-Union* some extracts of Müller's own paper on his Egyptian tour, I shall conclude this chapter with a list of the principal sketches he made in this country.

"*December 4th.*—Cavalcade curious, but not agreeable after the conversation of the French. The Arabs of Gournou are of a colour chestnut to Vandyke brown; dress, a long Vandyke brown robe; with or without shoes; armed with sabres and spears, the point of which is twice the length of my folio—these spears, when they sit, they always stick in the ground. Curious! just as I was sketching the temple and two sailors of the boat, seven or eight Arabs came with the legs, arms, head, and other parts of a mummy. The long gun makes a fine display, as also my sword. The markets and bazaars of the Egyptian towns form the most perfect pictures for Rembrandt.

"Departure of Travellers from the Inn-door, with Camels. Figures seated in the arched entrance, and leaning against the sides [sketch annexed].

"First Mosque built at Old Cairo, with Citadel in the distance. Buildings white; camels and men on the ridge of the hill beyond [sketch annexed].

"*December 9th.*—Aleck purchased for firewood (for the boat) the door of an Arab house, for three piastres.

"*December 10th.*—Came in sight of the Pyramids nine miles from Cairo; could not see them previously in consequence of foggy weather. All the Bedouins form scripture subjects of a very high class.

"The Nile and boulders at Beni-Hassan [sketch annexed]. The river winds at the foot of a range of rocky hills, grouped amongst the boulders.

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Note on the Nile.—"As yet we have been disappointed by the sameness of the scenery and the tedious character of our voyage. Nile twilight good effect. Pelicans on strip of land; distant trees and palms reflected in water."

(A powerful, coloured sketch of fishing-boat on Nile, with two figures, a negro and Arab.) *Note.*—"These boats are constructed with reeds and gourds, and sail, or rather are rowed, with great rapidity."

"Souhaedsch, a second-class village on the Nile. December 23, made two or three sketches."

(One of these is a coffee-house, with Turks and Arabs seated, goats and cattle of all kinds grouped together in the courtyard, Arab buildings in the middle distance, with a grand background of palm-trees; a fine subject for a picture.)

"*December 21st.*—At Siout, said to be the place of refuge of the Holy Family. Jackals held in worship by the ancient Egyptians. Went to see the catacombs. First true monument of Egyptian architecture I have seen; much delighted. Noise of bats very great; we took them for jackals. The monkeys! when light came, they were in thousands! Mummies and the cloth are common, and much cloth is strewed on the road. From the catacombs there is a fine view of the town of Siout. I sketched in a box on a donkey, and shot an owl!

"*Siout, December 25th* (*Christmas-day*).—First time on the Nile I saw the crocodile; four of them together. I shot at them; they moved with composure, nay, with contemptuous grandeur, into the water, and sunk slowly down: doubts that our ball did not strike. Saw a number of armed men with camels, going to fight with the Turks at Eckin. Saw flight of pelicans.

"*December 26th.*—On the Nile. We passed twenty-one crocodiles between two and five in the day. Laughable occurrence. After shooting at a large crocodile, it did not

move, and the Arabs deemed it dead. I prepared to go on shore and have its head; tucked up sleeves, and got the large hammer-like axe ready to cut the neck. Order passed to change the course of the boat, and the sails were put round. I stood on the gunwale all ready; when what was my astonishment, Mr. Tipsey began majestically to move when I was within only twenty yards of him—thank Heaven, in the boat!

"It was a very large crocodile, and into the water it went with great rapidity. A shot fired at him took no effect. The natives are not a little astonished. Of course, we did not think he was killed by the first ball. Our captain's name was Reis Hammed."

These are some of the sketches which Müller made:—

"Conical Hill, Manfalout;" "Near Siout, Palms and Figures;" "Sketch of Arabian Drum;" "View of some of the Excavations in the Rocks at Siout;" "Tombs of Kings, first seen at Sunset."

"The Memnonian surrounded by thunder-clouds in the evening, architecture indistinct, is one of the grandest things in the world. The large figures just catching the light. Sand thrown up in the distance."

"Town of Manfalout. Turkish encampment. Camels, Bedouins, and palm-trees. In the distance a wide expanse of the Nile, with boats. Latine sails reflected in the water."

"*December 26th.*—Saw ibis. Came near to Denderah. The rocks most curious from the number of catacombs, and the horizontal stratification of the same. Saw to-day, and sketched, the Theban palm. Killed a snake: the men afraid to take it into boat. Punctured finger. Fortunately no accident, as the Arabs said it was deadly poison. Took curious specimen of the grasshopper; long time in dying. One large fish passed my boat; taken by another boat near to ours."

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"*December 27th.*—Only ten or eleven crocodiles, but some of them very large; I should think one of them was fifteen to eighteen feet in length. Five crocodiles jumped into the water at once on discharge of piece. What a night! We are to arrive at Denderah. Much is to be done with sand-storm blowing from the desert into the Nile. To-day I saw one, in which a boat laboured with the gale, hull down, men taking in the sails. Made a very fine subject [see sketch of the same in book]. The mixture of the yellow sand with the dark sky makes it an awful effect."

"*January 4th*, 1839.—Sunset (to-night), with colossal figures of Sphinx: very fine, with the inundation of the Nile. (N.B.—The temples are also under water to the first stone. Fine subject! moonlight in particular.) Temple of Gournou. The Arabs (five) as I saw on returning to the boat, under the margin of the river. Nothing can surpass the beauty of these temples by twilight. Superb! Returning from the Tombs, or Valley of the Tombs of the Queens, I made a little *détour* for the purpose of gaining a view of the valley, as also of some of the ravines in the immediate neighbourhood. It was towards evening when I had the pleasure of looking eastward, to see the points of the mountains lighted by a golden and vermilion colour, so much the character of the sunsets which I have noticed in this country. The moon rising with its chaste light formed a most agreeable contrast of colour, and created a scene which I imagine I may never find again. The obscurity of the valley corresponds with its history and gloom—its occupants being the dead, once the mighty and powerful, their names now forgotten, with their virtues and their crimes; and the foot of the stranger turns slowly and dissatisfied that he can form but the most imperfect ideas of their extent, magnitude, and number. With such ideas I will seek my little cabin to reflect.* Egypt is

* The preceding description is written in pencil at the back of a powerful sketch of this subject now in the possession of Mr. John Henderson.

full of scriptural subjects, and a Holy Family is found in every Arab village. Figures dressed in black, with white turban, are very beautiful and solemn in effect when in a landscape. Figure at a well; white dress and turban, very dark skin; attitude, sitting."

"*January*, 1839.—I have neglected the palms at sunset, which I must paint or draw. Of this nature should be the date-tree towards sunset, when grey against a warm sky. At twilight I have noticed the palm-trees of a grey colour, and I think in painting they may be produced in the same manner as Claude has used, bedded in the sky, and warm; when paint is, for example, half dry, *scumble:* this gives a rich effect and finish. If near, they are much made out; but in distance confused, and particularly soft at edges. Much exactness and exquisite grace in the branches or leaves. Stem always much colour (red.)"

(Note opposite a sepia-sketch of stumps of palm-trees)—

"The palms do not grow to the same height in India, from the natives tapping them to produce the spirit. They have towards the root long fibres, and I noticed that the colour of red-yellow, which is so remarkable in the stems, is occasioned by the reflection of the same light from the sand. I think as the tree grows the Arabs cut off the large leaves, and this gives the peculiar chequer-work that I have so frequently noticed in this plant."

(Note opposite a sketch of palms, buildings, and mountains, with several figures of Arabs and cattle in foreground)—

"A very pretty and pleasing scene; the sun on the plain made in it a very particular feature. The foreground, goats, sheep, cows, and Arabs, with strongly marked shadows, pleased me much. The Tomb of Belzoni, one of the latest, I think, shows the method of working in the last chamber (only for the names of the fools who travel to write them). The

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figures and outlines are most beautiful; and it appears to me that the first line was red, then corrected in black. Be this correct or no, the line shows firm drawing, and much grace in the curves. The colour is particularly fresh and harmonious."

"*January 12th.*—Twilights in Egypt have a peculiarity which I have never noticed in any other country, from the positive colour of the yellow and the dark blue-purple of the upper heavens. The yellow forms an arc, which gradually decreases—that is to say, in the space of ten minutes to a quarter of an hour; the lower colour sometimes of the most deep orange, as below." (Here follows a deeply coloured sketch.)

"Luxor by Moonlight, January, 1839." (This is a dreamy sketch, and beautiful in composition; the Nile with boats and figures in the foreground; Arab buildings and the ruined Temple of Luxor in the distance; behind these the full moon.)

View of column and doorway, through which the Nile is seen in the distance; marked, "Theseus of Pennethorn in Egypt."

On Müller's return down the Nile, he stopped at Manfalout, as has already been mentioned, to visit the crocodile-mummy caves of Mahabdie, near Manfalout. Müller wrote in pencil a hasty account of these caves, which I here extract from his note-book; and this, without doubt, served as the basis for the more detailed account afterwards published in the *Art-Union*. The account is preceded by a brilliant sketch of mountains, desert, and Arabs.

(Note by Müller)—

"The entrance to the crocodile pits at Mahabdie, one and a half league from the Nile. The mouth is shown, with the remains of crocodiles and also of human mummies."

(The remains of Mr. Leigh's guide are referred to. That gentleman visited the mummy pits in 1813, on which occasion his two guides perished, owing to the bad air.)

MAHABDIE MUMMY CAVES, NEAR MANFALOUT.

"In my excursion to-day, we left the boat with two guides and twelve men, all well armed, as by desire of the guide; our boatmen taking clubs, guns, pistols, and spears. We had, in addition, Mr. Norton, a gentleman from India, and some of his men, making in all nearly forty. Away we went over a beautiful bean-field, crossed the stream, and began our ascent of the mountains. Much interest to the geologist: mountain limestone, with much flint in small balls embedded in the stone. We passed large boulders with a curious nucleus of flint: these we found to be of the sonorous limestone, when struck giving a sound much like metal. We then found a fine echinus, and some large spirals, the inside of some large shell unknown to me in any way. On proceeding by the mountain path, we noticed many places cut in the rock; on our arrival at the top, much crystal of the rhomboid character. We continued some miles onwards, when we came to a small cave with one large stone on the top. It has all the appearance of a fissure in the rock; the mouth surrounded with fragments of mummies of crocodiles. We descended, crept on the belly; at once strong smell of ammonia: after ten minutes came to a small chamber; once more creeping position, when we arrived at a larger chamber. We now felt the air to be bad, and the exercise had thrown us into a most profuse perspiration. Our guides naked, and both old men. In this room I noticed them begin to look about, as if uncertain: such was the case. Killed a bat whilst waiting, of which there were thousands, and we risked having our light put out. They at last found a small and very low passage. We now began to mistrust them. They proceeded to find some

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old and rotten cord, which they joined, so that we might not mistake the return. We once more went on for some distance; passed many bodies. Once more the guides at a perfect loss. We now found the heat all but insupportable, and insisted on returning; this, with difficulty, was accomplished, and when out we amused ourselves in abusing the fellows.

"Just on point of departure, in true ill-humour at our failure, when an old man, with firm step, long staff, iron head, walked from the desert; all the Arabs said this was the true guide. Question—Should we once more risk it? He told us it would take two hours (wrong, only one and a half or one and a quarter). Once more off coats, and with fresh courage make our descent. He had showed us his marks as he went along; this gave courage. Passed no pit, but the dead body of Leigh's guide. We accomplished this task with much fatigue. It requires the greatest care of the candles, for fear of the cloth, &c., &c., when death would have been inevitable. The scene of human mummies and crocodiles I never can forget, as also the figure of the dead guide. Came out safe."

(I will now give some extracts from William Müller's own account of his tour in Egypt; which originally appeared in the *Art-Union*.)

"My earliest impression (at Alexandria), as soon as I was enabled to direct my thoughts to any objects but the care of my luggage and the importunities of the donkey-drivers, with their 'very gute donkey, sair' (the Alexandrians know so much English), was, that of all the spots I had ever seen for the artist, this would prove the most fertile for his pencil; but experience made me alter my opinion. The town has by no means a grand appearance from the sea, although the front is a very fine one. The

vessels of war of the Pacha, and the aspect of abundance of trade, give, at first view, an idea of an opulent if not an exceedingly rich place. This impression, however, is soon changed. The curious nature of the streets, the want of European comforts, of good glass in the windows, give to it an air of seclusion which arises not alone from the desire to prevent the intrusion of the rays of a hot sun into their houses, but to shut out the gaze of the spectator; for this reason they use a sort of richly worked wood, in various patterns, that enables the inmates to see but not to be seen. The various costumes strike one with astonishment; and I at once agreed with a friend, whom I had by accident met in Greece, after his return from a long residence in the East, that Egypt was the place best calculated for the study of the figure, as suited to historical painting.

"In gazing at these figures, which seem like humanity put into a kaleidoscope, such is its endless variety, I believe I should have lost my guide, baggage and all, had I not been accosted by a desire to know if I did not want a servant, the individual who offered himself in this capacity being a thin, tall young man. On his informing me that he could 'speak English and Italian,' which I found he understood well enough to answer the purpose of dragoman, I took him to the inn to which I had been recommended, and on inquiry finding his character to be good, I engaged him at eight crowns per month, Aleck becoming to me what Friday was to Robinson, and I have much pleasure in acknowledging his good services."

CAIRO.

"On the third day (after embarking at Douchfert, the terminus of the canal) we arrived at Bourlak; Cairo being inland about three miles. As this city has been so frequently the subject of description, and as it would occupy much space and time to do anything like justice to it, I

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must content myself with only mentioning the scenes which struck me as being the most curious. On leaving the boat, the road passes through the town of Bourlak; and then we get into the main road to Cairo, which is a sandy broad way, with corn-fields on each side, crowded with date and other trees, but in particular the rose, and I must say it has a very pleasing effect. In the distance the thousand mosques of the city are visible, indicated by the long delicate minarets rising out of the dense mass of buildings; but the mass of people astonish the most—the Turkish ladies covered by the black mantilla, attended by numerous slaves dressed in all the colours of the rainbow; then come in contrast the pipe-cleaner, the water-carrier, or some Egyptian female showing but slight delicacy in hiding any part but the face. You now, perhaps, are forced to halt; for a perfect walking aqueduct of camels, which, with the large skins charged with water, stalk through the narrow streets, making all move as they pass. You get into some one of the many curious carved and painted doorways, and watch the scene with an interest which none can understand but those who have found themselves in a similar place. And now, for a moment, let us imagine the poor artist, with his feelings of enthusiasm properly kindled, in such a crowd, and anxious to sketch. Poor devil! I pity him. He longs for some photogenic process to fix the scene before him, could he but sketch it. I would say, Woe to some of the *fancy* pictures of Turks, Greeks, and oddities, which annually adorn the walls of our Academy! The streets, with the mosques and fountains, are highly picturesque; but it seemed to me that they possessed great sameness, and one thing materially contributes to this. I allude to the curious way in which nearly all buildings are painted, with a red and white stripe of colour; this is anything but pleasing. The best parts of Cairo I take to be the suburbs, which afford much variety; in particular, the Tombs of the Caliphs, of

Saracenic architecture. Here in the evening one finds a pleasing place to wander in; particularly at twilight the masses are very fine against the sky; and at times these tombs afford some strange groups, being inhabited by the lower class of people, in a similar manner to those at Gornou—only with this difference, that at the latter they mix with the mummies, and even seem to have a sort of friendship for the same. On visiting one of these tombs in the mountains, I could not avoid smiling to find that the cases of the mummies had become articles of furniture; children sleeping in them, and the outer case serving as a table.

"The slave-market was one of my most favourite haunts, although no figure-painter. One enters this building, which is situated in a quarter the most dark, dirty, and obscure of any at Cairo, by a sort of lane; then one arrives at some large gates. The market is held in an open court, surrounded with arches of the Roman character. In the centre of this court the slaves are exposed for sale, and in general to the number of from thirty to forty, nearly all young, many quite infants. The scene is of a revolting nature; yet I did not see, as I expected, the dejection and sorrow I was led to imagine. The more beautiful of the females I found were confined in a chamber over the court. They are in general Abyssinians and Circassians. When any one desires to purchase, I not unfrequently saw the master remove the entire covering of the female—a thick woollen cloth—and expose her to the gaze of the bystander. Many of these girls are exceedingly beautiful—small features, well formed, with an eye that bespeaks the warmth of passion they possess. The negresses, on the contrary, have little to please; they disgust, for their hair is loaded with two or three pounds of a sort of tallow fat, literally in thick masses, and as this is influenced by the heat of the sun, it gradually melts over the body, and the smell from it is disagreeable in the extreme; yet in this

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place did I feel more delight than in any other part of Cairo: the groups and the extraordinary costume can but please the artist. You meet in this place all nations. When I was sketching—which I did on many occasions—the masters of the slaves could in no manner understand my occupation, but were continually giving the servant the price of the different slaves, to desire me to write the same down, thinking I was about to become a large buyer.

"I only wish some artist would make this the spot of his studies, and paint the figures and groups."

THE NILE AND UPPER EGYPT.

"Having made an arrangement to hire a small boat and crew, amounting in all to eight, I commenced the ascent of the Nile on a most splendid morning in November (December), and in a few hours my dragoman gave me the pleasing intelligence, to use his own words, that, '*'Tis morning, I ketchey the pymids.*' As yet I had only seen them from the citadel, and a magnificent view it was. The desert forms the horizon, in which the pyramids are the only objects visible. These, as I found on my return, when I visited them, are built on a rock, which adds a height of at least sixty feet, and I know it is the opinion of many that they are only covered with the large stones; this I shall not attempt to confute, although I think differently, from the investigation of the interior. On my approach their size disappointed me, and when close to them the same feeling existed. This arises, perhaps, from the peculiar perspective and pyramidal form it assumes when viewed from its base. But this erroneous impression is soon corrected by an attempt to ascend; and although the difficulty as well as design of the task has been commented on by many travellers, I must say to persons of moderate height there can be none, the steps being in almost all instances perfect, only deep (I think four feet); this constitutes the only hazard. On arriving at the summit, a grand line of distance

is, of course, presented to the eye. The Nile forms, as usual, the most interesting feature.

"The Sphinx gave me, perhaps, the most pleasure, situated at the base of the first pyramid, and at sunset it formed one of the grandest compositions I have ever seen. Much of this feeling is due to the odd expression of the head; it is of a smiling melancholy, that so beautifully harmonizes with the rest of the scene and solitude by which one is surrounded.

"I now proceeded rapidly, at times staying only to visit some of the more curious tombs and remains with which each spot abounds. It is tedious to an extent one can form little conception of to be shut up in a small boat, with not enough room to stand upright, nine feet long, and in its widest, six, with little to do but shoot from its windows at crocodiles, pelicans, and other birds, in particular vultures; of these, being particularly fond of objects of natural history, I made a tolerably numerous collection. The crocodiles furnish fine sport, and are by no means scarce; I have frequently seen as many as five-and-twenty in a day, of all sizes, from three and four feet long to twenty feet. On shore the sportsman may find other shooting: the pigeons furnish him at any time with food; and should he be desirous of higher sport, he will find jackals, hyenas, and many other objects worthy of his powder and ball; he has only to seek them in the tombs, these being their favourite retreats. Shooting, sketching, and smoking, at the expiration of twenty-one days, I found I had arrived at Denderah; and on the opposite side to that on which the ruins stand were encamped a considerable number of Turks, Algerines, and all sorts; amongst which motley group I found numerous young ladies, who indulged this religious assembly (for so it proved to be, on a pilgrimage to Mecca) with the dances peculiar to the women of the Nile. Many may have been termed very fine women; but they lose all sight of propriety, and as the dancing continues, it partakes so strongly of the lascivious nature as to be disgusting, but, throughout,

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the women of the Alma are in much request. Early in the morning I crossed, and, taking with me some of my men, I proceeded to pass the plain, an extent of some two or three miles, previous to arriving at the temple. This, as you approach, has by no means a good or grand effect; but, on nearer examination, it is a ruin of the most extraordinary character, and the large hall with its pillars of gigantic proportions, the capitals of which are formed by the faces of Isis. This hall should be seen, properly to appreciate it, by firelight; it is then, when these figures are half lost in shadow, that the red light of the fire, touching with a sort of inconstancy the various figures with which every wall is adorned, adds so much to the mystery of the spot, that one sits with a sort of pleasing fear, and indulges in many of the wild speculations of fancy; these sensations are increased by the wild figures with which you are surrounded, for notwithstanding the place has been deserted by the Arabs, who built their mud houses over the temple, there are some still who remain with the hope of picking up a few piastres by the sale of beads or any of the little objects of curiosity. He seeks the traveller, waiting not for invitation, sits by his fire, produces his relics, and, if you buy, he picks up his long spear, a weapon of terrific appearance, and walks off, returning to some hole or tomb like any animal. There is much that is very curious in this sort of life, and I was most anxious to find some of these people, and be initiated into their abodes. I succeeded, on my arrival at Gornou, where I arrived, after sketching several views, and some minute ones, of these ruins.

"Gornou is situated on the right-hand side of the river, and may be deemed the first part of Thebes. To attempt giving anything like a description of the masses of temples, sphinxes, and columns, by which I found myself surrounded, would be quite out of my power. The great temple of the Memnonium, however, pleased me more than any other; and on one occasion I saw it under an effect which rendered its

grandeur doubly so—that of a storm of thunder and lightning, when from the depth of the gloom which surrounded all objects on all sides the lightning lit up the immense statues, which are as pilasters to the building, they became for a second visible and then vanished,—they came like spirits of the desert; but this impression, if one had indulged it, soon departed, for in another second another flash showed the columns and the long avenue which leads to the Tombs of the Kings, producing a superb effect.

"The Valley of the Kings, or rather I should term it the Tombs of the Kings, pleased me in particular; there is in its sunburnt rocks a spell which bound me to it, and I resolved to well work it. On leaving Gornou and its temple, you proceed for some miles towards the mountains, which are of a very curious form, and in all parts excavated. After passing along the bed of a torrent, dried up in the summer months, we arrive at a sort of road which seems to lead to the mountain; this you continue, and the rocks on each side rise to the height of several hundred feet, and every moment become more wild and rugged in the outline. Large masses of stone almost stop up the camel-path; not a single spot of green, no bush, or even blade of grass. All nature seems dead, and the only object that may at times pass might be some vulture winging its way across the valley, making one feel more solitary than before by its temporary presence. Such solitude as this place possesses few know but those who have been exposed to wild scenery, and that should be in the East and in the desert. You at last arrive at various openings in the rock, and these are the Tombs—the tombs of kings. Many of them, from their vast extent and splendid sculpture of the hieroglyphics, would furnish amusement and instruction for a considerable space of time; but my labours were merely confined to the latest discovered (Belzoni's); and this, from reasons which I shall try to explain, possesses an interest much superior to any of the

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others. After having gone through many chambers, all more or less adorned with hieroglyphics of great beauty and finish, we arrive at one filled with most elaborate historical paintings. Many of these subjects are most interesting, as on the laws, manners, and implements of the ancient Egyptians they throw much light, and strike us with the similarity of those at the present day in use with the moderns, in particular the musical instruments. On leaving this room, you enter another. Here we see the objects all drawn, and with an outline of such a firm and masterly character, possessing so much grace and elegance in the touch, that I stood with perfect delight, contemplating these drawings as perfect specimens. On a more minute inspection, you find that the artist used a thin sort of fluid paint of a red colour (perhaps an oxide of iron); with this, then, he sketched the subject to be painted, giving to the objects the destined places. After having completed this, he took a black brush, going over his former line, giving fulness and correcting any mistakes; and this accounts for your at times tracing the hieroglyphics in the red two or three inches removed from where it is placed in the black. The chamber remains in this unfinished state, the work having proceeded no further; and from this circumstance I delighted in contemplating it. It seemed, from its freshness, to have been the work of yesterday.

"On leaving the room of outline, you come to one in a state of preparation, the walls of which presented the surface polished and prepared for the drawing, just as they proceeded from the first process to the completion.

"Luxor, which is on the left-hand side of the Nile as you ascend, forms from the water a grand subject: its temples, and obelisk in its solitary loneness (thanks to the French, who removed the companion to Paris), the gigantic mutilated sphinxes on each side of the entrance, form a number of objects in which the artist finds full occupation. But, to see Luxor in its full glory, in the same manner as our poet, Sir

Walter Scott, has written of Melrose, 'visit it by the pale moonlight;' and it was in an excursion, or rather one of my idling moods, when, wrapped in my capote, I strolled through its deserted ruins, and had much pleasure in noticing how beautifully the colouring of the temple told (to use an artistical expression) by the light of the moon. By this I mean the introduction of the various colours with which the Egyptians decorated the external portions of their public buildings, making them harmonize with the rest of the scene.

"W. MÜLLER."

A few lines will suffice for the conclusion of this account of Müller's first and last visit to Egypt. On his return to Cairo, he spent a week or two again there; visited the Pyramids, of which he made several sketches, and then made the best of his way to Alexandria, Malta, and Naples. He landed there in February, and made his sketches for his well-known picture of the Bay of Naples; also a view of the Lighthouse, Naples, with the mole and the town in the distance. Taking the usual route to Rome, Müller stopped to sketch the Lake of Albano and the celebrated park and rocks at L'Aricia. Then embarking at Civita Vecchia, he arrived in London in March, and remained there only a short time before returning to Bristol, his tour having occupied about six months.

The following are the subjects of one hundred and seventeen Egyptian sketches sold after William Müller's death in 1846:—

Figure near Cairo; Interior of Coffee-house, Cairo; Near Cairo; Entrance to Mosque, Cairo; Interior, Cairo; two, Entrance to Mosque, Cairo; three, Slave Markets, Cairo; Slave Market; four, Street Scenes, Cairo; two, Bazaar, Cairo; Arab Merchant, Cairo; Letter-writer, Cairo; Interior of Cairo; Boats on the Nile, with firelight Excavations at Beni-

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Hassan; Beni-Hassan and its ruined Village; Beni-Hassan Chamber, 60 ft. by 43 ft.; Beni-Hassan Pyramids, as seen from the Nile, four miles distant; three, Near Manfalout; Manfalout; Entrance to Manfalout; seven, Near Siout; Siout; Turkish Bazaar, Siout; Catacomb near Siout; Arab at Siout; On the Nile near Siout; Djirjah on the Nile; Boats on the Nile near Siout; Sunset, Egypt; Waterwheel for Irrigation; Boat on the Nile; four, Temples, Denderah; Rocks on the Nile near First Cataract; two, Avenue of Sphinxes; Head of Sphinx; Interior of Second Chamber, Belzoni's Tomb; Crocodile on Sand Bank; three, Luxor; Near Valley of Tombs of the Kings; Pass leading to Tombs of the Kings; Near the Cataracts of the Nile; Egyptian Sheep; Egyptian Ploughing; Houchford, on the Nile; Arab Shepherd; Arab Female; Arab Shepherd Girl; Carpet-seller; Turk; Arab Boy; Arab sowing Grain; Arab Guide at Gournou; Arab at Gournou; Madinah Tabou; Method of Irrigation on the Nile; Bedouin Boatmen; Janissary; My Gun, and Arab Boatman looking at Snake; The Dourn, or Thebaic Palm; Valley of the Tombs of the Queens; Sand-storm in the Desert; Memnons; My Boatmen on the Nile; Village of Gezar; six, Karnack; Temple of Denderah; Camels near Nile; Memnonium; Interior of First Temple, Karnack; two, Temple, Egypt; Raft on Nile used for Fishing; Madinat; Gournou; Valley of the Tombs of the Queens; Tombs inhabited by Arabs; Entrance to Temple; Temple, Egypt; Arabs at Prayer; The Nile, looking towards Nubia; Bruce's Tomb, Valley of Kings; Arab Houses; Valley of the Tombs of the Kings; Small Common-headed Vulture; Pelican shot near Mantfalout; Date-palm, Egypt; Reis, Captain of Boat; two, Pyramids from the Nile.

I think the above list of the subjects sketched in Egypt by Müller will be read with interest. It indicates how thoroughly his mind was aroused and impressed by every scene and inci-

dent of that wonderful land, and, likewise, as proving that the most celebrated pictures painted by him after his return home, such as "The Arab Shepherds," "The Slave Market," "The Avenue of Sphinxes," "Street Scenes in Cairo," &c., were all taken from subjects which he had seen and sketched on the spot.

VII.

REMOVAL FROM BRISTOL TO LONDON.

1839–1840.

AFTER his return from Egypt, Müller again took up his abode in his old quarters, No. 16, College Green. The rich and varied sketches which he had brought home soon procured him many commissions, both from friends and dealers, and he commenced painting a series of pictures, principally small ones, of Eastern subjects, with which his name has become thoroughly identified—"Street Scenes in Cairo," "Opium Sellers," "Merchants selling Slaves," "Poor Arabs," &c. The prices obtained were low, scarcely averaging £10; but the great rapidity with which he painted enabled him to lay by money, and he now turned his thoughts to London as the place of all others in England where an artist might hope to achieve fame and fortune. J. B. Pyne, George A. Fripp, and other Bristol artists with whom he had associated on terms of friendship, had already preceded him to the metropolis. Doubtless he felt regret in removing from his native town, Bristol, where he had many friends. Amongst these was a lady to whom he had given many small pencil sketches, very slight but very beautiful. They have been collected together in a book, which now belongs to Dr. Martyn of Clifton.

With the exception of his brother, the other chief ties in

Bristol consisted in his friendship for Mr. John Harrison and the Rev. John Eagles. With both these gentlemen, who loved art truly for its own sake, Müller had much in common. Their sketching excursions were resumed occasionally after his removal to London, when revisiting Bristol. One of these, mentioned to me by Mr. Harrison, but not included in his own paper (which will be found further on, chapter xvi.), I will here relate. Müller came early one morning to Mr. Harrison's house, and having placed their folios and other painting apparatus in Mr. Harrison's little open carriage, they drove off to the corner of a road in Clifton, where Mr. Eagles had appointed to meet them. Eagles shortly made his appearance, very dapper, but without any signs of having made preparation for a day's painting from nature. This surprised his companions all the more as he usually carried easel, canvas, and other traps. "Where are your materials?" they cried. "Oh, never mind that," he replied; and, jumping in, they drove rapidly off. Arrived at their destination, Eagles, according to his wont, described in eloquent terms all the pictures he saw before him in nature; how he would arrange them so as to produce the feeling and effect which he thought would be most appropriate to the scene, &c. Müller and Harrison soon made their selection, placed their stools, and commenced sketching.

Meanwhile Eagles looked on quietly, and at last he drew out of his pocket a very small book, about 4 inches by 2, a pencil brush, and cake of sepia, and also set to work. This gradually excited the merriment of his companions, it was so unlike his usual large manner of proceeding; but much more so when, finding his paper was too small, he kept turning over the leaves of the little book in order to continue his sketch *lengthways*, saying he could join them afterwards. After Eagles had continued this proceeding for some time, the absurdity of the whole thing so tickled Müller, that he actually rolled off his stool with laughter.

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After Müller's return from Egypt in the summer of 1839, he painted a large and beautiful picture of Lake Albano from the sketch he made of that spot on his way home through Italy. This picture, which was exhibited in Bristol, and purchased by W. H. Gore Langton, Esq., M.P., gave rise to the following verses which were inserted in the *Bristol Journal*:—

LINES

On viewing Mr. W. J. Müller's Painting of "Lake Albano," in Davey's Picture Exhibition, Bristol, June, 1839, by the Rev. THOMAS GRINFIELD, M.A.

"Most beauteous scene! by Müller's tasteful hand,
From fair Italia to our northern land
Wafted, in all the loveliness of hues
Which southern suns o'er classic scenes diffuse!

"Scarce he whose Cambrian genius could combine
The tints of Claude with Gaspar's bold design,
Scarce Wilson's self with finer touch could make
The memory of Albano's wood-girt lake.

"Poor Wilson, *living*, ill could earn his bread,
But wins his thousands since the master's dead:
Oh, let not *living* artists reap too late,
Nor share, with Wilson's merit, Wilson's fate!"

The author of the above lines was a gentleman well known in Bristol and Clifton, and a friend of the Müllers. His object appears to have been to draw public attention to the merit of Müller's paintings and the inadequate sums he was receiving for them.

Another important picture, painted at this time, and dated June, 1839, is that of "A Street Scene in Cairo;" it is an upright, 3 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in., and is now in the collection of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain Edgbaston. On the left hand an old Turk is seated, and is evidently fully engaged in gazing at a fair girl (probably a Circassian slave), whom a villanous-looking Arab, wrapped in a large native cloak, is presenting for his approval. Next to this group is a swarthy man in a rich dark blue robe, with another upright figure just behind,

carrying on his shoulder a little child who is waving a palm-branch in its hand. On the right are some more grim-looking natives, their faces full of the half-savage, half-fanatical expression of the children of the desert; and close by is a mule partly laden. In the distance a Moorish arch and a minaret rise against the sky, and picturesque Egyptian buildings on either side complete this fine picture: the whole is full of character, and the colouring is rich and mellow, but smoother and less powerful than those of Müller's works which were painted two or three years later. This subject was often repeated, but always, I believe, of a smaller size.

Late in the autumn of 1839 Müller left Bristol for London, and his pupil and friend, Edward Dighton, followed him soon afterwards. The apartments which he first engaged were in Rupert Street, near the Haymarket. They were near the top of the house, and at a very moderate rent. But at this time Müller felt the necessity for strict economy: and he had the courage to practise it—for, as he afterwards remarked to his friend, Harry Johnson, it was at first rather a hard struggle to be left to his own resources in the great metropolis.

He remained in Rupert Street several months; but in the spring or summer of 1840 he removed into more commodious quarters at No. 22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury. Müller was fortunate in his landlord and landlady, Mr. and Mrs. Bruff, who were always very obliging, and he never afterwards changed his lodgings in London.

Müller's rooms were on the first floor; the front room—intended for a drawing-room—he used as his studio, and there he took his breakfast and tea. In this room Müller had what he used to call his "library:" it consisted of a hanging book-shelf suspended from the wall—as was often the fashion in those days. The books scarcely exceeded a dozen in number, and were cheap editions or second-hand

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copies, purchased at book-stalls, but nevertheless highly prized by Müller. They included two volumes of the History of Venice and her Doges, the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, a complete edition of Shakespeare, the Plays of Ben Jonson, and a few other similar works, indicating the bent of Müller's taste in literature.

His bedroom was behind the studio, into which it opened by means of folding-doors. His frugal dinner was taken at Hancock's eating-house, in Rupert Street, which he had discovered when he first lodged in that street; the walk to and fro being of use in the way of health.

His daily routine was to breakfast about eight o'clock, and at nine he set his palette, or his pupil set it for him, and he immediately commenced to paint. This lasted without ceasing till four, or, if much interested, till five o'clock. Müller then went out to dine; after which he proceeded to the Life School in Clipstone Street, Fitzroy Square, and there worked from seven to nine, and after that he would often join the drawing-society formed there by the students amongst themselves—remaining till eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Müller and Dighton joined the Clipstone Street Academy early in 1840. Many young artists—Duncan, Goodall, Poole, Jenkins, Dodgson, Topham, Wilson, and others, including Charles Baxter, the portrait and figure painter—were members at this time. Baxter relates that Müller used to bring his palette with him, ready set, and that he always preferred an old piece of canvas (that had been worked on before) or a bit of old panel to a new canvas. He used generally only small sable brushes, which he purchased a gross at a time; preferring them to hog-hair brushes, as he said he could always deposit his colour at once with a side-way motion of the sable, whereas the colour was too apt to cling to and clog the hogs' hair. This, considering Müller's very rapid style of work, was of importance.

At this time the students all, more or less, recognised

Müller's rare power—extraordinary rapidity and energy (Baxter says), and that he would generally commence and finish a small oil picture from the life in two hours or a little more. On one occasion, Charles Baxter having painted a nude figure, which he showed to Müller, the latter praised it and said, "Now, this only wants a good background to make it into a capital picture; will you let me do it for you?" Baxter was only too pleased that the experiment should be made; so Müller set to work and painted in a rich, powerful bit of Italian landscape, in the style and colour of Titian or Tintoretto, in a wonderfully short time. The picture long remained in Baxter's possession, but has lately been parted with. When work was over, the students smoked and indulged in jokes and games—often going home very late—but these late hours never prevented Müller from being up and at work early the next morning. On one of the evenings in Clipstone Street, *apropos*, as I am told, of a proposal to decorate one of the rooms with frescoes, a discussion arose as to marine subjects, which were spoken of by Müller in rather a slighting manner. One of the party then told Müller, by way of rejoinder, that he would not find them so easy if he tried. Upon this—to show his power of drawing anything—Müller made a large and very effective marine study of a vessel tossed on a rough sea, on the whitewashed wall of the room, in chalk and charcoal, in less than two hours, which was exceedingly admired by his companions.

Mr. Jos. J. Jenkins, the well-known member of the Old Water-Colour Society, was honorary secretary of the Clipstone Street Academy when Müller joined it. He thus became acquainted with Müller, and he has kindly favoured me with his recollections in the following paper, which also contains an interesting account of the origin of the Clipstone Street Academy:—

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To N. NEAL SOLLY, ESQ., *Edgbaston.*

"67, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood,
"November 7th, 1874.

"DEAR SIR,—I have sketched out slightly some little account of Müller in his relation with the Artists' Society, Clipstone Street, of which I was the Hon. Sec. for some years. I believe it was the only society Müller ever joined in London, and on that account I conceive it will interest you.

"About the year 1823–1824 a few artists, with Mr. J. P. Knight as their chief, banded themselves together into a little society for the systematic study of veritable rustic figures from the life. The idea was novel in its leading feature—that of pressing into their service models drawn from the wandering tribes of sturdy beggars, ballad-singers, gypsies, pifferari-Italian boys, street-musicians, and tramps of every cast, travel-stained, worn, and often picturesque, in rags, who throng our public ways. It was an attempt to return to a Dutch-like truth in the severest realism, as a corrective to the artificial and conventional manner which the painters generally had fallen into of *dressing up* their figures representing humble life. This society commenced with the modest number of eight or nine members, who met in a rough room, down a stable-yard in Gray's Inn Lane. Each in turn had to catch a model from the streets, and arrange the figure for a given number of nights; and many were the amusing tales told of the trials and difficulties experienced, and the tact required to make these vagabond wayfarers comprehend the novelty of the situation for which they were to be well paid for 'sitting still and doing nothing' for a couple of hours, on three evenings of the week.

"The plan of study, however, prospered, and soon became popular; applications for admission outgrew the means of accommodation, till the members eventually removed to spacious rooms in Clipstone Street, Fitzroy Square, further increased their numbers, added costumes, collected books,

and founded lectures on anatomy and cognate subjects relating to the fine arts.

"To this society, in 1840, I had the pleasure to introduce William Müller. Here he painted regularly during the winter evenings from the models, and improved his knowledge of the figure, displaying in his studies that gifted sense of colour which drew forth the constant admiration of his fellow-workers. Full of animal spirits, and a passionate desire to shine in everything he attempted, he was no less ambitious of playing the leader in any frolic than by the exhibition of the powers of his pencil. In one of these sportive fits, when the members were all leaving for the night, he suddenly proposed to flat or repaint two life-size casts—one of the Venus, the other an anatomical figure—to give them 'clean new skins,' and he cried out, 'Who will stay and help?' Two or three of us joined in the humour, and were quickly engaged with colour and brushes dabbing away, laughing and jesting to the finishing-touch; but the completion of the joke carried us late into the night, and I remember we returned home weary with this addition to a long day's work. Upon another occasion, Müller proposed to decorate with designs in chalk and charcoal the walls of a little white-washed room used by the committee, and immediately dashed in a fine spirited craft rising on the crest of the waves—somewhat recalling a composition of Turner's. In a similar spirit several other essays were made; but these were admitted very inferior, and were soon obliterated by their authors. Müller's delineation, however, remained intact upon the plaster wall, and at the time of his death the society had it covered with glass, in the hope of preserving it as an interesting memorial of one of their most gifted associates.

"With the termination of the lease of the Clipstone Street premises the members made a third remove to rooms built for them in Langham Chambers (which they now occupy), and at the time of their departure were anxious to carry

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away with them this sketch of Müller's; but it was found impossible to cut the relic from the wall without destroying it. It was therefore reluctantly left in its place, with the faint hope that it would not soon be brushed from its original position.

"In addition to the ordinary routine of study, the members once a week held an evening meeting for sketching or improvised composition. A subject was named, often a single word, as 'summer,' 'winter,' 'snow,' &c., &c., as the theme on which to build up a composition. At the end of two hours the individual studies were collected and exhibited together, and nothing could be more interesting than to compare the remarkable variety and different mode of treatment which the same word suggested to the minds of the different sketchers.

"At these gatherings Müller shone in all his glory; as a sketcher he had few if any equals in the rapidity, quantity, or quality of his work, and all the time his hand was producing with masterly adroitness a recollection of some scene or effect he had noted in his travels he kept up a running fire of jokes or anecdotes, mingled with laughter, and appeared as much delighted with a 'jest's prosperity,' or a smart repartee, as he was at the just admiration bestowed on his artistic skill.

"At one of these meetings Müller related with glee how a well-known dealer, who had purchased a small picture of him, pressed him with an invitation to dinner, and, by way of inducement, promised him some very choice and *expensive* wine. 'Then I shan't come,' said the painter, 'for I don't like your wine drunk out of artists' skulls!' Upon another occasion the conversation turned upon an engraving just then published by the popular painter of Belshazzar's Feast, John Martin, and which was criticized as being far too *black* and *white*. 'Yes,' burst in Müller, with his usual laugh, 'too much of *Day* and *Martin*.'

"The great abilities of Müller naturally exerted considerable influence over his professional associates; perhaps no greater proof can be offered of his individual power in this respect than the lasting impression made by his genius on the minds of his old companions, who still cherish his memory, and who delight to recall those pleasant days when they were associated together. Müller was left-handed and short-sighted, worked with his face close to his paper or canvas, occasionally using an eye-glass to view remote objects, but invariably removed the glass from his eye when he used the brush.

"By the light of recent sales, the prices Müller received for his works appear ridiculously small indeed. Dozens of his little gems in oil he parted with for five pounds apiece. Mr. Bell, the proprietor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, had a number at that price; and for ten pounds he secured the beautiful picture of 'The Opium Seller,' engraved in the *Art-Journal*, by Topham.

"JOS. J. JENKINS."

Very soon after Müller arrived in London he was introduced by George Fripp to Rought, the picture-dealer, in Waterloo Place, Regent Street. He was almost the first who purchased Müller's drawings and paintings in London, and for many years he was a constant purchaser of his works. Rought was not only a good judge, but was truly fond of good art-work. Müller used to relate that the first time he took any of his work to show to Rought, he drove there in a cab, with one or two folios of sketches and drawings. These were turned over and examined; but at last he was told by Rought, that he must decline to purchase at that time, as his stock was *so large*. Müller well knew that his drawings were superior to many which he had seen at Rought's; however, he was not the man to show his disappointment, and, promptly gathering up his folios, he

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returned to his cab, and was in the act of driving off when an assistant came hurriedly out with a message to the effect that Mr. Rought would take three or four, and wished to look at them again. As soon as these were selected, payment was tended to Müller; but he declined to receive it, saying he was not in want of money, and should prefer to let it stand over. This appeared to surprise as well as please Rought, who added shortly, "Well, Mr. Müller, if that be the case, I should like to select a few more." After this Müller always found a ready purchaser in Rought, and I believe he never had any reason to complain of his dealings with him.

One of the first acquaintances Müller made in London, amongst the lovers and patrons of art, was that of my cousin, Mr. Horsman Solly, of 48, Great Ormond Street, one of the earliest members of the Society of Arts, and a man of a very genial and kind disposition. Mr. Solly had long been on terms of friendship with John and Cornelius Varley, and had made a collection of their drawings, as well as of those of David Cox and Copley Fielding; as soon as he became acquainted with the works of Müller he purchased some of those also, and welcomed the young artist to his house. There Müller often met the late Mr. Thomas Morson, the well-known chemist, a man of the most unassuming pleasing manners, as well as of great intelligence; and the friendship thus formed lasted as long as Müller lived. Mr. Morson had a country house at Hornsey, where Müller often went to spend his Sundays; but in the winter he most frequently dined with Mr. Solly, and then they adjourned to spend the evening at Mr. Morson's residence in Southampton Row. Mr. Solly was much attached to Müller, and remained his firm friend as long as he lived. To the British Institution, which opened in January, 1840, Müller sent a large and important picture, 5 ft. 4 by 4 ft. 7: "Offering a Greek Slave for Sale, in a Street leading to the Slave Market, Grand Cairo; painted from

sketches made on the spot during the years 1838–1839." This was hung in the south room, in rather a bad situation, but it attracted a good deal of notice, and was favourably criticized; it found a purchaser in Mr. Edmund Smithe.

The Royal Academy Exhibition, which opened in May, 1840, also contained the following works by Müller:—"Athens, from the Road to Marathon"—a bright picture, with the Acropolis rising up in the distance, hung in the middle room; also "Ruins of Gournou, Egypt; Sunset," hung in the octagon room. This is thus described—"Gournou is that part of Thebes situated on the right side of the Nile, ascending. The large masses of stone at the base of the temple are the remains of a gigantic statue, said to have represented Memnon."

Both these were large and important works, but the view at Gournou was much the most interesting.

I will now describe a few of the pictures painted by Müller, in various styles, in the year 1840.

"Hampstead Heath," 20 ft. by 14 ft., formerly in Mr. Robertson Blain's collection. A view of the heath, with trees and a few figures; a sandy gravelly bank and a pool of water complete the foreground: the colouring is warm, rich, and juicy; the handling very rapid.

"Carnarvon Castle; Early Morning," about 3 ft. 6 by 2 ft. 6—a beautiful and poetical picture. The grand old castle stands up above the sea, surrounded by mists, which are illumined by the rising sun; on the right is a group of Welsh country-folk, with a large jug in the foreground: the whole full of character. This picture is now in the collection of Mr. W. Lyndon.

"Bay of Naples," about 5 ft. 6 by 3 ft. 6, formerly in Lord Northwick's Collection: very bright and sunny. Mount Vesuvius in the distance, Chiaga in the curve of the bay, with light-reflections in the blue water. The view is taken from Mount Pausilipo, on which are some grand stone-pines;

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these, and some shrubs with their dark shadows, form a fine contrast against the sky, which is of a bluish white, in parts almost white, with the haze of intense heat: some goats and figures are introduced in the foreground of this subject. Müller painted two large copies, making altogether three.

"The Opium Seller," 13½ by 10½, upright; formerly in the collection of Mr. Peel, now in that of Mr. W. Smith of Wisbech; painted on an old oak panel. It represents the interior of a dilapidated building at Siout, Upper Egypt. On the right, through an open doorway, a stream of light enters, and illumines a group of eight figures: the first, standing in the doorway, is a negro, nearly nude; the next, an old man with purple robe and white turban showing the red fez cap; then an Arab in the burnous or blanket of the country. The central figure of the group is a dignified Turk in a green turban and robes of vermilion and white; on the left sits the old opium-merchant, on a rich rug raised on a divan, smoking a long pipe, and surrounded with small boxes containing the drug-bottles and other Egyptian utensils; the colouring of the remaining figures is rich and dark, and the group includes also another picturesque negro holding a staff. The remains of elaborate decoration appear on the walls and other parts of the old building—the whole being very powerful. Through the open door some Arab houses and a streak of blue and grey sky are visible. I have seen several repetitions of this subject—a favourite one with Müller, as it allowed free scope for his love of rich and brilliant colour; some variation in the arrangement was generally introduced.

"Selling a Slave," 13 ft. by 9; in Mr. S. Mayou's collection, Edgbaston. The merchant about to purchase a slave is in Turkish costume, and is reclining on the left, smoking; near to him stands the seller, also a turbaned Turk, in a yellow robe and white turban, holding a gun; close by is a slave, a dark African—almost black—in red turban and dark

blue robe, at whose feet a miserable negro child is crouching; the child, although nearly nude, is relieved by some scanty white drapery; and on the extreme right another old Turk is seated. More figures, a camel, and part of a mosque are seen in the distance. Müller, in his rapid, sketchy, but powerful manner, has thoroughly realised the feeling of this subject, which is at once masterly and natural. Like "The Opium Seller," the colour is warm and brilliant, and is now mellowed by the lapse of years.

During the first six months of his residence in London, and before leaving for his tour through France, Müller continued to paint many small pictures from sketches made near Bristol, as also from his foreign sketches; these he sold at prices varying from five to ten pounds, very rarely exceeding the latter sum.

Charles Baxter, who, although not a pupil of Müller's, was continually in his studio about this time, relates that one day seeing a small but powerful oil-picture—a view of Avignon—on the mantelshelf in Charlotte Street, he told Müller that it took his fancy very much, and that he should like to possess it. "Ah!" said Müller, "you are the first person who has ever admired it, although I like it myself as well as anything I have done; but if you wish for it I will let you have it, together with a small Venetian subject of the same size (a view of San Salute), at fifty shillings each." At this time Müller, as I have observed, readily obtained at least five pounds for pictures of that size and quality, but he liked to do a generous thing. Dighton, who was working at the time in Müller's studio, accompanied Baxter to the door when he left, and said, "Baxter, I should have liked so very much myself to have had that picture of Avignon; but Müller said nothing to me about it, and I did not like to tell him I wanted it." This was like Dighton, who always had a great admiration for Müller's works, and, at the same time, was of a modest retiring nature. In the same way Baxter

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obtained a circular picture, a Bacchante subject, and one or two others, at the prices named by Müller, which were always very moderate.

In the spring of 1840 Messrs. Hodgson and Graves, of Pall Mall, entered into an agreement with W. Müller to make a tour through the northern and central departments of France, and make a series of forty sketches of the principal monuments and other remains of the Renaissance period of Francis I. and other French kings; from these it was stipulated that twenty-six drawings were to be selected to be lithographed. It was arranged that Edward Dighton, who was still a pupil of Müller's, should accompany him on this trip, and that they should return home by way of Jersey and spend a few days with Dighton's family, who were then resident in that island.

Early in June they embarked at Southampton for Havre, and after visiting Rouen and other places in Normandy, where Müller made several of his best sketches, they arrived in Paris on the 17th June. Here and at Fontainebleau they spent rather more than a month, sketching many fine old buildings and interiors, and also visiting St. Denis. On the 21st July they started for Orleans, Blois, and other places on the Loire, and, after visiting Nantes, Angers, &c., they reached St. Malo on the 9th September, and, after a short stay in that picturesque old place, embarked in the steamer for Jersey. Mr. George Dighton (younger brother of Edward Dighton) was only a small boy at that time, but he well remembers Müller's visit to Jersey, and gives the following pleasant recollection of him:—"I remember also that Müller's good-nature was so evident to me, as a child, that I claimed his help in many *serious* undertakings, among which I specially remember taking him up an orchard in very thin shoes to cut a branch of elder for a pop-gun. I am afraid poor Müller made a mild protest against wetting his feet and spoiling his pen-knife; but the fact was accom-

plished, and remains fixed in my memory." Müller was back in his old quarters in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, before the end of September, with his folio full of sketches, several of which served as subjects for pictures in oil. He now set to work, making drawings from his sketches for Mr. Graves's lithographic work, and also commenced on the paintings to be exhibited in the forthcoming exhibitions of the British Institution, Society of British Artists, and Royal Academy. The works painted by Müller at this period show that he had a great appreciation and knowledge of the technical qualities and resources of oil-painting, and of the importance of manipulation. I have noticed also that he made every stroke of his brush tell in the right direction, so as to assist the movement and feeling of the composition. By this means he gave an intelligent meaning even to the mechanical part of his work.

It was after Müller's return home from France that he made the acquaintance in London of Mr. Chisholm Gooden, with whom he afterwards made many pleasant sketching excursions, especially those in a hatched boat to the mouth of the Thames, which will be described in a subsequent chapter. This acquaintance shortly ripened into a *warm* friendship, which only ended with life. Mr. Gooden says, that he first saw Müller at the house of Mr. Chambers, Percy Street, Rathbone Place, a member of the Old Water-Colour Society; but Müller did not think highly of the works of that artist, which were chiefly marine subjects, and they never saw much of each other. Mr. Gooden also remembers that soon after Müller's return to London he sent Dighton with a folio of sketches to see what offers he could get for them from the dealers, just to test what his standing was in London. On Dighton's return, he said that the only offer he had had for the lot was 3*s.* 6*d.* each, although they were sketches which (as Mr. Gooden remarked) would now readily sell at forty to fifty guineas and upwards apiece. Gooden used often to join

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Müller and Dighton in the studio in Charlotte Street; he says that one of Müller's greatest triumphs was to send him (Gooden) and Dighton out for the day to sketch at Hampstead, or the hay-barges near Waterloo Bridge, or elsewhere, and, having placed a small untouched canvas before him on his easel, on their return at about four o'clock in the afternoon he would show them a fine little picture painted on the same, and *entirely finished*. On another occasion, when Gooden and Dighton were about to start for a sketch, Müller, who had placed a large unfinished upright landscape, about 6 ft. by 3 ft. 6, against the wall, was left standing on a stool stretching up with palette and brush in hand, "*bringing the work together*," and painting on the very top of the sky; and when they returned, three or four hours afterwards, he was seated on a "tea-caddy" just completing the foreground, the whole of this large work having been gone over and admirably brought to completion in one morning. Müller gloried in that wonderful rapidity: he could thus sometimes produce a painting in three or four hours, which had all the appearance of having been the work of as many days. He would granulate the distance in a peculiar manner of his own, with chalk and ground glass, in order to produce *atmosphere*, thus giving an aërial effect to the distance; then he would take the palette-knife and work away at the middle distance and foreground smoothly and very solidly. After Dighton had been for some time with Müller in London, he began to fear that the great influence which Muller's style was gaining on him would be overpowering; indeed, it was remarked at that time, that he had so contracted Müller's style, that his early works were absolutely copies of Müller's pictures.

Dighton, therefore, turned to Frederick Goodall, and made arrangements to paint in his studio; but Müller, who had a great liking and esteem for Dighton, and always called him Die, felt this keenly, and, I fear, never quite forgave him.

Dighton's manner was very winning; he had a fine person

and pleasant voice, and when withdrawn from Müller's studio the latter felt for a time solitary and almost morose. Dighton, although a pupil, prepared Müller's palette, as I am informed, and certainly rubbed his colours up on the slab; for Müller was very choice as to materials, and seldom used certain pigments without submitting them to powerful friction at Dighton's hands, particularly as to raw sienna and Indian red. Had Dighton lived, he would have made a name in the world of art, without a doubt. He left many fine works behind him, which are principally owned by collectors in Liverpool, and his early death was a great loss to all his friends: towards the close of his life he became rather a recluse, and on his death-bed he bequeathed a picture to each of his friends. Amongst the lovers of good art who early felt interested in Müller's career, and purchased several of his works, was the late Mr. Joshua Satterfield, of Manchester. Several letters written to that gentleman I am able (through the kindness of his nephew, Mr. Charles Sandars) to insert in this volume; the first of these I shall now give. I will give a description in the next chapter of Müller's work, already mentioned as about to be published by Hodgson and Graves ("Age of Francis I."), and referred to in this letter.

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, London,
"November 22nd, 1840.

"SIR,—In answer to a letter which you addressed me some few days back, in Bristol, and which, in consequence of my having moved to London to reside, did not reach me previous to this morning, I beg to say I perfectly remember the picture now in your possession. I painted it from the grounds of T. S. Harford, Esq., at Blaize Castle. The style was one to which I devoted much attention previous to my visiting the East. I shall have much pleasure in forwarding you a companion, as you desire; but, as I am at present

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engaged most particularly in making the drawings for Messrs. Hodgson and Graves's lithographic work for the year 1841, I could not promise its completion within the next few weeks. I have many subjects that will paint well as companions, and I think one of those red and sunny mornings so common in frost (to England) most calculated to be pleasing. As you kindly leave it to my choice, I will try and produce a picture that I hope will be satisfactory, and remain, sir,

"Your obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The picture referred to above was purchased of a dealer by Mr. Satterfield, and led to his introduction to Müller. It is 26 in. by 16 in., and dated 1840. A boat is fast in the ice; on the bank an old house is represented, and in the right-hand corner a bridge is seen through some shrubs. The sky represents a fine clear frosty day, and is beautiful in tone.

VIII.

"AGE OF FRANCIS I. OF FRANCE."

I SHALL give some account now of the remarkable work which resulted from William Müller's journey to France, accompanied by Edward Dighton, in the autumn of 1840. It was published by Henry Graves and Co., of Pall Mall, in 1841, and was dedicated by Müller, in a few graceful lines, to Queen Adelaide.

There are twenty-six folio tableaux lithographed from Müller's original sketches and drawings. Of these he made upwards of forty in France, and allowed Mr. Graves to select those he liked best for the work. Although the lithographer has done his work fairly well, the plates do but scant justice to the vigour and freshness of Müller's sketches, many of which I have seen. These are partly in colour and partly in monochrome, on tinted paper; but all are suggestive of the effect produced by the crumbling, softening hand of Time, and are both rapid in manner and harmonious in colour.

The subject was a difficult and laborious one; the remuneration agreed on was very small, but Müller spared neither time nor care to insure success. I am informed, indeed, that he made carefully finished copies of some of the sketches, which Mr. Graves considered had not been carried far enough as respects finish.

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The romantic feeling of the Renaissance period of architecture introduced into France from Italy by Francis has been well realised by Müller, and he has added to the interest of the buildings and monuments represented by introducing figures in the costumes of the period. Whilst turning over the pages you feel transported into the midst of the luxurious surroundings of the autocratic and voluptuous Francis, and are also made acquainted with several of the beautiful ecclesiastical monuments of that epoch.

Francis, the victor of Marignano, and the friend and patron of Titian and Leonardo da Vinci, not only entertained in a regal manner such guests as the Emperor Charles V. and King Henry VIII., but during his residence in Italy he was so delighted with the works of the Renaissance that on his return to his own country he gave quite a new start to French taste in building and decoration. Francis was also very fond of pictures, and brought back with him several masterpieces from Italy. His court was frequented by many eminent Italian and French painters, sculptors, and architects—Leonardo da Vinci (whom the king called by the endearing title of "Father"), Benvenuto Cellini, Francisco Primaticio, Jean Goujon, Pierre Bontems, and others. In his camps were found some of the bravest soldiers of France —the Chevalier Bayard, the Constable de Bourbon, Gaston de Foix, the Maréchal Lautrec, and others. His court was the residence of the most celebrated beauties of the day —Madame de Châteaubriand, the Duchess d'Estampes, Marguerite de Valois, Diana de Poictiers—ladies who had the reputation of being more beautiful than virtuous; but in court circles morality and virtue in those days were somewhat lightly esteemed. I hope this digression descriptive of King Francis and his surroundings will not be thought out of place, and I shall now proceed, without further preface, to give some account of the contents of the work itself.

No. 1. The Frontispiece, represents the Terrace of the

Castle of Chambord. Through an archway adorned with the initial and cognizance of Francis you see a terrace with massive balustrades, overlooking a stretch of flat, wooded country, and also perceive the angle of the castle adorned with sculptured "tourelles." The lines of the arch are broken on one side by ancient armour placed against it, spears, halberds, and swords, and a page is seated caressing a greyhound, whilst close by is a stalwart soldier accoutred with casque, breastplate, &c. This Castle of Chambord, which is about four leagues from Blois, in the midst of a park, is one of the few feudal castles still remaining in France comparatively uninjured. Commenced by Francis in 1526, it was continued by other kings in succession, the design being to construct a vast palace or castle in the Moorish style of architecture. For twelve years Francis is said to have kept 2,000 workmen employed in building it; afterwards the internal decorations were entrusted to Primaticio and Jean Goujon; but the vestibule was adorned with frescoes attributed to Leonardo da Vinci and Cousin. These are celebrated works.

No. 2. This is a representation of the Gallery of Francis I., Fontainebleau. The elaborate carvings and sculpture of this celebrated apartment are well given. It was painted by Le Rosso, and, I believe, no finer specimen of the Renaissance style of decoration exists. It is enriched with Caryatides supporting the rich deep cornice, and between these are pictures by various artists. The ceiling is carved and fretted, and numerous masks, medallions, and other ornaments sculptured on the walls add to the general effect. Groups of knights and ladies in ancient costume are skilfully introduced. Conspicuous amongst these is the king, to whom Benvenuto Cellini is represented, on bended knee, presenting a vase on a salver. This incident was probably suggested to Müller by the following passage in the autobiography of Cellini, translated by T. Nugent:—

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"I waited on his majesty (Francis I.) accordingly, with cup and basin so often mentioned; being come into his presence, I kissed his knee, and he received me in the most gracious manner imaginable. When I had done speaking, he took the cup and the basin, and said to me, 'It is my real opinion that the ancients were never capable of working in so exquisite taste. I have seen all the masterpieces of the greatest artists of Italy, but never beheld anything that gave me such high satisfaction.' This the king said in French to the Cardinal of Ferrara."

No. 3. "Monument to Francis II., Duke of Bretagne, Nantes." This old tomb, although elaborate, is grand in outline and general effect. At each corner are mourning figures representing, by their mural crowns, four of the chief cities of France. On the sides various figures are sculptured in alto-relievo. At the feet of the recumbent effigies of Francis and his spouse are a lion and a greyhound couchant, and also their ducal crowns. An old monk is represented engaged in showing the monument to some personages of rank, and through an open door part of the church is indicated.

No. 4. "The Tournament at the Château Chambord." The court in front of the principal façade of the castle, which is delineated in its full length with a double range of galleries and arcades, is occupied with the joust or tournament so much in vogue at that period. Two knights on horseback, in full panoply, are approaching each other at a galop, with lance in rest; a vast concourse of spectators, javelin-men, pages leading horses (which are adorned with plumes and trappings), knights, and others are grouped about, and are waiting their turn, in front of the tents. This plate is very characteristic of the period, and is full of the life and chivalrous spirit of the middle ages.

No. 5. "The Guard-room, Chambord." On one side of a large hall, in front of a lofty fireplace, a number of soldiers

and retainers are gathered round an old table, apparently intent on gambling. On the oaposite side a page is engaged fitting a suit of armour on a knight, at whose feet some beautiful greyhounds are resting. The roof is enriched with carvings, and on the further side of the building a noble winding staircase is visible. The feeling of space and the perspective are very admirable.

No. 6. "Bedroom of Diana de Poictiers, Chenonceaux." The small but very beautiful Château of Chenonceaux, in the Department of the Indre-et-Loire, was the residence of Diana, the mistress of Henri II., who was accustomed to visit her there when engaged in his favourite hunting excursions in the neighbouring forests. A lofty room is represented furnished with richly carved furniture, on which are the letters H. and D., for Henri and Diana. Two waiting-women are attending on the toilette of a young and beautiful lady, whose attention is directed to the gambols of a child and spaniel on the other side of the apartment, which is gorgeous in all its furniture and decorations.

No. 7. "The Court of Honour, Fontainebleau." A great many knights on horseback, fully equipped and armed for a joust or for the battle-field, are represented sallying through an arch, with pages, serving-men, and banners. A colonnade in perspective carries the eye well into the picture. The subject is a difficult one, but the most has been made of it, and the general effect is pleasing.

No. 8. "The Drawing-room, Fontainebleau." This is a truly regal *salon*. Its superb decorations, carvings, and furniture are well represented, and will recall the original to all who have visited Fontainebleau. Near a table on one side are a group of ladies and others, who appear to be listening to the music of a guitar played by a young man. The costumes are of the sixteenth century. The Emperor Charles V. was here on a short visit in 1539, on his way to Paris.

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No. 9. "Grand Dining-room, Chenonceaux." This is one of Müller's happiest efforts. In a well-proportioned and rich chamber two cavaliers are playing at chess, watched by a third, whilst some ladies form a secondary group, and a dog reposes in front of the grand old fireplace. A richly ornamented sideboard or buffet, and some carved figures which adorn the mantel-piece, are strikingly beautiful.

No. 10. "Bedchamber, Azay-le-Rideau." The bed in this grand old feudal room is remarkable from the character of the carved figures which serve the place of bedposts. One is a knight in full armour, one a monk, one a queen with sceptre in hand, and one a winged angel clad in a nun's garb. A large bay-window is opposite the bed. The carvings are exceedingly elaborate; the labour bestowed on such a drawing as this must have been very great.

No. 11. "Terrace, Chambord." A hawking party are engaged in their pastime on a broad palatial terrace. A beautiful archway and other portions of the castle are represented on the left side of the plate.

No. 12. "Château Brissac, on the Loire." An open landscape, in which a party of mounted huntsmen, with dogs and followers on foot, are seen approaching the ancestral Castle of Brissac. Some fine trees are grouped in the foreground, and the valley of the Loire stretches away in the far distance.

No. 13. "Chamber of Marie de Medici, Blois." The remarkable and most ancient castle in which this fine chamber is situated was the scene of the murder of the Guises by Henry III., and it is believed that this was the apartment occupied by Catherine during the perpetration of those crimes. An ornamented fireplace of the period occupies a large part of the plate; over this are portraits of Francis and Henry in medallion frames, surrounded by carvings and arabesques.

No. 14. "House of Francis I., Champs Élysées." Part of

this edifice still exists, surrounded by modern houses, at Paris.

No. 15. "Chapel of the Château at Amboise." This was the scene of the marriage of Lorenzo de Medici to Madelaine, daughter of the Count de Boulogne; and of this marriage the celebrated Catherine de Medici was the only offspring; both her parents dying when she was an infant. The chapel was restored in its original style by King Louis-Philippe. The Gothic is of the middle ages, of which, although small, it is a fine specimen; the sculptured tracery of the interior is everywhere beautifully represented. The figures introduced are effective: a bishop is engaged baptizing an infant prince held by a richly attired lady, and surrounded by many dames and knights in various attitudes of devotion; other priests are holding long tapers, and swinging censers with frankincense. Whilst writing this I have just read in the *Times* of August 27th, 1874, the following interesting notice:—

"The repairs ordered by the Comte de Paris at the Château of Amboise have brought to light the tomb of Leonardo da Vinci, who was known to have died in the neighbourhood, but whose burial-place was unknown. A stone coffin bearing his name was discovered under a thick bed of earth, and on its being opened the painter's remains were found in a perfect state of preservation. They will be deposited in the chapel of the château."

No. 16. "Tomb of the Maréchal Brézé, Rouen." A splendid mausoleum of the sixteenth century, erected to the memory of her husband by Diana de Poictiers. The material is black and white marble, and is rich and effectively given in this plate. The half-naked emaciated form of the maréchal on the sarcophagus is well drawn, but unpleasing in impression. This monument is a good example of the lavish expenditure of that period in ecclesiastical work. A steel-clad knight on horseback, barbed and armed as for a

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tournament, representing De Brézé as in life, is seen above; at the head of the recumbent figure Diana is represented in a mourning attitude.

No. 17. "Court of the Palace, Blois." This is one of the best plates in the series. The picturesque and noble palace is seen in excellent perspective. At the principal entrance knights and soldiers are grouped around a carriage and four, towards which some ladies in the costume of the time of Francis are descending the steps. The whole scene is effective and spirited.

No. 18. "Pulpit in the Church, Fontainebleau." This is a clever representation of a carved pulpit of the fifteenth century.

No. 19. "Chapel of St. Hubert, Amboise," A magnificent entrance to a church, with remarkable figures sculptured over the door. A lady and gentleman in rich attire are coming through the portal, and are bestowing alms on a poor woman and her children.

No. 20. "Tomb of the Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, Rouen." Another fine tomb in the cathedral at Rouen, finished in 1525. Two cardinals, uncle and nephew, are kneeling on cushions, with bare heads, and hands joined as in prayer. The sculpture of this monument is of exquisite richness and finish; the artist has taken infinite pains in every part, and has been most successful. There is nothing finer of the kind in France—perhaps not in Europe. These two prelates were successively archbishops of Rouen, and the cathedral owes much of its embellishments to them in the early part of the sixteenth century.

No. 21. "Gateway in the Garden, Château Gaillon, Paris."

No. 22. "Staircase in the Church, Angers." This plate shows Müller's great correctness and power of drawing, and knowledge in the arrangement of light and shade. A Catholic procession and other figures are well introduced, and add very much to the interest.

No. 23. "Façade of Château Gaillon, Paris." Over the gateway is the statue of an armed knight on horseback, so well drawn that it appears to stand out in relief. A number of figures are carefully introduced, and every detail is well finished.

No. 24. "Ball-room of the Palace, Fontainebleau." This fine *salle* was commenced by Francis I., and finished by Henry II. It was painted by Primaticio. In the decorations the initial of Henry is entwined with that of Diana of Poictiers. On each side of the fireplace are caryatides. Columns extend almost to the ceiling, and between these are the royal coats-of-arms. The whole effect is rich and imposing. Of late years it has been restored.

No. 25. "Monument of Louis XII., St. Denis." This is, perhaps, the most remarkable plate of all. Twelve figures, life-size, of the apostles are seated round the tomb of the king, whose effigy and that of his queen, Anne of Bretagne, are seen on the upper platform in the act of prayer. There is much beauty in the arabesques which adorn every part of this monument; they are said to have been designed by Raphael. The noble Abbey of St. Denis is also well indicated. In the foreground the figures of a knight and priest are introduced, but in a subject so full of interest they appear to detract rather than add to the beauty of the picture.

No. 26. "Staircase, Blois." This is another of the remarkable and graceful staircases of the period of Francis. At the foot of the column which supports it the figure of St. George, life-size, is transfixing the dragon with his spear. An aged monk with clasped hands is looking on in an attitude of devotion, and a knight and lady are seen descending the stairs. In the adjoining corridor a secondary group of figures completes the composition. Every detail is well given.

I have felt it difficult to do justice to this volume. Many

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of the subjects are well adapted for photography, but that art was unknown at the date when the drawings were made by Müller. The original drawings are much prized by those who possess them; but they are scattered far and wide through various private collections. The lithographic copies are, as I have said before, very inferior to the originals, as they have often rather hard outlines, and have the fault of stiffness; nevertheless, taken as a whole, it is an eminently successful work, and a worthy example of Müller's industry, imitative skill, and knowledge of composition.

IX.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

1841.

IN the British Institution, which opened at the end of January, 1841, Müller exhibited the following three pictures:—

No. 63. "Sketch of a Bazaar at Siout, Egypt," 1 ft. 3 in. by 1 ft. 1 in., hung in the south room.

No. 210. "Avenue of Sphinxes — Moonlight, Thebes," 4 ft. 2 in. by 6 ft. 8 in., hung very high in the middle room.

No. 288. Sketch for a picture, "The Slave Market, Cairo," 1 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 6 in., hung in the south room.

These were all remarkable works, and attracted a good deal of notice, although they were by no means well hung. I have described the large picture of "The Slave Market" (being the same subject as the above sketch) in another chapter, and will now give a description of the "Avenue of Sphinxes." This was a very poetical picture, and very effective, although rather deficient in finish, like the smaller copy of the same subject given by the artist to Mr. Harrison, and now in the collection of Mr. J. D. Weston. The whole scene is solemn and dreamy. Perfect stillness appears to prevail, and one's thoughts are carried back

CHAP. IX. 1841. through thirty centuries to the age of the mighty and mysterious Pharaohs. Sitting figures, colossal monumental sphinxes, are ranged on either side: those on the right more immediately in the foreground are lighted by the moon just appearing above the horizon. In the centre a fine group of palms rises against the sky, and on the left some Arabs, said to be Müller's boatmen, are sleeping near a watch-fire, which casts a lurid glow on the sphinxes on that side; this forms a fine contrast to the cold light of the moon and stars. A ruined temple is faintly made out in the distance. The dark shadows are skilfully arranged, and the effect of moonlight is rendered with great truth.

It was on the varnishing-day at the end of January or beginning of February this year, I believe, that an occurrence took place at the British Institution which forms the subject of the following anecdote, which has been communicated to me by Mr. George Fripp, and which I will relate in his own words. It refers to J. M. W. Turner; and I should observe that Turner had two pictures this year in the British Institution—"Snow-storm, Avalanche, and Inundation in the Alps," and "Blue Lights (close at hand) to warn Steamboats off Shoal Water."

"One morning (says Mr. Fripp) I called on William Müller when he resided in Bloomsbury, about the time when the exhibition of the British Institution was about to open, and, of course, I asked about the pictures there, as he had been there during the day for varnishing and retouching. Passing his fingers through his thick head of hair, and smiling with evident glee, he said, 'Old Turner was there! and I determined to get a good look at his face, for he was working at a picture of his very busily, standing on a chair [or, perhaps, steps]. It happened that Poole had a picture just under Turner's, and, seeing that occasionally drops of wet oily paint fell upon the frame of Poole's picture, I called out

to Poole, "Halloa, Poole, you're picking up crumbs from the Lord's table, I see." Turner looked down and grinned at me.' Müller told this with such delight that I have often thought of it."

I am told by an artist who has seen Turner at work on a varnishing-day in the British Institution that the other artists used to take every opportunity of getting close to him to see how he worked, and that on such occasions he had his paints in small pots, ranged on a bench. In March, 1841, Müller exhibited the following pictures at the British Artists in Suffolk Street:—

Sketch of "The Opium Seller at Manfalout;" purchased by Mr. Bell for 12 guineas.

"The Frozen Ferry; Scene near Hanham, Somerset," a large and fine work; purchased by Sir G. Crew for 70 guineas.

Also another Egyptian subject—"A Street in Cairo, leading to the Mosque of Flowers."

In the Royal Academy, which opened in May, 1841, Müller exhibited three pictures—

No. 35. "Slave Market, Egypt," hung in the east room.

No. 701. "Convent, Bay of Naples," hung in the room with drawings and miniatures.

No. 703. "The Sphinx," hung in the same room.

The last-named picture was a fine red sunset effect, with the Pyramids of Gizeh and the desert in the distance; but, like all the others, it was badly placed. "The Slave Market" also was a most vigorous work, and brilliant in colour: although termed a sketch by Müller, it was, doubtless, as much finished as the materials at his command enabled him to carry it without weakening the effect. It was this feeling—a desire for more detailed work from nature—added to his love for the East, that made Müller desire to revisit Egypt.

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He not only looked forward to this projected journey and spoke and wrote of it to his friends, both in 1841 and 1842, but he even took commissions for pictures to be painted in Cairo. However, it was not to be. Orders crowded on Müller so fast that he continually felt obliged to postpone the date of his departure, and then, at last, the news of the fresh outbreak of the plague in a severe form in Egypt caused him to turn his thoughts in other directions.

In the spring of 1841 Müller commenced those boating-excursions down the Thames from which resulted his well-known series of pictures of "Gillingham on the Medway"—a subject repeated by him more than a dozen times—and also numerous views near the mouth of the Thames. He accompanied Mr. J. Chisholm Gooden on these excursions; and as that gentleman has been so kind as to relate to me his recollections, I shall endeavour to describe them as nearly as I can in his own words.

"For several years (said Mr. Gooden) between 1841 and 1845 I used to make sketching excursions down the Thames in a hatched (or decked) boat, which I hired at about £5 per week. W. Müller always accompanied me; also, occasionally, Edward Dighton, Charles Baxter, and one or two other artists. Starting from Blackwall, we often stopped at Erith, Purfleet, and Holy Haven, and ascended the Medway to Gillingham. We worked hard at sketching all day, casting anchor or mooring by lines fastened to the shore at various places, but taking our meals and generally sleeping on board; in the evenings we landed at some of the river-side villages, and took 'our ease' at the village inn; and very jolly evenings they were, for Müller was always full of life and merriment. His jokes were endless, practical ones as well as others. I recollect on one occasion when running down the Medway with the tide and a fresh breeze in our favour, on nearing the 'Quarantine Creek,' where the

commodore's ship of war was stationed, Müller, who had put on a fez cap and a Turkish jacket, hoisted a yellow 'burgee,' to make believe that we were foreigners in search of the lazaretto. Upon this a large flag was hoisted by the man-of-war, a gun fired, and a rowing-boat sent off, which was soon left far behind, much to the delight of Müller at the success of his stratagem. On another occasion we fastened our boat to a small flat island, chiefly mud, in the Medway, and had not been there long before some men came down and warned us to go away, saying that if we remained our boat would probably be stranded, and might be in great danger if stormy weather came on. Müller was so much impressed by this and the destruction of the banks of the river by the action of the tide, that he urged me (Gooden) in the most earnest manner to bring the matter to the notice of the Government, and he never ceased to speak of it until I had made representations on the subject of the mud and ruined banks to the proper department at the Admiralty, who, after a long correspondence, ordered a re-survey of the Medway, with a view to its improvement.

"One of Müller's amusements was to get into conversation on these occasions with the watermen and sailors on shore and in the creeks, and, as he expressed it, '*draw them out.*' He would do many kind things in the way of helping the poor sailors, for he was very generous with his money, just as in the inns with his tobacco-pouch he would insist on circulating it all round and inviting all the poor men in the place to fill their pipes out of it. One of our party was rather fond of purchasing old clothes from beggars or gipsies, and bringing them on board—a proceeding which was not entirely approved of by the others, who declared they were only bundles of rags, and far from agreeable. So Müller on one occasion contrived a slip noose, which, in hoisting the bundle on board, allowed it to slip overboard into the water—a bit of 'lark,' as we termed it, which the rest highly enjoyed.

CHAP. IX. 1841. Again, when at Holy Haven, a small sailing-boat, about two tons burden, arrived, carrying the owner and two men, who all appeared rather 'green,' and very ignorant how to manage her. Müller sent the two men ashore in our punt, and then frightened the owner by telling him some story of what might happen if he remained, so that he set sail without his companions, who, finding themselves left behind, were in a '*tremendous state*' of mind; however, after much 'chaff,' the poor fellows were taken off by us to find their lost friend, and safely restored to his boat, all which delighted Müller.

"On these excursions Müller always did a good deal of hard work—not less than two sketches a day, very often on tinted paper, so as to obtain breadth of effect more rapidly; but in the evenings he thoroughly relaxed, and went in for some kind of amusement. As I have stated, he was rather imprudent in money matters. I recollect on one occasion he had about £800 in his pocket in bank-notes, the produce of a paid-off mortgage, he said; and he added that this was his whole fortune, but he did not appear to consider there was any risk in carrying it about with him."

Mr. Gooden possesses a large but unfinished oil sketch of Gillingham, which Müller laid in after one of the above excursions, but not being satisfied with the distance he was going to wipe it off, when Gooden rescued it, and Müller gave it to him in exchange for a fresh canvas and a box of cigars. The colour is very fine, with distant trees and buildings, and a boat with figures in the foreground. If carried somewhat further, it would have been a very fine work.

Whilst on the subject of the excursions down the Thames, I may mention an anecdote related by Charles Baxter. He says that he and Müller had commenced to sketch a Peter-boat in the river. Baxter was drawing carefully every detail, and making an exact portrait of the boat, whilst Müller

altered it, rapidly arranging the lines to suit the composition, thus making it far more picturesque and beautiful than it really was. At the end of two hours Müller had quite finished a fine powerful coloured sketch, whilst the outline of the other sketch by Baxter was in the same time only just completed, and was commonplace as compared with Müller's. At that time it was forbidden to sketch Tilbury Fort; but this was only an incentive to Müller, who, when passing near it, sat behind the sail of the boat, and, uplifting a corner of the sail occasionally to look at the fort, completed a graphic representation of the place.

Some of the anecdotes and jokes which I have here related may, perhaps, be deemed rather too trivial to be inserted in a biography. I believe, however, that they help to illustrate Müller's peculiar temperament, and should be looked upon in the same light as one may note the sparkling froth and foam on the surface of a deep, rapid tide, beneath which the waters are ever running forward dark and strong.

Müller and his young friends, Dighton, Gooden, and others, also often made excursions together to Hampstead. Starting in the morning on foot, they walked by the fields (since built over) on the north of the canal, sketching pollard-willows or other little "bits" that came in their way. The sand-pits on the Heath were Müller's favourite subject. Of these he made many capital sketches and little pictures. Late in the afternoons they adjourned to some inn, generally the Bull and Bush, where the day's sketches were discussed over a light supper, and the evening was wound up with a game of skittles. Going home, it was Müller's delight to go straight, "like a bee," over hedge, over ditch or swamp, or any other obstacle. On one of these excursions to Hampstead Müller and his companions were passing along a lane near the Heath, when one of them observed *apropos* of subjects, "Well, at all events, there is nothing to sketch in *this* lane." "Nothing to sketch!" exclaimed Müller, "why, the road

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and that gutter would make a capital sketch." So he sat down and sketched the "gutter," and afterwards worked it up into a capital drawing. It has often been remarked that Müller "could not exist alone." He always contrived to get some young companions to join him, and innumerable were the merry and sociable evenings spent in his front room in Charlotte Street.

This year (1841) Müller worked hard (as he had done also in 1840) at his Egyptian pictures, the most elaborate of which, however, never occupied him more than two or three days in the painting.

Of "The Slave Market, Cairo," he painted several, both large and small, copies; one of the most interesting is that now possessed by Mr. A. Levy, 23 in. by 31½ in., and dated 1841, which I will describe. A slave-market is here represented as it formerly existed in Egypt, with all its pictorial, pathetic, and revolting incidents and surroundings. The colour is sparkling and powerful, with an arrangement of light and shade which reminds you of Rembrandt. It is solidly painted, the handling very rapid, yet not deficient in finish, and the general effect is mellow and rather dark. The group which first attracts is that of a tall bearded slave-merchant, with turban and robe, who appears to be bargaining for a Nubian youth stripped to the waist, with white drapery wound round the lower limbs. Behind these stands a dusky Arab, the owner of the slave. The listless and degraded expression of the slave, and the cold hard expression of the merchant, is admirably given. Passing the eye to the left, two black women are seated on a mat—the elder one sad and haggard, with a hood drawn over her head and her figure wrapped in a blanket; the other, a girl, with rounded figure, nearly naked, is holding a baby on her lap. Close by two negro children are kneeling, playing with a palm-branch, and behind another negro girl is standing, tall and grim, in a grey dress. The next most

remarkable figure is that of a Turk, full of grand character, with a bright eye and determined expression. He is attired in rich robes and a crimson turban. Quite on the left is a building in shadow, with arches underneath, near which several miserable half-naked slaves are huddled together, one of them, a lad, appearing to be very ill. In the distance an Egyptian house, palm-trees, and a minaret are seen, also a group of Arabs, Copts, and camels. Although there are between thirty and forty figures in all, there is no appearance of undue crowding, the "*keeping*" of each part being excellent. Müller has cast a spell over the whole scene which carries you into the picturesque but degraded life of the East. Through the kindness of Mr. Levy a copy of this picture is given at the beginning of this chapter.

Another picture, also dated 1841, in Mr. Levy's collection is a "Street Scene, Cairo," 14 in. by 20 in. This is a good deal like the one I have described as painted in the summer of 1839. The handling, like all Müller's best work, is evidently very rapid. You look up a narrow street towards a Moorish arch, through which a camel with a lad on its back is passing towards you. The light descending from the narrow strip of sky causes a glitter of light and shade. On the right a Turk in richly coloured garments is seated on a cushion writing a letter, and on the left an old Copt or Bedouin, with staff in hand, and a negro lad, nearly naked, are reposing. In the far distance the minaret of a mosque rises up against the sky. Apathy and indifference seem to reign supreme here, and you breathe the hot, sultry, enervating atmosphere of Egypt.

Mr. William Roberts and Mr. Charles Birch of Birmingham (whose love for art and friendship for David Cox I have had occasion to refer to at length in my memoirs of that artist) were among the early admirers and purchasers of William Müller's pictures. Mr. Roberts, who often visited London, never lost an opportunity of calling in Charlotte

CHAP. IX. 1841. Street, where Müller, with his usual open-handed generosity, frequently painted before him, asking him to look in whenever he could and talk over the various mediums for oil-painting, in which Mr. Roberts was fond of experimenting. The following letters referring to these subjects will, I think, be read with interest, especially by artists. Further on I shall also give some letters of Müller's written to Mr. Birch, and I may here remark that that gentleman's knowledge and correct taste in art-matters had a very marked influence on the judgment of other collectors in Birmingham and its neighbourhood, the "Slave Market," the "Chess Players," (afterwards purchased by Mr. Elliott), and several others of Müller's best works having passed through his hands. Besides the letters to Mr. Roberts, I give in this chapter several letters addressed to Mr. Satterfield; it will be seen by these how bent Müller was on revisiting Egypt at the latter end of this year, and with that project in view (afterwards abandoned) he worked hard in his studio all through the summer and autumn; indeed I believe that, with the exception of a few excursions on the Thames and a short visit to Bristol, he never left London all this year until Christmas, when he made an excursion to the neighbourhood of Conway, North Wales, in company with his brother Edmund, particulars of which will be related in the next chapter. This close application to work appears to have somewhat affected Müller's health, for when he was at work the strain on his brain and hand was truly never relaxed; thus he really required an occasional respite from the studio more than most artists. Of this he had many warnings, unhappily too often neglected.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"Wednesday evening, May 19th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to your letter of this morning, allow me to say that the picture is all but finished. I only wish to keep it a day or two longer to enable parts to become

dry enough to finish on, when I will immediately forward it to you. Its size is 2 ft. 11½ in. by 1 ft. 10¼ in.; a quarter of an inch hidden all round gives the size of the gold frame, as sight measure. I can but thank you, sir, for your kind wishes, and shall at all times strive my utmost to give that satisfaction in my pictures which it is my ambition to obtain.

"Remaining your most obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"W. ROBERTS, Esq.,
"Edgbaston."

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"June 12th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I to-day forward you your picture, trusting you will find its completion equal to your anticipation. I have been very much engaged in my small Egyptian pictures, and hope, in a week, to be enabled to forward to Mr. Birch those I promised. You will have the kindness to let me have a line, saying if your picture came safe; and, if not too much trouble, I would desire the case to be returned.

"Remaining, sir, your obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I forgot to say I shall be absent from town all next week."

To W. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"Wednesday evening, 29th July, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—With much pleasure I reply to your request. I should have forwarded you some of the *medium*, but my chemist has not, as yet, sent it me.

"Every candid-thinking person must own that the oils, as used by the present school, only tend to produce a temporary effect, and, ultimately, to turn the picture yellow; this is much more serious when combined with the varnishes, for cracking is as certain a consequence. Now every step we can take to get rid of the use of these vehicles, and in their places

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to substitute others, the chemical nature of which may prevent these changes, should be the study of artists; but they unfortunately seldom have enough time to spare, and too often are so careless and indifferent about anything but their immediate pleasures that they leave it to amateurs or the colourman. For the present we are indebted to one of the former—my friend the Rev. J. Eagles; his life has been one of research in the arts, and he possesses a profound knowledge in them. It is curious that the substance you mention, calcined borax, should form a considerable portion of the present mixture; it has been used in the art of painting from the very earliest dates, as also in the most remote countries, India amongst others. The knowledge of this fact drew the attention of a gentleman of the name of Reynian to its use, and I painted a picture in it some three years back; its success was imperfect, and without a doubt I think the one I am going to draw your attention to to be the nearest approach to perfection of any I as yet have used; for a more full account of it, and its use, with a paper on vehicles, see the last number but one of the *Art-Union*, and the number of this month, which will be published in a few days. In skies, water, and rich painting, its effect is *truly surprising!* Mode of use: take one part medium, mix with palette-knife with about six times its quantity of water; when it is well ground, place it in your can, and pour on it about six times of oil; by the addition of more medium, you may add the water as you like, rendering the oil less; it assumes a milky appearance, and becomes quite fat; the colours should be ground in it; now for the knife.

No. 1.

Red Litharge	24 drachms
Vitrified glass of borax	12 ,,
Pure silica	4 ,,

No. 2.

Red Litharge	24 drachms
Glass of borax	12 ,,
Pure silica	2 ,,

Melt these ingredients in a crucible, and when in a fluid state stir with a tobacco-pipe stem; pour out your glass, and, when cold, reduce it to an impalpable powder; wet it and pass it through a filter of blotting-paper; when dry it is fit for use, the powder very white.

"If you try it, it will afford me much pleasure to hear the result of your experiment.

"If I have failed in sending all the information you could wish, I will at any time try and add to it if you will write me a line. Pray excuse this hasty scrawl, and believe me,

"Your most obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To W. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"August 3rd, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to your queries, I find that I can use the medium well with transparent colours, as well as with opaque; in consequence, it answers for glazing, except perhaps in the *very* darkest parts. Wet it, simply to assist in its reduction to an impalpable powder; the powder retained in *the paper* being fit for use. Pray see the article in this month's *Art-Union;* it is clever, and contains a full description of its use, and method of making the medium.

"As regards water-colours, as I in general require my sketches to paint from in oil, and find it *impossible* to sketch in the latter in many situations, so have I attempted to introduce a few of the qualities of oil into water. First then, the grand distinction between the two methods may be considered as follows: transparent and opaque. In water all transparent; in consequence, I use *body colour*. In the second instance, a dark-toned paper, as I get depth sooner: general tint often assists for local colour. I enclose a bit of my toned paper that I think best calculated: white paper I do not like, unless I wish to finish on it. I shall be most happy if it is in my power to assist you in any way to facilitate

CHAP. IX. 1841. your method of sketching; and I hope if anything that it is in my power to communicate should be a desideratum to you, you will just favour me with a line.

"As regards the figure subject, I shall have much pleasure when I forward Mr. Birch's Pandy Mill to enclose a sketch; but it has struck me, may it not be as well to leave it until my return from Egypt? I leave London in November, and I expect to be back about May (at the latest); I then would give you, sir, an early choice of my subjects. I leave this to yourself, and can only assure you I will strive my best to make a good picture.

"Remaining your most obedient and obliged

"WM. MÜLLER.

"W. ROBERTS, Esq.

"P.S.—Chalk can be used with the white in the new vehicle. I have never used the precipitated chalk: I think there would be no great difference between it and the other."

To W. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"August 12th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am going to excuse myself, in the first place, for not having answered your letter sooner. But my delay has been occasioned by my desire to try the sample of the medium you forwarded to me. It was, then, in the first place, by no means fine enough in powder, the particles being *very large*. I reduced it on a hard slab, and it mixed kindly with the oil, and I painted with it all yesterday; but towards the evening my surprise was great to notice the colour of the vehicle to be an orange *chrome*. I knew I had used no such colour, so it could not have been occasioned by my dipping my brushes in. To give it a fair trial, I mixed some more last evening; this morning it is the same. How is this? Can you enlighten me? I never found it with that forwarded me by Eagles; and unfortunately I have

used all I had of his, and my chemist has not completed mine that I ordered, or I should have enclosed some in this letter. I fear much in that which you have made there is some mistake. I think the litharge has not gone through the sufficient degree of heat (I should rather have said the substances), for a change must take place in that substance (litharge) when used as a flux. I only hope you will not be discouraged in another trial, for by my little experience I am quite satisfied it possesses many most excellent qualities.

"In glazing, owing to its being white from the water, it gives an opacity to the colour; but that subsides in a short time, and becomes, to my eye, much richer than ordinary oils.

"Hoping to hear better accounts in your next, believe me, sir, it will afford much pleasure to me if in the slightest I can facilitate your use of it. Remaining most truly,

"Your obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"August 30th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to your letter, I beg to say that I shall not leave town previous to November; and that I find by my last exertions I have gained upon the period I fixed for my departure, that I am confident I would carefully execute a similar picture to the one you allude to, which I named 'Poverty,' in contrast to 'Riches;' but 'Interior at Cheddar, Somersetshire,' is correct, that being the place I procured the subject from.

"I have paid attention to the old lady at the mill, down in the snow-piece, and I think it is improved. I did not put the wild ducks in, as on trial they looked forward; crows I think better. Mr. Brooks can now have the picture, it being finished.

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"The companion to the Alexandrian slave picture I am at work at, and I think it promises to be successful. Thanking you, sir, for your kind advice relative to my health, which I feel is a most essential point, I remain,

"Your truly obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The picture of the mill and the old lady referred to above is still in the possession of the late Mr. Satterfield's nephew. The size is 26 in. by 16 in., and it is a beautiful, highly finished work. It represents a mill, with two children coming over the frozen mill-pond, carrying some sticks just gathered up; the old grandmother stands at the door looking for them. The sky is a beautiful clear blue, such as is often seen on a frosty day, and the appearance of hoar-frost is well given. At the back of this picture is written, in Müller's own writing, "Lea Mills, near Leigh, Somersetshire." It is dated 1840, and is a companion picture to the snow-scene described at the end of the last chapter. The two small pictures of Egyptian subjects referred to in the letter which next follows were also painted for Mr. Satterfield from sketches made on the spot, and are called *sketches* by Müller in the description at the back of the frames. They are both the same size, 13 in. by 11 in., and are dated 1841. One represents the sale of a slave at Alexandria; the other, an old Egyptian letter-writer seated at the entrance to a bazaar at Siout. Both these little works have the rich colour and powerful impasto of his studio works of Eastern life painted after his removal to London, and of which there are so many replicas.

To JOS. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"September 27th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have desired this day, Nicola, your frame-maker, to send for the pictures and forward them to

you immediately; and I have to hope that the one of *Siout*— 'Entrance to a Bazaar, with an Egyptian writing'—will be deemed successful, as I think it forms a good companion to the 'Slave, Alexandria.' They must be regarded as sketches for larger pictures, not as finished works; in this light they stand the test of criticism better. At present I am not enough acquainted with the people, their manners and habits, to produce finished works. For that reason I desire their better acquaintance, which I now hope to form in a few weeks' time. Believe me to remain,

"Yours, most truly obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I need not say that the frames are excellent; they stand as specimens of gilding."

To JOS. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22. Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"October 1st, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of yours of this morning, containing £10, and at the same time to express my gratitude for the kind sentiments of your letter: I can assure you, sir, that it shall not be from want of proper exertion and conduct on my part that they may fail in being realised. Every man who is honourably ambitious of success in his profession must make up his mind to many disappointments and much labour. When he has the kind wishes and approval of those who surround him, it forces him to fresh exertions. In this light I view your letter. I do not leave London quite as soon as I could wish. I find it my interest to paint for the Bristol Institution; this will detain me until the middle of November. Trusting you will excuse the haste of this, believe me to remain, with respect,

"Your most obedient and obliged servant,

"WM. MÜLLER."

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1841.

To JOS. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"November 8th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received your kind and flattering letters. Feel assured that *I* am much pleased to think that my poor abilities are the means of affording you satisfaction and pleasure; and a proper exercise of them shall not be wanting to ensure a continuance of the same. I have been induced, through the goodness of my friends and my own desire to do something for the spring exhibitions, to protract my stay much longer than I could have wished; not but, in consequence, when I do go I shall have it more fully in my power to carry out my views.

"You ask me, sir, if I have any picture at present by me. I painted, by the desire of a friend, some three weeks back 'The Chess-Players' at Cairo—quite a Rembrandt subject; but by a mistake (as it was for a companion) I made it two inches too large, the present picture being 16 inches by $11\frac{1}{2}$; price £10. This is the only one that I have in my possession, but not quite finished, and, perhaps I may add, I think as successful as any small picture I have painted.

"I have many friends who have desired me to execute for them pictures during my stay at Cairo, and I shall be most happy to place your name amongst the number, as you so liberally *allow me* the choice of subject. Perhaps you would oblige me with a line, saying what size. I will trust that my best endeavours when in that hot country may meet with success, and remain,

"Sir,
"Your most obliged and obedient,
"WM. MÜLLER."

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"November 14th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to your obliging letter, I can but say that the kind suggestion and offer of *your interest*, provided I painted a subject (during my stay in Egypt) which would on the one hand meet the sanction of the public, and on the other be of artistic merit, opens a field to my exertions that I would most readily accept, let the result be what it may.

"I have one or two fears, however, which a just candour on my part ought to make me mention: first, ability to merit so high a distinction; and, secondly, the time to accomplish (between my departure and the opening of your exhibition, taking into consideration the time of carriage) a painting that of necessity must be a work of study. True, I consider this last as the least important; for it is well known that, with the *will*, time is made; and, thank goodness, as yet in life I have had a pretty good estimation of its value. I will, however, with your permission, previous to my leaving, think upon the subject, and the result communicate to you, sir; and I consider it as a privilege, that with pleasure I shall avail myself of your permission of writing during my journey. It will afford me pleasure, in knowing that I have friends who may feel an interest in my solitary ramble, and in events that may occur to me; for, from the early loss of all my relations (but a brother), the kindness of those from whom we have no right to expect it makes an impression on the mind which I can assure you may not easily be defaced.

"Remaining your truly obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

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To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"November 20th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—By this time you will have received the answer which I forwarded to Coventry, which was a day or so past date in consequence of my having misplaced your letter: pray pardon this.

"The 'Chess-Players' are not finished, or I would with the *greatest* pleasure have forwarded them as you desired. I will have them completed in a week or so; and if you then wish to see them, I will attend to your directions on the subject of packing, &c., and forward them. Pray pardon extreme haste, and believe me to remain,

"Most truly, your obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"December 14th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The truth is, I did not clearly understand your wish for *me* to send you the 'Chess-Players' (of course, on refusal should it not please you); but, however, I have not as yet completed the picture by a great deal, and, in consequence of my having every day fully engaged up to the 10th of next month in finishing pictures for the British Institution, I shall not be enabled to complete it previous to then; and I can assure you, sir, with your permission, it will give me *great* pleasure in forwarding it to you as proposed. You will, at your leisure, favour me with a line.

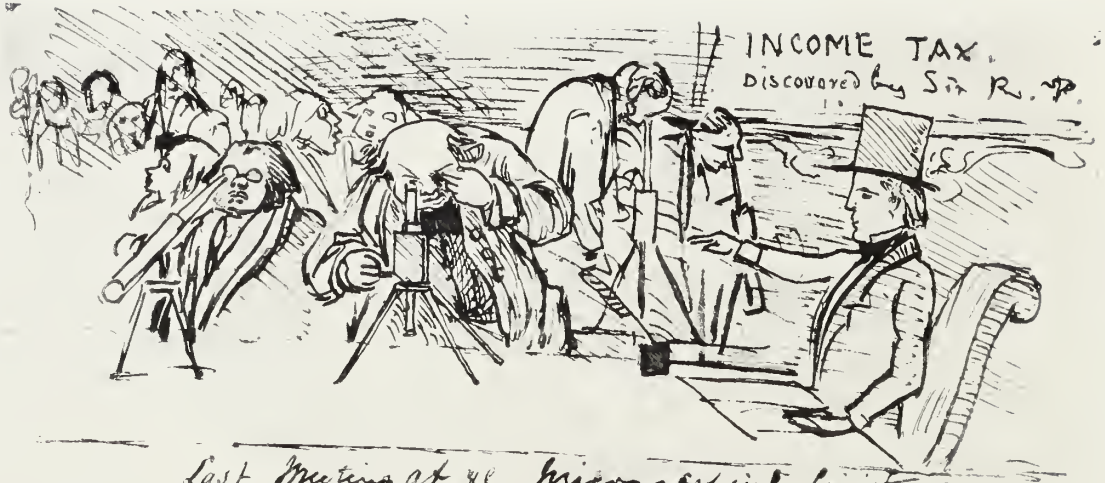
"Since having the pleasure of seeing you, I have been much engaged, and can say I am truly thankful that my health is better than I have ever known it; it may be 'that I have not leisure to be ill;' but so important a blessing should be our study to preserve. Trusting you will pardon this hasty answer, and believe me, sir, with respect,

"Your most obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son

PRAYERS IN THE DESERT.



Last Meeting at ye Micros~~copical~~ Society –
an attempt to show the advantages of the Repeal of Taxes
Sir R. P. in the chair –
Sir R.P. now Mr Bull, don't you see a – a –
something
Mr B. Well, I don't –
Sir RP. Thats odd – shut one eye –, now try!
Mr B. its all one & the same – one had better shut both. /
– as I said afore, I can only see the Income Tax – & its
all my eye & say there's much difference –

X.

LONDON AND NORTH WALES.

1842.

WM. MÜLLER and his brother spent the last week of 1841, and the first fortnight of 1842, in North Wales. The spot chosen by them was a little inn near Tal-y-Bont, on the left bank of the Conway River, in the neighbourhood of Trefreys, and only a few miles from Llanrwst. The scenery here is of great variety, and eminently picturesque. Although in the depth of winter, Müller used to go out every day sketching mountain streams, waterfalls, old mills, and rocks,—often knee-deep in snow; occasionally a cottage interior was added to his folio, for here was situated that curious cottage interior at Tyn-y-Twlth, near Roe, long known as "Müller's Cottage," but now, I understand, pulled down.

The accommodation was of the simplest kind, and the cold intense; but the good folk in the inn did their utmost, in their simple Welsh fashion, to make their guests comfortable. Müller was desirous of representing the wild scenery of Wales under the dreary but grand aspect of winter, so he persevered with his usual ardour, and brought back with him many capital sketches. From these he painted his "Sunset in Winter, North Wales," 24 in. by 16½ in., 1842, which he sold for £13; also his large picture of

CHAP. X. 1842. "Tal-y-Bont," and an important landscape containing a watermill, painted with exceeding truth to nature and great vigour, which was exhibited in the Birmingham Society of Artists' Exhibition in September 1842, No. 71.

The following letter, written soon after his return to London, refers to this visit to North Wales :—

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"January 25th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It would *much vex* me if you should for a moment entertain the idea that I had forgotten your kind suggestion, or my promise of letting you see the 'Chess-Players' when finished. The truth is, I should have written sooner, but, as you know, we have just had to send to the British Institution. I found myself so fatigued with the close application of my painting-room that I thought change would set me up for the renewed exertions for the Academy, and, having no spot that I could spend my holidays in (called home), I have been induced to seek change and amusement in the solitary grandeur of North Wales under its winter aspect. I am now *just* returned; and never have I seen more splendid subjects for the pencil, indeed such that make one confess art is but in her most lucky moments a poor representative of nature. With such reflections, and sketching (of which I have done a great deal), I have contrived to spend the last fortnight in a small primitive inn, at which place the kindness shown was apparent, notwithstanding their language was all but incomprehensible to me. One of the subjects I procured, the Tal-y-Bont, I mean to make the material for my Academy picture. You ask me, sir, concerning the 'Harvest Scene.' A little more has been done at it. With me it has been a favourite, and I put it aside to finish more at my leisure; this may account for its not being sold, no one having seen it. I trust you will allow

me to give you a final answer relative to the Egyptian picture in a week or two, as I shall not be leaving just yet; and feel assured, sir, *that no effort shall be wanting on my part* to bring about your kind wishes.

"Remaining your sincerely obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The following pictures were sent by Müller to the British Institution in January, 1842:—

"Gillingham on the Medway," 4 ft. 9 in. by 4 ft. 1 in., hung in the north room. No. 112.

"Sketch for a picture of the Good Samaritan," 1 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 11 in., hung in south room. No. 327.

"The Slave Market, Cairo," 3 ft. 2 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., hung in south room. No. 3822.

"The Nile, with the Village of Beni-Hassan in the distance, looking towards Cairo," 3 ft. 7 in. by 5 ft. 7 in., hung in south room. No. 420.

This year Müller's pictures were better placed than usual in the Institution; and as the directors had to return upwards of 300 pictures this year for want of room, the fact of their being well hung seems the more to indicate that the great merit of Müller's works was at last beginning to be recognised.

"The Good Samaritan" was a fine example of harmonious colour, the sky and clouds being like a picture of Titian's, grand and powerful; underneath a cluster of palm-trees on the right a recumbent figure of a wounded traveller is attended by a kneeling Turk, attired in turban and rich pelisse; behind this group is a donkey, and to the left a grove of dark trees. Of this subject Müller painted a larger picture in 1843, 21 in. by 33 in., now in Mr. Albert Levy's collection.

CHAP. X. 1842.

In the "Nile" picture the river is looked down on from a lofty cliff; the waters are seen winding till they diminish in the far distance to a silvery thread, and are lost in the light of the setting sun near the horizon. The foreground is occupied by an Arab encampment, a tent, camels, and figures; in the distance also are some palm-trees and the far-off Pyramids. It is a striking picture, and the peculiar hot haze of the climate is admirably given.

The following letters refer to some pictures about which Müller was engaged, and also to the desire which Mr. Satterfield had expressed that Müller should paint a picture to be exhibited in Manchester, in competition for the annual prize given by the Manchester Institution :—

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"Wednesday, February 17th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having finished the 'Chess-Players,' I will, with your permission, forward it to you, as also another which forms a companion to it—the 'Merchant of Cubebs'—a sort of food. Should you like either of them, my price is separately £8 each; for the pair, £14.

"In case, sir, of your determining to retain either, the gold frame, in which the 'Chess-Players' is, can be returned to me in the box in which they are packed. I think they are favourable specimens of colour, and serve as illustrations to a most interesting country.

"I feel grateful for your kind advice regarding *health;* it shall, as far as is consistent, not be lost sight of, I assure you, sir, and I am happy to say I am much improved in that respect.

"One thing is, the weather is so much more favourable. If there is any possibility, I will next year let your exhibition have the picture you desire. I feel I am more than commonly indebted to you, sir, for the kind interest you take in

forwarding my professional views, and no circumstances that I may have in my power to remove shall hinder my accomplishing your wishes.

"They have placed me well at the British Institution. As an exhibition it is not good, although there are many fine pictures.

"Pray excuse haste, and believe me to remain,

"Your truly obediently and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street,
"February 26th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this morning, containing £10. I feel I have much to thank you for, and will not neglect the opportunity of doing so. Your kind introduction of Mr. Sandars came to me by his hand. I regret I had no small picture on the easel, or, indeed, any painting but what was sold, as I believe he expressed himself desirous of possessing one of mine, which, should such be his wish, I shall be most happy to paint for him.

"I shall make a point of painting a picture of *consequence* for the Manchester Institution, as I must value the interest you, sir, have expressed in my behalf; and when I have the pleasure of seeing you in town I will talk much more on the subject, and show you one or two sketches, as also ask the favour of your opinion. It is, indeed, an opportunity that I will on no account neglect.

"I agree with you as to the other subject, 'Merchant of Cubebs,' not being as pleasing as the 'Chess-Players;' yet is it so commonly seen in the East that it is a subject similar to which we have none in England. If I can make the alteration you suggest, I shall have considerable pleasure

CHAP. X. 1842.

in doing so. I only fear the introduction of any *fresh* light may take the eye from the principal group.

"Believe me, sir, to remain most sincerely,

"Your obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—The other little picture can be returned at your leisure. I only fear I may have caused you some trouble; but my sending it was only occasioned by my wish to give you a choice."

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"February 29th, 1842.

"DEAR SIR,—The misunderstanding relative to the 'Chess-Players,' on re-reading your letter, I perceive was *my* fault. Truly, could the subject be treated as you propose, a most Rembrandt-like effect would be produced; but the 'Money-changer' or the 'Dancing Girl' seemed at the moment more calculated to make a subject of more consequence.

"I should feel most particularly obliged could you inform me what character of subject the committee have determined on (if interior, portrait, &c., &c.) to award the prize to. The 'Harvest Scene' is not parted with, but remains nearly as you saw it, sir, and will not be progressed with until I have finished for the Exhibition of your Academy.

"Believe me to remain

"Your truly obedient and sincerely obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

Amongst the pictures by Müller which Mr. Satterfield had in his possession when he died, and are still retained by Mr. Sandars, is a small one representing a landscape near Bristol, dated 1842. The subject is a cottage with some trees, and a stream on which a little boy is launching his

toy boat, and a girl looking on. With this picture a very interesting letter was written by Müller to Mr. Satterfield (unfortunately since lost), in which he gave some account of his early days, and added that "it was on that spot that he had launched *his boat* in life; or, in other words, that there he had made his first sketch from nature." This picture, he said, was painted from the original boyish sketch made so many years before.

At the beginning of April Müller started on a visit to Bristol, having previously sent three pictures to the Royal Academy, one of which, "Arab or Eastern Shepherds," a very fine picture, 5 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 9 in. (now in the collection of Mr. Sharp), was returned among the rejected pictures. A photograph of this picture will be found at the beginning of this chapter. The two pictures exhibited were—"Poor Arabs," a sketch; No. 181; hung in the east room: "Interior of a Temple inhabited by Arabs, who sell the Curiosities found in the Tombs, Thebes;" No. 430; hung in west room.

Of the above two pictures I extract the following from a contemporary notice of the Academy:—

"'Poor Arabs.' Few productions of our school are more original than the sketches of Wm. Müller. His poor Arabs —humble enough—are seated on the ground, begging of some wealthy Mussulman. Every figure is purely Oriental, all having been undoubtedly transcribed from the life. The background may be a fragment of some one of the Egyptian cities visited by Müller.

"'Interior of a Temple.' This admirable work is laid on with a decision and solidity which characterizes Müller's work generally. The tones of the picture are kept down, and the place seems to be drawn precisely as it is—a feeling we could wish more extended. The huge pillars have coloured capitals, and every plain space is covered with hieroglyphics."

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The following is a copy of a letter to Mr. S. C. Hall, one of Müller's early friends:—

To S. C. HALL, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"Thursday evening, April 14th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I shall be in town (please God and my Bristol friends) by the 1st of May, and then I hope to add to your small and interesting collection some mark of my due sense of gratitude for the many kindnesses your watchfulness over my career places me under. So, my dear sir, on the word of price say not another word; it is one that in instances of this sort I allow to have no meaning, but will supply you with others much better. In saying that, I shall ever consider myself most sincerely obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The above letter refers, I understand, to a contribution which Müller made to the illustrated work, "The Baronial Halls of England," which was being brought out at this time by Mr. S. C. Hall. Müller's drawing represents West Stow Hall, Suffolk; an ancient gateway, with figures on horseback, hounds, &c. This number was published in 1843, and is bound up in Vol. II.

I have been informed by Mr. E. G. Müller, and by several of Wm. Müller's friends, that on one occasion he was a guest at one of the dinners of the Royal Academy, and I have every reason to believe that it was in this year, 1842, that Müller dined there. His seat was nearly opposite that occupied by J. M. W. Turner. The great man appears to have noticed Müller, and, after speaking aside to an Academician who sat next him, Turner thus addressed Müller—"I ought not to forget your name, sir; Mull, Mull, Muller, isn't it?" and, suiting the action to the

word, he turned his closed right hand round and round, as if using the implement called a *muller* (used for grinding colours, and familiar to all artists). It is well known that Turner was fond of a joke.

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"May 11th, 1842.

"DEAR SIR,—It was with much pleasure I this morning received your kind letter, and hasten to reply. I have for this year only two pictures (one small) in the Academy. They refused another large landscape ('Arab Shepherds'): this I do not grumble at, as I am aware of the immense multitude of rejected pictures, and I would infinitely sooner have any one picture placed in a good position than three bad. I am happy to say the former is the case, attendant with immediate sale. The subject is the 'Interior of a Temple, with the Collectors of Curiosities.'

"The exhibition, on the whole, is very fine. Callcott above all others. Turner is truly in the upper regions of imagination. Maclise, in his 'Hamlet,' is in my opinion superior to any former picture. I still regret subjects of that class being generally the ones chosen for the pencil. And why? We are familiar with them on the stage; so is the mind of the artist; but the picture painted seldom amounts to more than a copy of some scene. Surely in the vast pages of *history—history of our own country*—there must be a better field for the painter's labour. But I know how ungrateful sons neglect her history, as they do her scenery; and unfortunately here I must class myself amongst the foremost. *Yet it should not be so.*

"I have commenced one or two pictures for the Manchester Exhibition, and I only hope they may be deemed worthy a situation on its walls. As soon as they are finished, with one or two small companions, I make my adieux to England

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for a few months; longer I cannot absent myself, as I must not entirely be out of your next year's Academy.

"Trusting you will excuse haste, and believe me to remain, my dear sir,

"Yours, sincerely obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

In the spring of 1842 Sir Robert Peel, who was then Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced his famous budget, by which it was proposed to reduce a large amount of taxation, and at the same time to impose an income-tax of seven pence in the pound for a term of three years. The expediency of this new tax was naturally the subject of very earnest discussion in all social gatherings in London at that time, and thus it was canvassed one evening at the house of Mr. Thos. Morson, in Southampton Row, at a meeting held there of the Microscopical Society. Müller, who had accompanied Mr. Horsman Solly, was present on that occasion. Müller was one of those who were unconvinced by Sir R. Peel's arguments in favour of the tax, and on his return home he drew a hasty and humorous caricature of the subject in question, which he forwarded the following morning in an envelope to Mr. Thos. Morson. Through the kindness of that gentleman's son I am enabled to give herewith a heliotype copy of the same.

Some time after Edward Dighton left Müller's studio, a young gentleman of the name of Meigh, son of Mr. Charles Meigh, of Grove House, Shelton, near Hanley, became his pupil for a few months. That gentleman, who had a fine collection of pictures, possessed several of Müller's important works, including the "Sphinx." It is to be remarked that Müller had for some time past been called by the pet name of "the Sphinx" (originally given him by Mr. Gooden) by his young friends in London; and on young Meigh's return to the Potteries a dinner and a tea-service

of china were designed, with the figure of a sphinx by way of decoration, in honour of Müller, as Mr. Meigh said. During the whole of this summer Müller continued to work in London, as will be seen by the following letters written by him to Mr. Roberts, to Mr. Satterfield, and to Mr. Birch; but he still talked of proceeding to Egypt in the autumn, taking Italy on his way. Mr. Baxter relates that on one occasion Müller asked him whether he would like to accompany him abroad. Baxter, however, felt obliged to decline so long a journey on the score of expense; and when he explained this to Müller, the latter replied, "Oh, never mind that; I'll find you the money." Not very long afterwards Baxter, accompanied by John Wilson (the artist), started for Rôe, in North Wales, and Müller also turned his thoughts in the same direction, the journey to Italy and Egypt being entirely abandoned for the time.

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ., *Edgbaston.*

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"June 29th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I perfectly understand the sketch of the picture you allude to. I might better call it *commencement;* it is a view of a very picturesque village near Bristol, Whitchurch, evidently taking its name from White Church.

"I shall have considerable pleasure in coinciding with your wish. The size of the picture is 29 in. by 24 in., and I think it will paint in every respect effectively.

"Believe me to remain,
"My dear sir,
"Yours most truly and obliged,
"WM. MÜLLER."

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To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"July 27th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It gave me sincere pleasure in receiving your kind letter of this morning. In answer to your questions, I have been closely engaged, and my health is not quite well. On the whole tolerably good.

"I only fear, with all my exertions, I shall not be able to send the pictures I promised to Manchester. In one instance one was purchased by a gentleman who refuses the loan of it, although stipulated for at the time of sale. This placed me in a very awkward situation. I am, however, exerting myself on an English scene that I hope to have ready in time, and only trust that should I not be so fortunate, you will not attribute it to neglect, or a due value of a promise. I have been so engaged on private commissions that in every instance I neglect the country exhibitions. I must say, however, as regards Manchester, I think I shall be certain of one. How much I regret to hear the state of poverty in this country, and then turn my eyes on the rich squandering of the aristocracy. Surely such things are not right; they will one day become accountable for misapplied power, for surely *riches* may be called so. Something must be done ere long. *What?* is the question; for, despite income-tax, there is some radical fault, or else, on reasonable principles, I cannot account for this wretchedness. We must, as you say, sir, trust in an all-bounteous Providence. He can, if it be His will, relieve our wants.

"It may not be improbable that I shall make a sketching tour for a week or so in North Wales; but not before next month. I delight in the country, and call it our *English Switzerland.* Pray excuse this hasty letter, and believe me,

"My dear sir,

"Most sincerely your obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To CHARLES BIRCH, ESQ., *Metchley Abbey, Birmingham.*

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
August 5th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is some considerable time since I have had the pleasure of writing to you or seeing you, having been unfortunate enough to be out of town when you called during the exhibition.

"I now write to say that in consequence of that upright picture, 'The Money Changers,' not turning out what I expected it, I cannot wish you, sir, to consider the picture as your property [it came black]. If this corresponds with your wishes (as I think you saw the picture in my room), we will say no more on the subject, only that I consider myself your debtor in the two little pictures, which may be arranged on some future time. I have delayed my intended excursion into Egypt, as the plague is very bad there at this moment. I mean to take a start into North Wales, and *paint from nature*, *i.e.*, work my pictures on the spot.

"I regret I cannot finish anything of moment for the Birmingham Exhibition. I have just sold the picture which I intended for there, and I cannot get the loan of it. I send one small one, I believe through the kindness of my friend Mr. Grundy. Pray pardon haste, and believe me,

"My dear sir,

"Your sincerely obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

In August, 1842, Müller accompanied Mr. Horsman Solly on a visit of a few days to Serge Hill, near St. Alban's, the residence of his brother, Mr. Reynold Solly. Here Müller made one or two country excursions, and took some sketches. One of these was a slight sketch of St. Alban's Abbey, which he afterwards finished in London from memory and sent to Miss Solly (now Mrs. Meyer), in whose possession this very beautiful drawing still is. It was on the occasion of this

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visit, when looking at a drawing of the interior of St. Alban's Abbey, that Müller remarked that "any artist might become an architect, but that an architect could not become an artist." Mrs. Meyer says she recollects that Müller, who was very good-natured, would often bring one of his large portfolios of drawings and sketches to her uncle's house in Great Ormond Street, when, in turning them over, he would fully describe the subjects and places; also, that he parted with many of his beautiful large sketches to Mr. Solly for two or three pounds each, being desirous of clearing them away before leaving England to make fresh ones. Mrs. Meyer adds that, far from being conceited about his own works, Müller put too low a value on them, and often almost gave them away, whilst he often spoke in high praise of the works of other artists.

At the end of August or very early in September, 1842, Müller started from London for North Wales, and his friend, Charles Bentley, followed him a week later. They had arranged to join Charles Baxter, J. Wilson, and Evans at a little Welsh hamlet, called Roe, about four miles from Conway, and not far from Trefrew, which is renowned for its beautiful scenery.

On his way down Müller stopped in Birmingham for one night, in order to see Mr. Benjamin Johnson, as that gentleman was desirous of placing his son Harry—then about seventeen—with him as a pupil. Müller again visited him on his way home, and this matter was then finally arranged to the satisfaction of all parties.

Charles Baxter relates that as soon as Müller arrived he set to work in earnest, and made some splendid studies, amongst others that of Pont Hoogan for his large picture—a kind of subject in which his large manner of work told, and in which he especially delighted. He used to go out to paint without any easel, but placing his canvas on his knees, with a few tacks just knocked in at the corners, he steadied it at

the proper angle by means of a bit of string or cord passed over his shoulders and round the back of his neck. Baxter also says that Müller was in very buoyant spirits when he first arrived at Roe (a little overbearing), and appeared to be quite excited by the joy of getting out of London, and by the beauty of the scenery. On one occasion then, Müller cut the branch of a tree, all green with leaves on it, and commenced brandishing it about rather to the inconvenience of his companions. When at last Baxter, feeling rather annoyed, seized the branch, and they had a "set to" just as schoolboys might have done. This occurrence appears to have produced some estrangement between Müller and Baxter and Wilson, and the two latter artists almost immediately left for another part of Carnarvonshire. Müller, however, remained at Roe, with his friend Bentley, for a considerable time; and as Evans—Welsh Evans, an old associate of Müller's at Bristol—and Bond were also staying there, they had a very pleasant time of it.

The following characteristic letter, written by Müller soon after his arrival at Roe to his friend, Mr. Gooden, will be read with interest:—

To JAMES CHISHOLM GOODEN, ESQ., *Dover.*

"Roe-Ty-Gwyn, near Conway, N. Wales,
"September 13th, 1842.

"MY DEAR GOODEN,—A cloudy and wet sky enables me to relieve myself from the promise I made of giving you a line, which with pleasure I commence doing. After my return from Mr. Solly's I finished one or two things, and packed for the above place, Bentley remaining a week later. I arrived, and found Baxter and Wilson living with Bond (a Liverpool artist). Much that will amuse you, I will tell when our next fortunate meeting may take place. They had made poor use of the time (three weeks, and all fine), and on my arrival they removed to another place—Bettws-Garmon. This at first a little vexed me, which is all gone

CHAP. X. 1842. in the pleasant days spent with Evans, Bentley, and Bond. True, I have not done all I could wish. Indeed, very little, as the weather from the unclouded sunshine has become truly autumnal.

"I paint in oil on the spot, and rather large, indeed. I am more than ever convinced in the *actual necessity* of looking at nature with a much more observant eye than the mass of young artists do, and in particular at skies. These are generally neglected. Could you but see some of the effects I have witnessed within the last few weeks, I am sure you would join with me in laughing at our imperfect attempts to imitate.

"The scenery I am in is very good, much like the Tal-y-Bont, and will detain me much longer than I imagined. I know not when I may be off, for in wet the interiors of cottages will give me good occupation.

"Well, this is pretty well of myself; and now, my dear fellow, may I ask what you are doing? You know you have my best wishes for success. So let me imagine you hard at it on sea-coast scenery. Few other subjects exist at Dover, and if well drawn and studied are beautiful for paint.

"You will, I am sure, pardon the dullness of this epistle. News I have none—and how can a man who is out all day, poking his nose into some hole or spot, and in the evening chats and smokes whilst his friends contribute the luxury of *music* (you know we have Evans, and Bond was educated as one also), then to bed: and that bed is situated in a little country inn, which is the large house of a small village taking the name of Roe, and four miles from Conway?

"Believe me, my dear fellow, if you could contribute in any way to my stock of information by taking up your pen and giving me a line, I shall ever consider myself your debtor; and should you, I trust I may find that both Mr. Gooden and your mother, with yourself, enjoy good health.

"You may with little difficulty perceive this has been written in haste, for, as if the day had been jealous of any

time not spent in its admiration, it has cleared up most brilliantly, promising a fine evening, which again tempts me out. So, believe me to remain,

"Sincerely your friend,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The following anecdote relating to this visit of Müller's to Roe has been related to me by Mr. J. Surtees, the landscape-painter. On one occasion when looking over a folio of sketches by the late Charles Bentley, and noticing one of a scene in the Conway Valley in which a cattle-shed was represented with a column of smoke issuing from the roof, Bentley told Surtees that he and William Müller had been out sketching together, and after Müller had proceeded for some time in his rapid manner with water-colours, he went into this identical shed and lighted a fire to dry his drawing. The fire spread to some loose fern, and, in spite of both their efforts to extinguish it, the fire soon caught the roof and destroyed it. The owner of the shed was afterwards found out by Müller, and compensated for the damage caused. This habit of Müller's, of drying his wet drawings by some sort of fire when out sketching in damp weather, has been noticed by Mr. Harrison in his paper contained in this volume.

Another anecdote is *apropos* of Müller's habit of painting without an easel and other traps, and has been related to me by a Birmingham artist. When at Roe a country artist saw Müller (who was dressed in rather a dapper way) just about commencing to work, and, imagining that he was some novice or amateur to whom he might give some useful hints, he accosted him in rather a patronising manner and told him of a picturesque interior not far off, proposing at the same time that they should go and sketch there together. Müller, who was always ready for anything, acquiesced, and they set to work. At the end of two hours, when the other had scarcely

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commenced to colour, Müller tossed to him a very powerful and complete sketch, quite finished in colour. His new friend appeared to be overcome with astonishment, and at last gasped out, "Oh! then you *must be* William Müller."

Some time in October Müller appears to have left Roe and proceeded to Bettws-y-Coed, staying first at the house which is now the Waterloo Inn. In that neighbourhood he remained for some time making sketches, especially up the Lledr Valley, where he obtained the subject for his large upright picture of "The Salmon-Trap." Whilst there he received the following letter from David Cox:—

"Greenfield House, Harborne, near Birmingham,
"October 24th, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having heard my friend, Mr. Birch, say he had received a letter from you, and was going to write, I beg you will excuse my taking the liberty of saying how much pleasure it would give me, if you, on your return from Wales, can spend a few days at my house. I have a bed waiting for you, and it would afford me much pleasure to have your company to talk over our rambles in Wales. I live within one hundred yards of Mr. Birch, and I am sure he is expecting you soon. He was from home most of last week, but is now returned. I feel very much obliged by your kind remembrance of me.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"DAVID COX.

"WM. MÜLLER, Esq."

It is to be regretted that the invitation was not accepted; but Müller had remained longer in North Wales than he originally intended, and was anxious to get back to London.

When he left, he took home with him a good many

important studies in oil, also a folio full of water-colour sketches. The following were some of the subjects:—"Mill on the Dolgarrog," "Mill Cottage," "Pandy Mill," "Pont Hoogan," "After Rain, North Wales," "A Mountain Cottage and Stream," "Salmon-Trap in the Lledr Valley," several "Cottage Interiors." "View near Bettws," &c. From these he painted during the following winter several large works in oil. One of the cottage interiors, painted at this time, is now in the collection of Mr. S. Mayou, Edgbaston. The size is 16 in. by 9 in., and it is dated 1842. It is carefully painted, and represents a Welsh woman seated in a picturesque kitchen near an open door, through which a peep of country appears. Close to the door a girl is feeding poultry, and on the right are some jugs, pans, and rural implements. The colour is rich and mellow, and the arrangement of light and shade skilful,—indeed quite worthy of Müller's favourite old master, Ostade. Another beautiful interior, an upright, 16 in. by 20 in., with a round top, also dated 1842, and painted in Müller's Ostade manner, is now in the collection of Mr. H. Cooper, King's Heath. It is very rich in colour, with deep broad shadows. An old woman knitting is seated with a spinning-wheel by her side; opposite stands a girl carrying a child, and immediately in front some goats are lying down, the whole being thoroughly *Welsh* in character. A high peat roof is filled with country produce, baskets, roots, and various implements. Shelves and a cupboard containing quaint crockery and bottles are placed against the walls, and a small window in the deep recess of the wall admits a bright ray of light.

As soon as Müller returned to London he set to work preparing his pictures for the winter and spring exhibitions, and also recommenced his attendance at the Life School in Clipstone Street.

It was at this time that Harry Johnson came up from Birmingham as a pupil to work in Müller's studio, and he

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remained with him till the end. They travelled together in the East in 1843 and 1844, and Müller always felt and expressed great friendship and liking for his young pupil. Johnson lodged in a street near to Euston Square; but he used to accompany Müller every afternoon to dine at the eating-house in Rupert Street. He relates that Müller on his way to dinner used generally to pass an old book-shop, with a stall in front, on which was a copy of Froissart's "Chronicles." He liked to stop and read this *every day*, about one page, with the greatest interest. At last Johnson, who remained standing meanwhile and felt very hungry, exclaimed, "I wonder, Müller, as you appear to have such a passion for Froissart you do not buy the book." "Ah (replied Müller), don't you know, if I were to purchase that book I should have lost all pleasure in it." A profound knowledge of human nature is, I think, embodied in these few brief words.

The following letter, written by Müller to Birch after his return home from Wales, refers to the election of Creswick into the Royal Academy. When once there, the door of the Academy appeared for many years to have been barred against the entrance of other landscape-painters, and, indeed, the works of Cox, Müller, and other talented painters of landscape were either frequently refused admittance or treated with very slight respect. David Cox often sent works to the Academy, but only three of them were hung, and those by no means well.

To CHARLES BIRCH, ESQ., *Metchley Abbey, Birmingham.*

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"November 23rd, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am at length come home from my wandering, and should like you to see a few of the subjects I brought back.

"Shall I enclose you 'The Mill' and some of the water-

colour sketches? The worst is, they are on mounts—very heavy.

"If you, sir, should be coming to town, it may be better to wait till then. I think much of 'The Mill,' and a salmon-trap subject, as companions to 'The Lock,' and the interiors promise well.

"Creswick has gained it at last, and I think he deserves it. I only wish he would not niggle quite so much, as it looks or makes nature look as if seen through a diminishing glass. But, after all, he is clever.

Excuse haste, and believe me, my dear sir,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER."

XI.

ART-WORK IN LONDON.

1843.

THE year 1843 was one of the most memorable in William Müller's art-life, always so full of incident and interest. During the first half, especially during the winter months, he painted many of his most celebrated pictures, some of which I shall describe in this chapter. In the autumn he left England to join the Lycian Expedition of Sir Charles Fellows, destined to remove the marbles previously discovered at Xanthus; and whilst in Lycia, as well as at Rhodes and at Smyrna, Müller made a great many sketches of grand quality, the finest, indeed, he ever produced. To the British Institution, which opened at the end of January, Müller contributed the following pictures :—

"Interior of a Cottage, North Wales," 2 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. 4 in.

"Pont Hoogan, near Conway, North Wales," 4 ft. 3 in. by 5 ft. 11 in.

"Salmon-Trap on the Lledr," 5 ft. 9 in. by 7 ft. 2 in.

All these works were powerful transcripts of nature, and the "Salmon-Trap" especially was full of poetical feeling. The colour of these pictures, although tending to quiet

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KHAN FOR TRAVELLERS. SMYRNA.

greys and browns, was essentially true to nature, as those who are conversant with the scenery of North Wales must admit; at the same time the quiet tones reminded one of the works of Ruysdael and Gaspar Poussin, and some objections were raised at the time to the rather uniformly low tone of the colour in these landscapes.

The "Pont Hoogan" is a close scene, with some fine trees, the arches of the bridge, a rocky stream of limpid water, and a picturesque water-mill.

"The Salmon-Trap" in Glen Lledr, near Bettws, is a grand upright landscape, with a cottage near a stream falling over rocks, and a very richly wooded background, the tall trees, which have lost many of their leaves, being especially fine in character. There are two figures engaged taking salmon from the trap, and the whole picture full of interest, powerfully painted, and a worthy representation of "wild" Wales.

This picture was originally purchased by Mr. B. Johnson from Müller for £50; he re-sold it at a small profit, and after a few years he re-bought it for £300. Mr. Henry Bradley then became its possessor for £315, and at the sale of that gentleman's collection at Christie and Manson's, 28th May, 1860, it went for £600; not long afterwards it was sold again, I believe, for £1200. I cite the above as one instance, among many others, of the way in which Müller's works have advanced in value.

The following letter refers to the opening of the British Institution this year; it will also be read with interest as it is the first one written by Müller to Mr. B. Johnson (which has been preserved) after his son Harry had joined him in London as a pupil. It may be remarked that by this time Müller had formed a good many acquaintances and some friendships in London, and that he used often to be invited out to dinner; but this was always in the evening, when his studio work was over.

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To BENJAMIN JOHNSON, ESQ., *Birmingham.*

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"February 4th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I promised you a line as soon as varnishing-day at the British Institution should have passed, and in consequence the fate of the pictures decided. Unfortunately I am too good a prophet. The "Salmon-Trap" is not well hung by any means, nor do I consider the other pictures in a *choice* situation; but the very kind compliments I have received from many of our *first* artists, Stanfield, Collins, Herbert, &c., make great amends. They consider me to be the worst-used man in the exhibition. But for this I care little, as the pictures can be seen, and I know well my part must be taken, and justice done to one's works. But enough on this subject, and, with more pleasure than complaining, I turn to another.

"Your son is going on very well, and in every way gives me satisfaction; I think his eye for colour to be good, and I do not doubt in the least he has the abilities to become a good artist, if (which must rest with himself) he has the perseverance to climb the hill with patience and much hard labour. Ours is a profession which requires more than any other, and you will do him good if you continually enforce this on his mind.

"As yet I have not had it in my power (from many engagements) to show him the civilities I could have wished. . . . . I hope to find in him as much of a companion as of a pupil.

"Our friend Colls was with me yesterday; he will give you a line to-morrow, after his visit to the exhibition. On the whole it is a bad one: Lee has a good picture, Charles Landseer also; Creswick, black and heavy; Stanfield, too fresh and new-looking. You will pardon haste, and believe me, my dear sir,

"To remain, yours sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The "Pont Hoogan" exhibited in the British Institution in 1843 was copied from two original oil-sketches, each of which was about 20 in. by 30 in., and were painted entirely on the spot from nature, and, I believe, not touched by Müller afterwards; it was a grey picture, very negative in colour, but very delicate and beautiful, and was sold by Müller for £15. Another fine Welsh picture painted by him this spring, from a sketch made in the autumn, was a "Snow-Storm" on the way to the moors, near Roe; this was marvellously fine in effect, full of colour; the trees, not having lost all their leaves, bent before the storm of snow, which had come on suddenly, as appears by the wild storm-driven sky. The size of this picture was about 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in.

Another striking landscape by Müller this season which was much admired was called "Harrowing," about 4 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in. Some horses led by a boy are represented dragging a harrow over some heavy clay land, accompanied by one or two figures; the fine grey *Constableish* sky forms a beautiful contrast with the brownish clay furrows—the whole being rendered in a free and powerful manner, and delightful in tone. This picture was bought by Pennel for £20.

In all these pictures, and others which I shall describe in this chapter, Müller's great versatility both in subject and style is remarkable. He appeared to turn from landscape to sea or figure subjects, from Italy to Egypt, from river to mountain, from scriptural subjects to Welsh interiors, with equal facility, vigour, and enjoyment.

"The Pharisee and Publican." Müller was acquainted about this time with a clergyman or Dissenting minister, by name the Rev. Mr. J——n; he was in easy circumstances, an amateur and dabbler in art, and very fond (as I am told) of coming to Müller's studio and reading out loud, generally from the Bible, which he whipped out of his pocket, Müller working with his brush meanwhile. He used to choose such passages as he thought would make good scriptural

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subjects for pictures, expatiating on the same. Müller was always interested in hearing the Bible read out loud, especially the Book of Job, which he was never tired of hearing. Müller, who was a keen judge of character, was decidedly *tickled* with Mr. J.'s ostentatious manner and mode of reading, for I should add that the Rev. J. was a grand and rather pompous elderly man, carrying his head well thrown back, and his chin in the air. On one occasion Müller made a rapid sketch (by the sly) of the reverend gentleman's head and figure, unknown to him; but when he was about to leave he said, "Oh, Mr. J——n, I want a good model like you for one of my pictures; when you next come will you oblige me by sitting for me?" The favour was readily accorded, and in the meantime Müller clothed the figure in an Eastern costume, leaving the face to be finished from life; he painted in the Publican from another model, and when Mr. J. came again and sat quite unconscious of what was going on, Müller finished painting a capital portrait of him as the Pharisee. The joke soon exploded, and Mr. J. good-humouredly joined in the laugh, although evidently it cost him an effort, and was a little against the grain. This picture of the "Pharisee and the Publican" consisted of only two figures; it is a fine piece of colour, rapidly and vigorously painted, the size about 23 in. by 15 in. Müller painted four or five scriptural subjects this year, all of which were suggested, I believe, more or less by the Rev. Mr. J——n.

Just before leaving London, at the beginning of April, to pay rather a long visit to his brother at Bristol, Müller sent the following pictures to the Royal Academy:—

No. 1. "Welsh Mill on the Dolgarrog," 6 ft. 10 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., hung over the door in the east or Great room.

No. 38. "Arabs seeking Treasure," hung close to the ground in the east room.

No. 547. "Prayers in the Desert," 6 ft. by 3 ft. 4 in., hung in the west room.

Müller was absent from London when the exhibition opened. He naturally felt anxious to know how his pictures would be placed, as so much of the immediate and, I may perhaps add, future success of an artist depends on his position in the Royal Academy; he therefore wrote to his friend, Harry Johnson, to beg him to let him know his fate on the opening-day. The result caused him a good deal of disappointment, for not one of his works was hung in a fairly good position; but Müller had not expected much this year, and he was the more easily consoled since all his exhibited works found ready purchasers. "The Mill on the Dolgarog," a spirited work, was unusually large, perhaps too large for the subject, being 6 ft. 10 in. by 4 ft. 6 in. It is now in the collection of Mr. Joseph Gillott, of Berry Hall, Solihull. In looking at this picture, you are reminded of the colouring of Wilson and other early masters. The prevailing tones are sober greys, quiet yellows and brown, and cool greens. The figures—a girl holding a little child, and a lad of the peasant class—have perhaps less appearance of life than in most of his works of this period. The picturesque old mill, with its large dark wheel, is the most prominent object, and is surmounted by a fine group of trees; some cows are grouped near, in a field, to the extreme right. The foaming water of the mill-stream, and the bold rocky foreground, are full of dash and character. The water especially is cool in colour, liquid, and replete with motion. On the left are some more trees and a lofty hill; between these and the mill a narrow valley appears with a cottage, backed by a blue mountainous distance. There is no minute finish in this picture, which was painted from one of the sketches made the previous autumn; it is large in manner, with much simplicity in the arrangement,

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and, to be seen to advantage, it should be looked at from a distance. It would be a great addition to any of our public galleries.

"The Prayers in the Desert," one of Müller's best-known works, has been engraved in the *Art-Union;* a photographic copy, taken from the oil-picture, will be found at the beginning of this chapter. The original is now in the collection of Mr. William Sharp, of Handsworth, to whose kindness I am indebted for this and other prints in this book. One or two smaller copies of "The Prayers in the Desert" exist; the original sketch for the subject, which is especially fine in colour, being in the possession of Mr. J. Henderson.

Nothing can be more impressive than the way in which Müller has told the story of the Mussulman's devotion to his faith: bowed in prayer towards Mecca, some standing, some kneeling, and some almost prostrate on the mat, and surrounded by the desert, great character and expression is given to each of the figures. The colour is rich and varied, the general tone being rather dark; night still lingers in the west, for the time chosen is early morning. The figures for this picture were painted from life-models in London—a very unusual proceeding with Müller; he had some difficulty in finding the right men with sufficient of the Eastern character, and he dressed them up in the costumes he had himself brought home from Cairo.

Müller painted this year several fine pictures of Gillingham on the Medway; of these, one 4 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 10 in., and another 2 ft. 9 in. by 20 in., were for many years in the collection of Mr. E. Bullock. As another instance of the way in which Müller's works have increased in value, I may mention that the larger picture sold in May, 1870, for £1,250; and having passed into the possession of Mr. Heugh, of Holmeswood, was resold in April, 1874, for £2,152. It is a brilliant and powerful work: on the left are two children and a boat; in the centre, a grand group of trees with eel-

pots under the bank, which overhangs the river. The winding river is again seen in the distance on the right, with a fishing-boat appearing above the meadows; beyond are some trees and cottages, and also the well-known Gillingham Church. The sky is a brilliant blue, with white and grey clouds. This picture has sometimes been called "Compton Dando." Another fine but small Gillingham, dated 1843, 24 in. by 18 in., I have seen in the collection of Mr. D. Sharp, of Queen Ann Street. The depth of light and shade, and rich juicy colour, remind you of the Venetian school of art: in the centre are some graceful trees, with a bright sky surrounding them; a peculiarly good foreground, very varied and broken, with the river in front reflecting the trees and banks.

Very similar in colour and handling to the celebrated "Slave Market" is a picture painted and dated by Müller in 1843, on oak panel, 15 in. by 23 in.—"Moses commanding Darkness over the Land of Egypt;" at the back of the frame these words are written in Müller's own handwriting—"Sketch, William Müller; Exodus, chapter x, verse 22." The colour of this oil-sketch is as fine as anything ever painted by the artist; the handling is rough, vigorous, exceedingly suggestive, and masterly. Moses stands in a very striking position near the foreground, his left hand raised towards heaven, his right hand holding a rod; he is clad in a loose tawny robe, which hangs round him in graceful folds; his figure and attitude are noble and full of power and command; he is surrounded by a great number of figures, and you seem to see into the very *depth* of the swarthy crowd of Egyptians, Arabs, and Nubians. Close to Moses, on the right, a negro (naked except for his drawers of a rich dark blue) is bending his head down to the very ground, as if overcome with awe; and not far off on the same side another negro is bending forward, whose green robe and turban of a golden yellow are of a colour indescribably fine. On the

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left a dark Egyptian woman, carrying a child, turns a wondering gaze towards the prophet; some figures are hurrying along, and others, overwhelmed with fear, appear unable to stir. Near the horizon a few streaks of light are still visible, elsewhere on all sides the sky is of a terrible and portentous blackness; against this, the grand façade of Pharaoh's palace and one or two pyramids are relieved. The whole is most suggestive, and the feeling conveyed highly poetical. This picture is now in the collection of Mr. Joseph Gillott, of Berry Hall. I am informed that Müller commenced and finished this picture of Moses in *one* day. Having previously made a slight study for it, he commenced this and other similar subjects by sketching in the subject boldly on the oak panel with ink; he then plastered it over with a thick *fatty* varnish made of gum mastic and other ingredients, which had become ropy and sticky; whilst this set a little, he prepared his palette, and then painted rapidly, dashing the colours off his brush, which adhered and attached themselves readily to the varnish-covered panel. Müller said that he had most closely examined Tintoretto's work, and that he felt certain he produced his picture by a somewhat similar process of manipulation. When painting thus rapidly, Müller had always by him, to mix up with his pigments, a certain quantity of powdered gypsum or plaster of Paris, made from old broken casts pounded fine in a mortar.

Soon after completing the "Moses," Müller painted a companion picture to it of the same size, 15 in. by 23 in.—"Israelites Crossing the Red Sea." It contained, also, a great number of figures, and was rich in colour; but although he had made a careful study for it, this picture was not so successful as the "Moses commanding Darkness."

Another of the Eastern subjects painted by Müller this year was "The Memnons," 2 ft. by 3 ft. 4 in., exhibited at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition in 1857. This work long adorned the late Mr. Gillott's collection, as did

also the "Treasure Finders," 30 by 54 in., 1843, having been painted on commission for that gentleman.

The most celebrated, perhaps, of all Müller's works was, however, also painted this year. I refer to the "Chess-Players at Cairo," 2 ft. by 2 ft. 8 in. It was successively in the collections of Mr. C. Birch, Mr. Gillott, and Mr. Heugh; but it was originally purchased by Mr. B. Johnson for £25, and at the last sale it realised upwards of four thousand pounds. This picture is so powerful and yet so brilliant in colour that it has been lately described by an artist as shining out like "a tray of jewels" amidst a collection of works by Turner, Prout, and Copley Fielding. The principal light is thrown on the two chess-players seated cross-legged on a mat to the left; one of them is dressed in a white turban and red caftan, and is calmly smoking a hookah, attended to by a little black slave; the other has a green dress and yellow turban, and is supported by another turbaned figure attired in a dark red robe. Behind these are other figures in rich dresses; one, clad in blue black of the deepest dye, gives relief to the others. On a bench near, an Arab is seated, eating from a metal dish, with a small charcoal fire by his side: above, a Moorish building rises up in dark brown shadow; it is pierced with an arch, through which distant figures, buildings, and palm-trees are seen; and a bit of deep, intense blue sky above. The effect of light on the white turban of the negro, and on the golden hookah, gives point to the whole group. The stand on which the chess-board is placed is very picturesque, being of a species of wicker-work. To the right of the picture a pleasant-looking young man in a graceful yellow robe is standing near a grim, middle-aged Turk, and forms a good contrast. In the distance, on this side, are some Egyptian buildings with towers, under the shade of which a camel and camel-drivers are reposing. The sky, as already remarked, is unusually rich in colour, like one of Etty's, or like the old Venetian school.

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Mr. Harry Johnson was working as a pupil in Müller's studio when Müller painted the "Chess-Players;" he saw him commence and finish it, and he has described it to me as follows:—

"It was Müller's habit to rise early, and, after a slight breakfast (very little more than a cup of tea and one slice of bread and butter or toast, for he had a bad appetite in the morning), he would rapidly *outline* the subject of the picture to be painted in chalk or pen and ink; and then, having set his palette, he used often to take up his guitar, and sitting down on a sofa he would bring out a few notes of some familiar airs in a sort of abstracted way, earnestly gazing up all the time at the board or canvas placed on his easel. Having made up his mind *what ought to be done*, he would rise suddenly, and, throwing down the guitar, would commence to paint rapidly, like one inspired, placing the thick pigments on the canvas without hesitation, and almost without stopping. Müller had wonderful power of wrist, and he never seemed to tire when at work."

In the present case the "Chess-Players" was thus outlined on an old deal panel, and he began to paint only part of the subject now represented; but as the day went on it grew in size and importance, until, when leaving off for dinner, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, the whole subject began to appear, all the figures in their places, and already full of character and power. Calling to Harry Johnson, he begged him to dip a thick cloth in the water, and, after wringing it out, to place the same over the picture, covering it up completely, so as to exclude the air; thus it would be kept from drying and remain in a pulpy, *tackky* condition.

The next morning Müller again resumed work on it directly after breakfast, and by the time it was dark on the evening of the second day he had finished the picture, such as it now is, excepting that the thirty years which have

elapsed since it was painted have considerably improved and mellowed its tone. Müller reckoned on this effect of time, and painted brightly in consequence. And thus this marvellous work was produced in two days!

Another and smaller copy of the "Chess-Players" was painted by Müller in 1843, the size being 22 in. by 16 in. It has lately been in the collection of Mr. Farnworth, of Liverpool. It is also a splendid bit of colour, but has fewer figures and is less highly finished than the larger work. The position of the principal groups of figures and their dresses are, however, very similar to the larger work.

The large picture of the "Good Samaritan," 21 in. by 33 in. (the sketch of which I have already described) was also painted this year; it is one of Müller's most powerful works, although it is said to have been completed entirely in *one* day. A landscape, with a rainbow and figures, $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $17\frac{1}{2}$ in., in Mr. Gillott's collection; a woody landscape, with dark foaming water, a water-mill and eel-pots, and two children, 2 ft. 9 in. by 1 ft. 9 in., very fine in colour, in Mr. Thomas Ashton's collection; and a view on the Medway, morning effect, and of a warm silvery-grey tone, a river flowing between the banks of a meadow, two willow-trees, a rustic bridge, and a boy in a boat fishing, &c., 26 in. by $16\frac{1}{2}$ in., now in the possession of Mr. W. Smith of Wisbeach,—are also amongst the pictures by Müller painted in 1843 which deserve a passing notice.

A more important work, likewise painted this year, and purchased by the Rev. J. B. Owen, formerly of Queen Ann Street and afterwards of Cheltenham, was "Eel-Pots at Goring," about 3 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. This was a magnificent piece of colour, very vigorous, and very "Constableish" in feeling, and a good deal like Etty in colour. There was a fine rainbow in it, and a great deal of rough *dash* and *sparkle*. At the back of this picture Müller wrote, "Left for some fool to finish."

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About this time a dealer in London brought some damaged and unfinished pictures by Constable (but in other respects fine works) to Müller, and asked if he would work on them. Müller, who always delighted in Constable's pictures, consented to do so, and he completed and repaired them rapidly in Constable's manner, using gold-size, plaster of Paris, &c., to give the "piled up" hard surface required. It is a well-known fact that Müller, like Constable, left many fine works in oil unfinished at the time of his death; and it is a curious coincidence that several of these pictures of Müller's were worked upon and completed by Linnell. This is an undoubted fact.

The following letters will, I think, be read with interest:—

To BENJAMIN JOHNSON, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"April 5th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I last evening received a letter from Mr. ——, in which he informs me it is your wish to detain as yours my picture of 'The Mummy-Treasure Finders.' It just arrived in time, previous to its leaving for the Academy. Permit me to express my gratification at your purchasing the painting, which I, in many respects, consider one of the best from my studio. I leave your son behind me for a short time; but, having given him several things on which to engage himself during my absence, I think the time will pass pleasantly, and, I hope, not altogether unprofitably.

"It will give you pleasure to again be assured from me that I am much pleased with his progress, as well as his kind general conduct.

"Trusting you will excuse the extreme haste of this, as I leave town within a few moments.

"I remain, my dear sir,
"Yours most truly,
"WM. MÜLLER."

To HENRY JOHNSON, ESQ., *Kittlebury Street, Euston Square, London.*

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"Sunday [15th April, 1843].

"MY DEAR JOHNSON,—This morning I received your letter, and should have written you sooner had I had your address, which I neglected taking with me on leaving town, and could not remember! Hang the knees! Tom's * is but an echo of my brother's accident. I am acting the part of nurse, for poor Edd had a most severe blow on his knee, from his horse taking fright and coming in contact with a cart. He is now doing better. I have lately sketched nothing, and painted less; yet spent a pleasant time altogether. The weather has been cold and rainy. I may remain a few days longer than I originally intended. Can you amuse yourself?—or, in other words, can you find occupation?

"I need hardly say that I shall be glad to return, yet cannot grumble at any entertainment here. I think, if the 'atmosphere' should be fine, I shall have one or two *marvellous* subjects. If not—I fear little. Give me an early line, and pray excuse extreme haste.

"Believe me sincerely yours,
"WM. MÜLLER."

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ., *Birmingham.*

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"Tuesday, 24th April, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am forced to justify my absence from town, as, I doubt not, you may imagine I have made rather too long a stay, and am neglecting the interests of your son. That is a truth. But when I say my detention is not willing, it will, I am sure, with you prove an extenuation. The facts are, I am kept here in consequence of a mortgage that I wish to effect previous to my leaving Bristol; and it

* This refers to a note written by Thomas Lawrence to Harry Johnson, excusing himself from making an excursion to Hampstead, in consequence of having "*bruised his knee.*"

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is rather complicated, as all parties are not together, and law, as you know, always confuses everything. I hope to return to town on Friday; it may be a day later, but I shall see to-day.

"I have had many letters from your son. He seems to have been engaged, and the moment I return I will keep him *so*. I quite miss him; for, without flattery, his conduct has deserved my approbation and my friendship, and I hope he shall continue such, when years have confirmed him as an artist, to which profession his present attempts seem to point to future distinction. I do not, as I expect, visit Birmingham. I must not delay, for I am crowded with work. Believe me, my dear sir, to remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To HENRY JOHNSON, ESQ., *London*.

"Bristol, 4th May, 1843.

"MY DEAR JOHNSON,—I am at work on a picture, and I am still on your charity. I forward two sketches; pray take care of them, and try and make a copy of them. I will be with you on Tuesday, when I hope to make up for so serious a delay in your time. Now you can oblige me *much*. Will you visit the Academy, and write me a line by the Monday's post, so that I get it by Tuesday morning, acquainting me with my position, &c., &c.

"I will start by the twelve o'clock mail-train, and be with you by five. You will also oblige me by being at my house on *my* arrival, and take tea and hear the news. I do hope to take up my brush to some effect. I forgot if I told you Birch bought the picture I commenced here and am now finishing. The weather is extraordinarily fine; yet is the country too green, and little sketching have I done. Then, my dear Johnson, believe me to remain, sincerely your friend, in haste, "WM. MÜLLER."

In consequence of the losses sustained in business in 1842 by Mr. D. W. Acraman, of Bristol (the early patron and kind friend of W. Müller), the valuable collection of pictures of that gentleman, containing many fine early works by Müller and other artists, was sold by auction in August, 1842. Shortly after Müller's return from Bristol in May he addressed the following interesting letter to Mr. Acraman, referring to the above subject:—

To D. W. ACRAMAN, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"May 24th, 1843.

"MY DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,—I pass over in silence what all who have been acquainted with the late melancholy events in Bristol must have *felt* and still *feel*.

"Could I for a moment have thought you would have been pleased with anything my pencil could create, it had needed no application; for well I remember to your early kindness am I indebted for the position I now hold. Let me assure you, sir, I will place aside time (which I shall consider as a sacred pleasure) to try and produce some painting worthy your acceptance. But should opportunity occur by which it may be disposed of to your advantage, by all means do not let it be hindered, and I will with much pleasure beg your acceptance of another in its place, that may amuse and afford you pleasure. I have one favour to ask. Should I visit Bristol previous to my leaving England for Lycia, in Asia, about September, may I have the pleasure of paying you my respects, which would on many former occasions have been sought, but I feared intrusion? Remaining, my dear sir, with a vivid remembrance of 'auld lang syne,' and warmest hopes for a brighter future,

"Your most sincerely obliged and obedient servant,

"WM. MÜLLER."

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(N.B.—The preceding letter was first published in the *Art-Union*.)

Mr. Acraman mentions that, following up this letter, Müller painted for and presented him with a picture, a "View on Lago Maggiore;" and he also promised to execute another for which a frame was provided, but, alas! illness and death prevented its execution. The Lago Maggiore presented to Mr. Acraman was a bright sunny picture, full of light, with mountains seen across the blue water; buildings with an archway on the left-hand side, and melons growing over trellis-work—very Italian in feeling and treatment. In the course of the summer of 1843 this picture was painted and sent by Müller to his friend at Bristol.

At this time Müller, who had originally thought of going to the coast of Italy this year, had fully determined to leave in the autumn for Asia Minor. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Fellows (afterwards Sir Charles Fellows) in London early this year, and he learnt from him the full particulars of his last visit to Lycia in the winter of 1841-1842, when he made the discovery of a vast quantity of fine pieces of antique sculpture—"the Xanthian Marbles;" which were embarked in the *Medea* steamship for Malta in the summer of 1842, and were brought thence in H.M.S. *Cambridge* at the end of the same year, and which are now in the British Museum. A considerable portion of the sculptured stones were, however, still left behind at Xanthus, and the English Government, after some hesitation, determined to send out another expedition under the direction of Mr. Fellows in the autumn of 1843 to secure the remainder of these antique treasures. Mr. Fellows expatiated to Müller on the romantic nature of the scenery which environs the ancient cities and the beauty of rock-tombs of Lycia, and urged him to join the projected expedition. A month or two were taken to consider this matter in all its

bearings, but Müller finally made up his mind to undertake the journey; and he proposed to Mr. B. Johnson that his son Harry should accompany him, which was also arranged. The following letters, written by Müller during the summer of 1843 and up to the very eve of his departure for Lycia, portray the artist hard at work in his studio in London, and full of ardour and interest in his profession. They speak for themselves, and I think require no further comment on my part:—

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"June 9th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In a hasty answer to your letter of this morning, I will in due course of receipt acknowledge the amount you have kindly sent me through your son. As regards a small picture, and your wish to have it this week, I could *not* have found a single thing in my room, finished or unsold; but fortunately I finished this week the 'Birdcatchers, Hampstead Heath,' of which you saw a commencement in my room, and admired. It is to the size of a frame you have, the measurement of which you gave me when you wished me to paint the 'Deserted Garden' to it. The 'Birdcatchers' is a *catching* bit, being clear, &c. My price will be £10, and this evening I will get your son to leave it at the office for you. And now, sir, speaking of that young gentleman, a few words may not be amiss. I need not say his conduct has fully merited any kindness I have shown him, or may contemplate towards him, the carrying out of which will much depend on your inclinations. He informs me he leaves town to visit you about Tuesday or Wednesday (this is as I should wish). He remains a fortnight, or as long as you like; but I should wish him to return to me *on the same terms he is now with me* (until I leave England). I shall be happy to see him, and

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must say from the rapid improvement he is and has been making the opportunity may be one of some consequence to him in future life. On the subject of his accompanying me abroad, I believe there is nothing that at this moment can be said, only that I will make him the offer, and strive my utmost to do him all the good I can in his profession, in which one day I hope to see him arrive at a distinguished eminence. Believe me, my dear sir,

"Yours, in haste, most sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—You will have the kindness to let me have your early opinion on the enclosed."

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"July 3rd, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to yours of this morning, I hope to be enabled to send off the two pictures by the end of this week. The one 'Cottage' is very brilliant, and I think is as fortunate as any picture I have painted for some time past. May you be of my opinion, and it will give me pleasure. I will give you a line the day they leave this.

"I am gratified by the kind remembrances of my friends Messrs. Birch and Cox, and, should you have an opportunity, perhaps you will oblige me by expressing my thanks.

"Mr. Dixon called on me relative to some water white he said you wished to have. The peculiar advantage is, that the absence of oil prevents its turning colour, and that it procures surfaces much sooner than any bladder-colour I have ever used. If at any time you should require any, pray give me a line, and I will obtain it for you of the same man that grinds mine.

"Believe me to remain, my dear sir,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ., *Edgbaston.*

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"Wednesday, 5th July, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your wish, I forward you the prices of the pictures—£10 the 'Cottage Sketch;' 'Whitchurch,' £15. Although I regret I cannot leave so soon as you imagine, my departure being fixed the very latest part of August. In consequence I am forced to bear the heat of the summer here, which will season me pretty well for Asia, which country I hope to see—that part of it which has created so much excitement of late in consequence of the discoveries of Greek cities by Mr. Fellows, whom Government sends out in October. I shall, then, as you see, be in town during August, and will be happy to see any of your friends. Undertaking any pictures *previous to my departure* would be *impossible.* But my stay will not exceed four months, as I must be back for the next year's Academy.

"The man that grinds my white is a sort of travelling artist's man. I expect him to call on me in a day or two, when your wish shall with pleasure be attended to. In answer to opaque vehicles, oil I use; but as oils are as various as wines, let me try to describe what sort. It is a fat oil, yet not too much so. I procure it by placing one pint common linseed oil (raw) over two pounds of common white lead (house-painter's *unmixed*), then mixing them, and allowing it to stand a month or six weeks, only each week giving it a stir with a stick. The oil partakes of the drying quality of the lead, and also becomes thick. This I use. Perhaps practice enables me to work with it with some peculiarities; but I think, nevertheless, that the oil so made is the best, enabling the artist to get a sort of Wilson (Richard) like touch. Have you used what they call ashes of ultramarine? It is a compound grey tint, like pounded slate, sold at two shillings an ounce. I think (be it what it

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may) it is very advantageous. I will, if you have not used any, forward you a sample.

"I do hope to be able to send something to the Birmingham Exhibition, having promised; but quite fear my want of time may prevent me.

"Believe me, my dear sir, to remain

"Yours, truly obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"July 28th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am much delighted to think my pictures arrived safely and gave you satisfaction. There was chalk used in *all* parts, and at nearly all times, in the *Whitchurch* picture. I much regret, under my present arrangements of time, it will be utterly impossible for me to execute any fresh pictures previous to my departure; but on my return, charged with a few of the wonders of Asia—*lions*, if you like—I should be delighted to show them to you, and, as I think by some drawings I have seen in the possession of Mr. Fellows, the scenery of Lycia will bear a strong resemblance to the finest parts of anything in Europe.

"As regards the tube of white and sample of ultramarine ash, pray say nothing about it, excepting it be if you like them, when I will get you more. And now for my sentence which was wrong. It should have read as follows:—'And for this purpose plaster of Paris is better than chalk, but about one part in four of the latter (chalk) mixed with your white will give it a capability, &c.' I say *one* of four parts, but this need not be observed as a *general rule;* as one becomes acquainted with the utility of those half-mediums, the *touch*, as well as the eye, suggests their proportion.

"As I think most difficulty arises in the use of our white in oil, so do I take all varieties and all substances to increase

variety, as well as all *thicknesses*, of the colour; for this latter occasion the water-white is so valuable, as it becomes hard in an hour or so, and enables a considerable body to be put on at one painting. If I can assist you at any time in any information I possess, pray do not scruple to write me. Trusting you will have a pleasant and *dry* excursion, which will give opportunities for sketching, believe me to remain, my dear sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"August 2nd, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I much regret the shortness of my last letter, as I fear it might have appeared rather abrupt.

"Pray accept my apology now, when I explain what a number of circumstances conspired to cause the haste of my last, and one of those the arrival of my brother *en route* for Switzerland. I take your advice as kindness; I feel my health has been a little neglected, and in consequence have, by exercise, &c., paid much more attention to it of late.

"I trust my avoiding a winter in England will place me on my legs most thoroughly. I intend leaving England the 1st of next month, my route being the Italian coast, Malta, Rhodes, and Lycia (in Asia Minor); this journey promises much, and I undertake it with high confidence that it may be productive of considerable results.

"Your 'Cottage' has its frame finished, and I will instruct the carver and gilder to make a case to it. The frame with case, he tells me, will be 35*s.*; it is made by my man, not Mr. Brooks. I will, immediately I receive the above, forward it to you, which I hope will be in two days at the latest. Remaining, my dear sir,

"Yours, most truly obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

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To BENJAMIN JOHNSON, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"Monday morning, August 7th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, I now write to state something definite with regard to your son, and our proposed excursion. Since seeing you in town fresh arrangements have forced themselves on me, and I find it utterly inconsistent for me to devote one part of my time to Italy and the other to Lycia, &c. In consequence, I must make some fresh arrangement with you, and I think my ultimate offer will be one that will plainly convince you I have no selfish motives. However pleased I may be in having your son as a companion, yet in this peculiar journey *companionship* will be found more than in any other, as the direct spot of my destination will be where my friends and the Government expedition happens to be. If I mistake not, I named to you the following terms:—to take your son from London on the coast of Italy for two months on consideration of your paying me thirty pounds to pay his expenses, including all but material to sketch with and clothing; for the instruction I give him £20 was considered as my remuneration. Now for my alteration of plans. I fear I can only offer him as follows:—I will give up *all* remuneration, and throw the sum into *his* travelling expenses; and then, as I fear the sum will not be enough, I should say if you are willing to furnish him with about £70, I take him the entire time, four to five months.

"When I consider the advantages that *must* accrue to him, the introduction to life and his improvement in his profession, I will give up any little personal sacrifice, as I must hope no one will consider my present conduct selfish. Previous to my closing any arrangement, there is one other thing—that, during the time I am away, I may be at liberty to take him to any part of the country I like; for of course it will appear to you clear, if one place did not answer I must seek a fresh.

"As the climate is particularly healthy, I was going to pass over any observation on the subject. I trust, in case of illness, which at all times we are liable to, both here and abroad, when I make a solemn promise to take all possible care of him, avoiding nonsensical danger, &c., &c., if anything was to occur, I shall not be considered blamable; but this is in no way likely, as we have every advantage in our favour.

"Then, my dear sir, your early reply will, I think, relieve his mind from anxiety and oblige me, feeling assured whichever way you determine it shall in my present or future conduct make no difference to your son.

"Believe me sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"August 10th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am much pleased you have arrived at the determination your letter announces this morning.

"Your son shall forward a list of all things wanting as an outfit, which will be very little.

"I leave London on a farewell visit to Bristol friends about the 18th, and hope to be back in a week, and start on the 1st of September or 2nd. Your son, during my absence, shall be provided for, so do not fear his time being left unemployed. I shall be glad to see you in town and make all final arrangements, &c., only feel assured all I can do I will to render circumstances pleasant to you and your son. Remaining, my dear sir,

Yours, most sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I shall be obliged by your letting me know a week previous to the time you intend being in town."

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1843.

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"August 16th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your son has just shown me a letter which mentions your intention relative to presenting me with a rifle; also, he adds, you have given orders for its manufacture.

"I feel much vexed at this, as it places me in an awkward position. Whatever I have done for your son has been done under the pure wish of doing him good, and *not* expecting a *return*, past what I experienced in his general conduct. Nay, joined to this, I have always found the greatest willingness on *your* part to fall into any plan suggested by me, both with liberality and kind feeling; then you may conceive I was surprised to think you wished me to accept a costly and valuable present. I fear, by declining it, at the same time I may be offending you, as you have apparently ordered it. I am, however, resolved not to accept but on being allowed some day on my return to beg you to hang a little picture of mine, as a mark of my estimation of your general kind and gentlemanly feeling; so let the matter rest for the present. I leave for Bristol to-morrow, and have given Mr. Henry a large picture to copy during my absence, the completion of which I hope will be satisfactory. The time you state you intend being in town will, I think, be most satisfactory to me. I hope to be up again by the 28th or 29th at latest.

"My dear sir, pray pardon haste, and believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"August 29th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind advice, the truth of which I am fully aware of. I shall with pleasure

avail myself of your permission to write to you during my absence, as also to undertake the little picture—a subject for which I will with care select. As I leave on the 2nd or 3rd of next month, I may have no other opportunity of expressing my gratitude for the friendly feeling you have so often exhibited in my favour. Please God to give me health so that on my return I may be enabled to work out some of the scenes I shall have pulled through, and which cannot fail of being of considerable beauty and interest.

"Remaining, my dear sir,

"Yours, sincerely and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—The letter contained the cheque, which was quite correct."

To HENRY JOHNSON, ESQ., 57, *Whittlebury Street, Euston Square.*

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"Tuesday, August 29th, 1843.

"MY DEAR JOHNSON,—My hasty act must have surprised you; why I came to the determination of staying over the 28th, was a hope of seeing —— in Bristol on the 29th. In this I have been disappointed, but have an engagement to meet him in town on the 30th, and you will much oblige me if you will be at my lodgings at half-past one o'clock, as also to ask your father, if he has arrived, if he will do me the favour of smoking a cigar with me in the evening, and should you see Tom, you will please extend the invitation to him.

"And now for a change in our plans. I think, on mature consideration, it will be advisable for me and you to take the steamboat from Southampton (I believe) for Malta. We shall be there as soon as if we go by way of Paris. They say they start once a fortnight; if so, we shall remain up to the 14th, which will allow more time than I want. On my

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coming to town I will soon settle this, so make application at the General Steam Navigation Society or Company; as it is it must remain. One thing is clear, I can take any luggage and my arms, and obtain any information—to me and you rather important things. That poor tent of mine!! I have bought no colour: Amen. I only wish for one thing now; it is to be off. I am tired of talking and writing about it; so do not be surprised at my closing this epistle, and remaining,

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—You will dine with me to-morrow; this I shall fully expect, and I think, should I not be in at the time of your calling, Mrs. Bruff will let you sit in the front parlour. I am particular in wishing to see you on my coming to town."

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"4th September, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It gave me much pleasure in receiving your letter of yesterday, as it now does in answering, to the best of my abilities, your questions. Then, in the first place, have chalk or plaster of Paris, simply ground in oil, on the palette; you can then mix it as you like with any colour. The advantage of this I think you will see is obvious; I have it in bladder, as any other colour. As to the subject of 'mediums,' I wish I could answer it with the same readiness and certainty as the former one. You want, in working from nature, a medium that will not dry too soon, and it has every tendency so to do when exposed to the open air, as you know. I can but believe in the raw linseed oil and the boiled; I use them, and have done so; I also find them secure in drying. I only give my practice—no advice; for the controversy on media is still at its height,

and even the borax has not settled it. I agree in the abuse of that substance as generally prepared; yet in one or two instances I was delighted with it, and in particular I remember one quantity which Eagles (its author) gave me: it worked most excellently, and gave a free firm touch to the picture, that was a desideratum with any other. Oil of tar, spirit of wine, and spirits of turpentine may do well. I never used them, and think the same results may be obtained with copal varnish. If I fail to answer any part of your letter, pray inform me, and feel assured I shall be glad to do anything at any time that I can to remove the thorns and brambles from the path of your amateur. I regret I was from home when you called. I long now to make my Eastern start, and I am from day to day detained; yet that cannot last for ever, and, please goodness, I may get off as soon as I have finished my picture for the British Institution. I am now close engaged on it.

Trusting you will excuse the haste of this reply, believe me, my dear sir, to remain most sincerely,

"Your obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

XII.

ASIA MINOR.

1843–1844.

HAVING spent the last ten days of August in Bristol with his brother Edmund, Müller and his young friend, Johnson, after repeated delays, finally started for the East in the second week of September, 1843. An interesting account of this journey will be found in the next chapter, written by one of the travellers, Mr. Harry Johnson, whose personal recollections of the events which befell Müller and himself during their long absence from England will be read, I doubt not, with great interest.

I shall now briefly state that their route was through Paris, Marseilles, Malta, and Smyrna to Rhodes and Xanthus in Lycia, and that they landed in the latter country on the 22nd October. One remark, however, with regard to Müller's bearing on this journey I will record here, as it helps to illustrate his character. When travelling, whether on board a steamboat or elsewhere, he had a decided dislike to sketching before his fellow-travellers. He would sometimes rather lose a good effect or a fine outline, than take out his pencil or sketch-book if any one was looking on. He did not, in fact, wish to be recognised as an artist. A certain amount of pride was probably at

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son

BAGGAGE CAMELS SKETCHED FROM MÜLLER'S TENT. XANTHUS.

the bottom of this feeling, for in those days artists scarcely took the same standing in society that they now do, and Müller complained of the patronising way in which artists were treated, as though they were of an inferior rank.

Müller had taken some trouble to obtain the firmans at Smyrna which Mr. Fellows required, and he felt disappointed that that gentleman had made no arrangements, nor left any instructions, at Rhodes as to how he and his companions were to proceed on to Xanthus; this was a part of their journey which was beset with difficulties, as will be seen. The same want of cordiality was manifested afterwards to Müller whilst in Lycia. He received little or no assistance from the Expedition, and was not allowed, or at least not invited, by Mr. Fellows to join the excursion to Myra and Antiphellus, which places he was exceedingly desirous of visiting. Müller naturally felt this, and complained of it afterwards; the more so as he had been invited to join the Expedition, and the whole of his travelling and other expenses were defrayed by himself. On this point he thus wrote from Malta before returning home:—

"It may be imagined that I was connected with the Xanthian Expedition. I had nothing whatever to do with it, except receiving occasional kindnesses from some of the officers of H.M.S. *Medea*, and in particular from Lieut. Massey, whose mild and gentlemanly conduct must endear him to all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. I, as on former excursions, went on my own resources, taking as my motto, that 'independence is better than dependence.'"

The ancient and almost deserted cities of Lycia—where Müller made his beautiful sketches, Xanthus, Pinara, Tlos, and Telmessus—are so little known, and so rarely visited, that the short description of them which I am about to give will, I trust, be acceptable. Before doing so, however, it

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may be as well to mention that soon after Müller arrived at Xanthus Mr. Fellows said to him—"I hope you won't publish anything about the marbles, and that you will not make any special drawing of the antiquities."

The fact was, that an artist had accompanied the expedition as draftsman, and Mr. Fellows, hearing how much work Müller was doing with his pencil, began to be afraid—perhaps naturally—that Müller might (to use a trite expression) take the wind out of his (Mr. Fellows's) sails by a premature publication of drawings of the marbles. Mr. Fellows requested to see Müller's sketches, which was of course readily granted, and he was probably to some extent reassured by finding that they contained a general and pictorial representation of the ancient Greek cities and monuments, and were by no means so topographically accurate as the drawings made on behalf of the Expedition. The latter, I understand, represented principally the sculptures and tombs, many of which were about to be removed. Some feeling of jealousy, however, I fear, continued to exist in Mr. Fellows's mind, and Müller was doubtless of too independent a spirit to take much trouble to remove this.

Xanthus, where Müller first encamped, stands on a commanding hill, which rises abruptly from a marshy plain. At the base of the lower acropolis runs a rapid river, and at the back are several monuments, the most notable being the tomb which was adorned with the bas-reliefs representing the story of the daughter of Pandorus, now in the British Museum, and also the ancient theatre. Above rises another eminence—the upper acropolis—the summit of which is covered with ruins. Another rock rises out of the plain, on which also are several ruined temples, from which the finest friezes and statues have been removed to the British Museum. Pinara, the next place visited by Müller, is approached by the village of Minara. The situation of Pinara is very grand, being high up in a rocky recess of

Mount Cragus. The almost perpendicular rock has its summit covered with fortifications, and its face perforated by innumerable tombs. It rises out of a deep and narrow valley, whilst numerous fine ruins and tombs adorn the adjoining ridges. On the opposite side of the valley or ravine are the remains of a fine theatre excavated on the slope of a hill covered with trees; the site of this theatre is a magnificent one, as it not only commands a fine view of Pinara, but also of a grand range of surrounding mountains.

Tlos was next visited; its situation is also remarkably fine, being built on the top of a lofty hill, surrounded by deep ravines and overhanging cliffs, and from its summit you command a view of the whole of the valley of the Xanthus. On one side there is a fine view of Mount Taurus, on the other of the sea; in front is the Acropolis of Pinara and the Cragus range. The Acropolis of Tlos terminates on one side in perpendicular rocks, which are all honeycombed from top to bottom with rock tombs; a view of this rock and the vomitory of the amphitheatre is given in one of the prints. One of the most ancient and largest of the tombs at Tlos has thus been described:—"A temple tomb fronted by a pediment of peculiar form and Egyptian aspect, having no carved capitals, and being wider at the base than at the upper part; from such columns the Ionic might have originated. Within the portico is a handsome carved door or rather imitation door, with knocker and lock, on each side of which are windows opening into large tombs."

But to return to Müller. His tent-life in Lycia led to much hardship: the rain often soaked through, and they had no fire; but, as Johnson has remarked, it led also to his becoming acquainted with many of the Yurooks and Turcomans—wandering tribes who led a sort of gipsy life. After his return home he used to talk of an Eastern chief of the Cingaries or Yurooks, named Oiel, with whom he

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struck up a great friendship—a bold and remarkably handsome fellow, who gave Müller a pass to go among the Cingari tribes, and sealed it with the butt-end of his pistol. This Oiel was reported at one time to have been a captain of brigands. One of the ways in which Müller spent his time after dark, when living in the tent, was playing at chess with Harry Johnson; this happened nearly every evening. Müller was fond of chess, and a board was made for the nonce out of drawing-paper. After their return to England Johnson manufactured a chess-board himself, at home, and presented it to Müller, who expressed himself as very much pleased with the gift. Not long afterwards Müller painted a small oil-picture, which he gave to Johnson, and, although he did not say so, it was without doubt intended as an acknowledgment of the chess-board. This little picture, which was 9 in. by $17\frac{1}{2}$ in., was a landscape, with a peasant on a grey pony, and a rainbow, and was very beautiful in colour. It was retained by H. Johnson for many years, but parted with when he was about to leave England for Italy; it afterwards found its way into Mr. J. Gillott's collection, and at that gentleman's sale, in 1872, it fetched £150.

As the time drew near for their departure from Lycia, all the cobalt and several other colours were used up, so that Müller was reduced, when making his last sketches there, and especially those in Rhodes, to a very contracted or simple scale of colours; these were chiefly low-toned ones, such as ochre, light-red umber, indigo, &c. I should observe also, that the Lycian sketches were made entirely without any body-colour being used. Müller had taken some bottles or tubes of white with him, but on using some he found that it invariably turned brown or black, and he immediately abandoned its use.

The last place in Lycia visited by Müller was Mairy, or Makri, the ancient Telmessus, where a great many rock-cut

tombs appear in all the hill-sides. They were detained here for some time, waiting for a vessel to take them to Rhodes, which enabled Müller to make several fine sketches. At last, on the 18th of February, they left Lycia in one of H.M. steamships, and landed in a few hours in Rhodes.

The last of the following letters, written by Müller whilst in Lycia, is dated from Makri, where he embarked. These letters have never been previously published, and will be read, I believe, with interest. There are, however, three other delightful, long letters, containing many more most interesting particulars and details of his life and adventures at Xanthus and other places, which Müller addressed to his friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, and which were inserted about that time in his journal, the *Art-Union*. These letters throw much light on Müller's energetic character, and ought also to be read by all who take an interest in this part of Müller's career; they prove what an accurate observer he was of every passing event. They will be found at the end of this volume, Appendix No. 5.

Whilst at Pinara or Tlos, Müller, after making many splendid pictorial and generalised sketches, said one day to his young companion, "Oh, Johnson! I feel I *ought* to work hard making careful pencil outline-drawings of the tombs and temples, with all their details." This Müller called "taking medicine." It was, without a doubt, very repugnant to him to lay aside his colours which he loved so much; but he did it, nevertheless, and he went in for some hours daily (for a time) at severe pencil-work of a most conscientious and accurate character. A remark which Müller made when sketching inside one of the Yurook huts deserves to be remembered. A large, picturesque hand-mill, with a wheel for grinding grain, or some such purpose, was being sketched by the two artists, when Müller turned to look at what his companion was doing, and said to him, "Be sure, whatever you do, to make your wheel *work!*" This was an

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invariable maxim of Müller's, whether sketching a water-wheel or any other piece of mechanism.

The following are some of the letters written by Müller from Lycia:—

* "Xanthus, Lycia,
"November 24th, 1843.

"MY DEAR ——.—In accordance with my promise I write you to give some account of the material I found at Rhodes suitable to form a book, 'Age of the Crusaders.' I cannot but think, with the assistance of Malta, a splendid work might be produced. I had the firmans and dispatches for my friend, Mr. Fellows, and, in consequence, could only stay a few moments at Rhodes whilst arrangements were being made for a boat to take me to the place I now write from. It is my intention, on leaving Asia Minor, to stay at Rhodes one month and sketch.

"I noted three street-views, two fortifications, two general ones, with the works of the Templars; their houses and coats-of-arms are, as you may imagine, numerous. Interiors I fear, unless as restorations, very few, and for this purpose (as at Paris there is a collection lately formed) there is ample material, as also at Malta. The church is very good, with its carved gates, as also the interior. Malta gives us another St. John, and one or two fine tombs.

"I refrain from entering on particulars as to my present position and what I have been doing. Lycia is a landscape and figure country; my best subjects, Turks; my home, a tent; and, when rambling, a solitary life. But now I am with the Xanthian party, in all nearly one hundred. The excavations go on well, and doubtless, previous to Mr. Fellows leaving, many splendid novelties will be added to the Expedition.

* When W. Müller wrote the following letter he had some idea of making sketches during his journey for a work to be called the "Age of the Crusaders." At first no opportunity offered itself for sending the letter; and he afterwards retained it, as he found the work in Lycia would occupy all his time.

"Fever has just made its appearance with the wet, and I am sorry to say one poor fellow was buried yesterday, and one case is now in the hospital. Thank heavens I am in excellent health, and trust to its continuance. As I mean to give my friend Hall a letter, you will see more particulars in that.

"Pray pardon the haste of this, and believe me to remain,

"Yours most sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—My folio promises to be a most varied one in this country—principally tombs."

To THOS. MORSON, ESQ., *Southampton Row, Russell Square.*

"Xanthus, A. Minor,
"January 16th, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Sir E. Owen having forwarded the *Devastation* to carry dispatches and letters, I avail myself of the opportunity to redeem a promise I made of giving you a line during my tour in this country.

"Xanthus is situated on an extensive plain, abounding with wild boar, leeches, and fever. Our party amounts to about one hundred, encamped in the ruins. Myself in a tent, they are in houses. The former being very good in fine weather; but one hundred and eight hours' continuous rain, with lightning and wind—in short, a hurricane—tried the temper as well as the tent. Without fire, and almost food, we (myself, friend, and servant) have watched a change. It has arrived, and we are now in spring, although the tops of the mountains are covered with snow. To the present the Expedition has been particularly successful, having had only one death from fever, and a few in the hospital, now fast recovering.

"So much for health. Now for the discoveries. Mr. Fellows has had great success in completing the bas-

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reliefs. Two superb tombs, eighteen tons each, are cut up and packed. Numbers of fragments and inscriptions fill the road to the river, and it is hoped all will be complete by the end of March. Captain Warden, *Media*, will not consent to remain longer. More could have been done, but the want of sand has put a stop to the marble-cutters; the sand was brought from Barbary viâ Malta, this that is at Xanthus being too soft.

"Pinara, of all parts of Asia Minor that I have visited, surprises the most. Its acropolis, a bold rock, surrounded by mountains of considerable height, is perforated with hundreds of tombs, many *most beautifully* cut. They are of a deep ochre colour. Query, when finished might they not have covered them with some preparation of wax?

"Each tomb is a sculptured imitation of the houses of the country, and, curious to state, you find the horns of the ox over the tombs, cut in the rock, as a sort of crest; and you can also, at the present day, notice the head of the ox placed over the houses (at this moment I am writing this opposite a very fine example); the meaning of this I am at a loss to account for, but one must forget that word, for it is a country that contains plenty to speculate upon. Tlos is also a very interesting spot, and furnished me with a rich addition to my portfolio, which is now becoming pretty well filled. I stayed at the above place some time, the regular 'marvel-hunters,' as the sailors term Mr. Fellows and party, having gone on to try and discover the city of 'Cragus.'

"The pine-forests are a great feature in this country. They blaze the tree to procure turpentine; they use it instead of candles. Such was the practice in Homer's time. Man alters little in his necessities. These forests on fire, which is often the case, as well the burning of the weeds on plains where they collect the leeches, are scenes of a grand description. But I have been an inmate with the Yurooks, a

kind of Turk,—and here society forms a curious contrast to the above wild exhibition of nature. The Cingari, a sort of gipsy, forming encampments amongst the myrtle groves, are to me much more attractive than any other natives I have seen, inasmuch as they are better mechanics and musicians. Specimens of the latter, as regards their instruments, I have collected; and in their mechanism I shall, I hope, have the pleasure of showing you my coffee-mill and spoons.

"The other night they gave a grand entertainment in consequence of a marriage: wrestling by torchlight formed the principal amusement. The head of these men dined with me to-day—a sort of wild savage. Allow me to say, I keep the *very best* of Xanthian society, which to me is highly interesting, both in a professional point and one of general observation.

"I much regret that I must shortly be leaving; I expect about the 25th of this month. I then go to Rhodes, a most curious place indeed, and hope to be in England about four months from the present.

"I obtained some information relative to opium when at Smyrna. I dined with the Dutch Consul, Chevalier Van Lenope; he is a great grower of the poppy. I will obtain specimens, and give them to you on my return.

"I have, I am sorry to say, done little or nothing in collecting plants; few are in blossom as yet. There is a great variety of birds. One very splendid kingfisher is peculiar to the country, as also a small red-headed woodpecker. Eagles and vultures abound: we shot one, the other day, measuring nine feet four from one end of the wing to the other. All goes to the British Museum. I think this is as it should be. Coins are not common. I promised Mr. Fellows not to collect for myself, so I have but very few. My curiosities are, tending to display the country by sketching, and for this purpose I wish I had more power and more time. Truly may it be called a beautiful and highly interesting place.

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"In the excavations we have been disappointed in not finding more metal things. Did the fire destroy them? (see Herodotus). Be it as it may, little exists, and what is looked for in the tombs has already been taken by former inhabitants. There is, I truly believe, no tomb unopened; this proves they contained something worth opening them for. They now serve as abodes for jackals, and heaven knows what. The former are so common that we have had them about our tent, and on a moonlight night frequently see their shadow cast on it. I fear this will prove anything but what I could wish it—interesting. You must attribute its length to the same cause as, I think, Pliny states, 'I have not enough time to make it short.' Pardon it, my dear sir, and, believe me, I most sincerely hope you and your family have enjoyed health since my absence, and may continue the same. I remain,

"Most sincerely yours, obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—Will you oblige me by giving Mr. Solly my compliments, and trust to be home in time to contribute to some of the conversaziones. His kindness I shall ever remember, and be pleased in acknowledging, as also seeking an opportunity of returning. If Master Bob continues his nautical partialities, pray tell him in this part of the world there is a new sort of craft called *Hardship*. Pardon a miserable pun, and on my return I hope to make him a model of a Greek caïque as a punishment."

To J. C. GOODEN, ESQ.

"Xanthus, Asia Minor,
"January 16th, 1844.

"MY DEAR GOODEN,—To prove to you that I have not forgotten my promise of writing you a line to say *how I*

am going ON, I at present avail myself of the opportunity of the *Devastation's* calling here, which has been sent express from Constantinople to take letters, &c., to Malta, proving the attention of Sir E. Owen, admiral of the Mediterranean fleet.

"Well, then, I was, *much against* my inclination, detained at Smyrna for three weeks, in consequence of Mr. Fellows having gone in the *Medea* direct to Rhodes. I took *for him* from the first-mentioned place supplies, money, and servants, and starting in the Austrian boat came to Rhodes. Here, making a dash for it, I hired a small boat, and sailed at once for the mouth of the river Xanthus, *escaped pirates*, astonished the officers of the *Medea*, and arrived safe. The pirates, let me tell you, are not a fable. A serious affair has taken place since my residence here, which may have reached the English papers; the perpetrators have been punished with death.

"Well, now for the Land of Promise. As soon as I had delivered the dispatches I had with me, as also the firmans from our minister at Constantinople (Sir S. Canning) empowering Mr. F. to dig and discover, I began to think of my own affairs, and to see if my paper would be well occupied. I am, then, by no means enraptured with the place, but have been forced to make it my head-quarters. Our tent pitched, the ground our bed, and a little kitchen made, comfort soon began to repay me for all we had gone through. 'We'—I say we, as remember H. Johnson (who is a good boy) is my companion, and *we* in future will also comprise my dragoman, Nicolo Dopolo—*We*, then, soon found that tents are pleasant things in pleasant weather; but one hundred and eight hours of continuous wet, hurricane, with rain in torrents, lightning that saved your burning a lamp at night, and at times a wind going that required every moment's attention to the cordage of your temporary home, proved by no means the most delightful part of my journey; but such we have just experienced, it now being

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the winter season. The 'marvel-hunters,' as the sailors term Mr. Fellows and his party—which latter consists of Scharf and Hawkins—architect the latter, and artist the former—about eighty seamen, Lieutenants Massey and Temple, with Dr. Armstrong, four midshipmen, and one or two other officers—live in houses. We rough it; but more of this when I see you. I have had *much* kindness, and much rascally mean conduct, shown me. Amen. You will expect me to give some account of the doings of these marvel-hunters. They have cut roads, dug up lions, cut up tombs, found inscriptions they cannot read (there is no great scholar amongst the lot), drawn things not worth the drawing, and measured things that nobody will care anything about, &c., &c. But to be serious on a serious subject, as it is a national one: you will receive about thirty or forty pieces of a sculptured temple (new), two glorious tombs, no end of bits, and cheap at about £5000 or £6000!! The tombs are very fine; I dare say many people will think the bas-reliefs the same. There's no accounting for taste in these things; we must even doubt if there's any power to define it.

"And now for your obedient servant. Well, my dear fellow, I have not done much. I have not been idle. I am sure I have worked with a good will, and I have some fine subjects, principally amongst the people. The Yurooks live in tents, as also the Turkomans (the Cingaries), who form another curious link in Turkish society. They, like our gipsies in England, wander about; but they *work*, and here the resemblance is not the same. I wish you could have seen the grand wrestling-match by torchlight. I am a great friend of the principal wrestler. He is a glorious fellow. Oh, Clipstone Street! Oh, ye little water-colour imps of great water-colour drawings! Oh, ye admirers of rags as costume! How your eyes would have opened to have seen the wonders of that scene, and many, many

others in which I have been! Wild-boar hunting is not bad with Turks; and we have a marsh at hand that supplies us with the former, and fever! The pine-forests with blazed trees are very good, but my best landscape subjects come from Tlos and Pinara. I have visited many other places, and should more, but there is a sameness. The tombs in the rocks form the great feature, and these, often repeated, are not desirable.

"My folio will be a varied one. I, nevertheless, am by no means content with what I have done. I fear in many of my sketches they are but just equal to my former ones. The climate is much against one. The *sunshine* intense, the shadow cold. One gets black in the former, in the latter the ague. How much an artist goes through, to acquire what people at conversaziones go through in five minutes! Did it ever strike you in that light?

"I must hope to do better. I leave here, thank God, in about ten days. The Expedition, middle or end of March. I for Rhodes (a prime place). The Jersey man, or old Father Thames, alias Dighton, would like it. He never asked me to write him, so he can't be anxious to know anything about me, unless it comes cheap, perhaps; so only communicate to him this on his payment of half-a-dozen cigars.

"How are they all in England? How often that question intrudes itself on some of these glorious nights, when the moonlight enables one to draw nearly as well as daylight. How often that question suggests itself none can tell but he who has been in some of the solitary places I have lately lived in—mountains and tombs—and then he need be possessed of a warmer heart than some of our acquaintances. How is Wilson? Charles Baxter? and my old friend Charles Bentley? Do oblige me, if you see any inquiring spirit, remember me kindly to him. To yourself, my dear fellow, let me wish you health, and at this time a happy *new year*.

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"I said I go to Rhodes. I stay some time; from thence Smyrna—pass quarantine—Malta—and home. I have some odd ideas of another start. I know—not 'a bank,' but a country; but let me accomplish this first. If you have an idle minute, will you write me a line at Malta? You know what a glorious thing it is to receive a letter. In the next place, pardon the haste of this—in consequence, its mistakes. I have eight to write to-day. That *Devastation* has illness on board—small-pox and heaven knows what—and is in a great hurry to get to Malta, so I must now say adieu. We shall, I hope, meet in four or five months. God bless you, and let me hope Mr. and Mrs. Gooden enjoy their usual health.

"Believe me to remain,

"Your sincere friend,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To JOS. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"Mairy, Asia Minor,
"February 12th, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The privilege granted by the desire of our friends to hear from us when we are separated by considerable distance forms one of the greatest pleasures of travel, and I now avail myself of that privilege in correspondence to your desire.

"Few positions in life require more patience than waiting the change of winds; such is mine at present, and when it does take place I bid adieu to the coast of Asia for Rhodes, and, in short, I shall be on my homeward passage.

"I have left Xanthus, the Expedition, and a tent-life—the latter with much more pleasure than the former. Our winter has been severe; and one hundred and twenty continuous hours surrounded by constant hurricane, lightning, and wet cloth, without a fire or a dry place to sleep in, rather *damps*

the ardour of a sketcher. Such has been the situation of myself, friend, and servant, on more than one occasion, and during nights of the most awful storms; yet, thank God, we have had *excellent health*, and if at times a little depressed by seeing our positions, we have not here in general wanted cheerful spirits.

"Mr. Fellows, the young artist of the expedition, with officers of the *Medea*, with about eighty seamen, form the operative party. In the excavations nothing very remarkable has been discovered. A lion, some portions of the bas-relief—completing those taken at a former time, and now in the British Museum—with fragments of statues, &c., are the most remarkable. Two tombs (in weight each thirteen or fourteen tons) are the treasures; one called the Chimæra Tomb, from some animal with goat's head and lion's body—in short, a curious monster. The figures of the horses to the chariot chasing this strange being are worthy of the very best period of Greek art; and as the tomb has been on one side in the earth, the sculpture is much in the same state we may presume it to have been when it was thrown down by the earthquake. I am pleased beyond measure that we shall possess it as a national antiquity, but cannot say so much of the other intended deposits; they must be looked on more as antiquarian curiosities than models in sculpture. Be it as it may, Government will pay dear for them. May it not have been better to have placed such a sum of money to the procuring rooms suitable to the exhibition of the works of some of those artists who are now year after year left like *cobwebs* in the obscurity of the top or bottom of some of our national exhibition rooms? If they knew the struggle these poor fellows have, and the probable talent that wants but *light* to bring it to maturity, they might have taken the hint. Anything done by our Government for art speaks well. It is something new in England; and I hope, when

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they improve in taste, to see them devote sums of money to *pull down* a few of the monstrous absurdities they (of late) have been sanctioning the building of. The new part of the British Musum—have you seen the design?—will not add to our architectural adornments. I think it is built to keep the Academy and National Gallery in countenance. But I must return, and, amongst all my censure, not forget that when I come home I may merit some myself, by not having fulfilled the anticipations of my sanguine friends. It may be so. True, I have not done all I could have wished to do, and never did; yet have I not been idle, and my folio contains one or two hundred drawings; many more could have been there, but sketching has been attended with more than ordinary difficulties. Firstly, with the people you have religious scruples to get the better of; secondly, the climate is various, from *extreme heat* to cold, requiring much caution—for the plain on which Xanthus is situated furnishes us with wild boars, fever, and leeches, the first of which is very good, the second of a most serious and deadly nature, and the third forms a considerable article of commerce with Smyrna. Greeks brave the fever, and live a sort of life in the marshes, employing the Zingries (a sort of Turkish gipsy) to procure the little sanguinary animal.

"To the time I left Xanthus (February 5th) we had only two cases of fever, one of which was fatal; but it must not be forgotten that H.M.S. the *Monarch*, when sent for the former marbles, lost twenty-five! But they visited the place in June. Water, this winter, as I have seen, covers the flat plain, flooding everything; much stagnant water remains, which, with the intense heat of an Asiatic sun in May and vegetable decomposition, soon produces a fever too to combat with. What might not the industrious habits of the Scotch make of this valley? A paradise!—at least one is led to think so by ordinary observation. Reflection soon tells one the climate would burn the filth out of the country.

"Pinara, twenty miles from Xanthus, is truly a grand spot. Tlos I admire more from the tombs, being of a much more finished and perfect character. It is a bold acropolis perforated with tombs in the rock in the most fantastic confusion, all cut to imitate the rough wooden houses that must at an early period have been in use. Design did not seem to keep pace with the power of execution, else those who could have produced such astonishing work with the sharpest cutting in the hardest marble might have invented a variety of form. Yet believe me, my dear sir, they are superior to the *tureen* and *tea-chest* form in use as monuments in our own country.

"I shall be delighted to show you in drawing these and many other things which, in most objects, gives a better idea than writing. I hope to be in England in two or three months at the latest, and will give you an early sight. In the hope that you have enjoyed good health, and will continue to do the same—of all blessings the greatest; none know it more than those who are away from home and civilisation, and none need hope for it more and pray to realise it than,

"My dear sir,

"Your most sincere and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

XIII.

HARRY JOHNSON'S RECOLLECTIONS OF LYCIAN JOURNEY.

1843–1844.

"10, Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood,
"September 2nd, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,—In accordance with a desire you expressed for such personal recollections of the Lycian journey as might be of interest in throwing any additional light upon that period of Müller's life, I have endeavoured, with the aid of old letters and journals, to narrate, in a brief and sketchy manner, the proximate causes that first suggested the idea of the undertaking, a short history of the tour itself, and such scanty traits of character and habits as occur to me at this distance of time. Though, when all is said, it is but a vague skeleton map, in which localities and dates are indeed legible, but where the most interesting regions are either blank spaces or dotted with thin lines very far apart.

"So far as it goes, however, it is, I believe, a faithful and reliable record of the chief features of a journey that must, I think, always remain a remarkable proof of the energy and enterprise that formed such salient points in the character of William Müller.

"Believe me to remain, my dear sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"N. NEAL SOLLY, Esq." "HARRY JOHNSON.

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son

TENT OF WANDERING YUROOKS LYCIA.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A JOURNEY TO LYCIA WITH WILLIAM MÜLLER. 1843-4.

It was early in the spring of 1843, I being at the time a pupil in Müller's studio, that Mr. Fellows, whose acquaintance he had recently made at some of the scientific societies, first suggested the idea of the Lycian journey. One morning, whilst turning over some sketches from Greece and Egypt, Mr. Fellows was led to speak enthusiastically of the beauty and picturesqueness of the country of Lycia, whence he had quite recently returned, of another projected expedition under Government auspices, for the purpose of removing certain sculptured monuments he had noted, and of prosecuting further researches and excavations amidst the ruins of the recently discovered, or re-discovered, city of Xanthus; and he concluded by warmly urging Müller to go out, offering the protection and advantages accruing from the presence of an expeditionary force, with all the assistance which his position as commander, added to his personal knowledge of the country, enabled him to give. The novelty of the suggestion, added to the glowing description of the scenery and the wild, adventurous life it promised, made a powerful impression on Müller, which, strengthened by every subsequent interview, and by the sight of some sketches illustrative of the character and incidents of the country, ultimately resolved him into a determination to make the expedition that same autumn, trusting to his own resources to reach his destination, and furnished only with a few general directions for guidance. Thirty years ago travelling on the Continent yet retained a spice of novelty and adventure, and was utterly different from what it has become in these days of universal steam and Cook's excursion tickets round the world; so that it was difficult to gain any more precise knowledge of the route to adopt, or the country about to be visited, than that Smyrna was to be the starting-point, and

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that as Lycia appeared to be but very sparsely populated, and that chiefly, if not entirely, by a wild and migratory people, he would have to rely altogether on himself and whatever he took out with him.

When at length the scheme was finally matured Müller wrote to my father, and offered to take me with him as pupil and companion, placing the matter very frankly and liberally before him, and after some little hesitation, to my infinite delight, it was decided that I should accompany him throughout the journey.

This resolved, his rare energy made light of every difficulty, and having forwarded one of Edgington's tents to await us at Smyrna, and laid in an apparently inexhaustible supply of sketching materials, though it eventually proved to be quite insufficient, we started on Monday, the 12th of September, encumbered with very little personal luggage, for Dieppe by the packet *Venezuela* from Shoreham. Arrived in France, we left at nine A.M. on the 13th for Rouen and Paris. At Paris we spent two pleasant days in company with Messrs. Herbert, Watts, and Townshend, and leaving by the Messageries diligence, reached Chalons in thirty-six hours at three A.M., just in time to take the boat on the Saone for Lyons, where we arrived the same night. The following morning, at three A.M., we were steaming down the Rhone for Avignon, and, reaching it in fourteen hours, rested a day. And here it was that Müller made his first sketch of the ruined bridge with the palace of the popes. Arriving by diligence the day following at Marseilles, we had still some hours to spare before embarking, on the 21st, on board the *Minos* for Malta, touching at the Italian ports on our way. It was either at Leghorn or Civita Vecchia that Mr. Fellows and his party came on board, and it was then arranged that Müller should undertake to procure certain firmans whilst at Smyrna necessary for the Expedition, and be there rejoined by them, in order to make the

passage thence to Lycia together in the Government steamer. This part of the arrangement, however, came to nothing, as the steamer never turned up, and we were left to our own devices.

At Malta, finding that the corresponding boat for Smyrna started a few hours after our arrival, Müller decided to postpone a proposed exploration of the antiquities of the island, in connection with a project for the publication of a work on Rhodes and Malta, to be called "The Age of the Crusaders," until his return journey should give him more leisure. So leaving Malta on the 29th of September we arrived at Smyrna by way of Syra on October 4th.

Here he was soon engrossed with preparations for our outfit. Engaging a servant to act as interpreter, cook, and to attend to the domestic duties of our future tent-life, he proceeded to fit out a canteen, provide cotton mattrasses, with waterproof bags, stores of rice, coffee, and biscuit, obtain our own passports, and those specially intended to enable Mr. Fellows to excavate, and, finally, to convert our bills of exchange into sacks of small coin, so as to be negotiable with the semi-barbarous people we should so soon be amongst. Such matters detained him longer than he had calculated upon—a delay not to be regretted, as the season was full early for the country to which we were bound, whilst every spare hour of his time was devoted to sketching, either in the cemeteries, the camel-market, on the hill behind the castle, or on the shores of the Gulf, occasionally making excursions inland as opportunities occurred, and each day adding to a collection of studies and sketches which, even before he left Smyrna, was already important, both in size and number. After nearly three weeks spent in this way, having latterly been detained waiting for the firmans from Constantinople, we left Smyrna on October 19th by one of the Austrian Lloyds' boats, and landed at Rhodes on the morning of the 21st. Here, finding that Mr. Fellows, whom

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we had been daily expecting to meet or hear from, had already gone on in a Government boat, a hurried inspection of the picturesque spots in Rhodes was made, and, returning to our baggage on the mole, the remainder of the day was spent in negotiations for the hire of a craft to take us across to the mainland of Asia Minor, the snowy mountains of which we could faintly discern. It was not until after much bad language had passed between our servant Nicolo and the boatmen, accompanied with energetic flourishing of the fingers under each other's noses, that a boat was ultimately engaged, as the rumour of several acts of piracy in the narrow waters made the coasters reluctant to go over. At last, however, our rice, coffee, and piastres were stowed underneath us in a small undecked Greek caïque, and sundown saw us gliding across the canal dividing Rhodes from the mainland. It afterwards proved that we really had a narrow escape of an adventure here, as a merchant-vessel was burnt and her crew murdered within a few hours of the time of our passage. This pirate kept the whole coast in a state of alarm for months, but was ultimately captured and imprisoned in the castle at Rhodes, whence he cleverly escaped during our stay in the succeeding year, and defeated the Pasha's armed yacht in an engagement.

The next morning at sunrise we were slowly running along the coast, endeavouring to sight the ship of war which we knew had brought over the Expedition, and was then stationed off the mouth of the river Xanthus, and where, shortly after midday, she was discovered at anchor. Müller immediately endeavoured to signal her, by running up to the end of the yard the only colours we had—our table-cloth, with a red bandana handkerchief underneath; and after a time this seemed to pique the curiosity of those on board, as we saw a boat lowered and manned, which overhauled us and transferred us to the gun-room of H.M.S.S.

Medea. There, after the first expressions of astonishment as to our mode of joining, we received a hearty welcome and lunch, and, being impatient to get ashore, we were put across the bar at the mouth of the river and landed on a sandy beach, with a promise that our tent and baggage should be towed up the river for us on the following day. A heavy walk under a scorching sun, with the Acropolis of Xanthus as our guide, brought us towards evening to the encampment of the Expedition, about eleven miles from the sea; and, being thoroughly exhausted, we for that night slept on some freshly cut myrtle-bushes, with our feet to a fire. In the course of the third day, our tent and baggage having arrived, our camp was pitched on a sloping plateau about eighty feet above the plain; a cooking-shed and fire-place, erected in the rear of the tent, roughly fitted with seats, which served for many a night after as a rendezvous for the officers attached to the Expedition, and where, over black coffee and pipes, many a song was sung and many a yarn was spun after the work of the day was over. And now, being fairly settled, Müller was at length free to begin work. His routine was simple and regular; breakfast at eight, then, lighting the inseparable pipe, and slinging his gun across his shoulders, he started off, folio under arm, for the day, rarely returning to the tent till just before sundown, to avoid the malarious miasma hanging over the marsh at that hour; a dinner, neither remarkable nor elaborate, followed, and almost invariably consisted of fowls or quail, rice, and butter, made into a stew. We then adjourned to the cooking-shed for coffee, where our visitors were generally waiting for us, and, in story-telling, singing, and smoking, the evenings passed away rapidly enough. Neither climate nor fatigue seemed to have any effect on Müller, and at the day's close he never failed to return with one or more of those water-colour sketches that have since so powerfully excited the admiration of the world of art, and stamped him as the most

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original and brilliant sketcher of any time. As days passed and he continued to work on regularly and unflaggingly, he gained increased facility in execution, and on more than one occasion, when his subjects lay conveniently near together, I have known him complete three finished coloured half-imperial sketches between breakfast and sundown. Every object about was turned to some use; the baggage-camels that bore us our fire-wood, the donkey that brought fowls for the larder, and the gipsy that carried water from the Xanthus to our tent in a huge gourd, served him, over and over again, as models; every bird shot that seemed to him at all rare or interesting was sketched, and not unfrequently skinned and preserved, whilst every incident in any way illustrative of the customs or amusements of the natives was carefully noted; and, like a thorough traveller as he was, his first care, on pitching his camp, was to establish a good understanding between the natives and himself, by means of frequent little presents of gunpowder, matches, needles, and cutlery, of which he had taken out a small stock for this special purpose; so that we were at all times welcome to their hospitality and made free of their tents, and this even when there was bad blood between them and the expeditionary force. When, after a few weeks' residence, I was down with the fever, he at once closed the tent door on the surgeon, and would not allow him even to see me, but treated me according to what he called the rules of nature, in contradistinction to the system then adopted of letting blood; and undoubtedly his mode was far the more successful, for the fever, as treated by the surgeons, proved singularly fatal, and weakened the Expedition considerably.

Prompt and ready in resources, enthusiastic in his love for his profession, as he was untiring in industry and eminently self-reliant, perhaps even self-asserting, from the first hour the tent was pitched to that when it was finally struck,

I never remember him to faulter, or doubt of success, nor fail, in whatsoever dilemma we were placed, in proving himself master of the situation.

November 15th.—Struck tent early, and started it with the baggage-camels in advance, *en route* for Pinara, some twenty miles up the valley on the Cragus range of mountains. Following, we overtook them on the banks of a torrent, tributary of the Xanthus, called the Mangerchi, where a halt had been necessitated by the swollen state of the river and the difficulty of finding the ford. Ultimately crossed by swimming the horses over; the camels, however, got into trouble, one being carried down the torrent, discharging the impedimenta from his back, consisting of trunks, boxes, and an Italian servant, into the water in his struggles, whence, however, one after the other, was picked up without much damage. Once across, we soon arrived at Minara, a village at the foot of the Cragus range of hills, on one of which the ancient Pinara, for which we were bound, was situated.

The ascent occupied us, in the dark, nearly two hours, and on arriving the tent was pitched, by torchlight, on a level plateau in the midst of the ruins of the city. Here for the next nine days Müller was indefatigably occupied in exploring and sketching all that time permitted; and whoever has seen the marvellous results of his nine days' work, achieved amidst the incessant anxieties and worries of the journey, in a wild country, and upon an exposed hill-top, will readily agree in calling his energy something wonderful.

On the third night after our arrival, in the midst of a hurricane of rain and lightning, a furious rush of wind tore up the tent, and carried it away, leaving us, drenched with the storm, to scramble after what shelter we could find in the old tombs that were scattered amongst the ruins. Next morning, however, with sunshine, the tent was repitched,

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our wet clothes dried, and all fell into shape again, and such episodes were quietly accepted as necessary ingredients of the journey. About the end of November, however, the weather had given so many unmistakable signs of breaking up, that it was decided to quit our camping-ground and return to Xanthus, where we had barely time to get settled in our old quarters when the rainy season set in—this time in earnest, as for five days and nights there was no cessation. This reduced us, with all our effects inside the tent, to a state of pulp from the incessant spray driven through the canvas by the constant beating of the rain. As far as we could see, the valley was a vast lake, the turbulent river having broken its boundaries and flooded the whole marsh. Consequently all the dwellers in the plains were driven to encamp on the rising ground round about us, and all day long files of camels, laden with the families and baggage of the wandering tribes, were making their way through the flood towards us. Müller eagerly seized this opportunity of sketching in the tents of these people, and his numerous studies of domestic life, and incidents of character and costume, were collected about this time; and when after the subsiding of the waters he was enabled to get abroad again, finding the country was yet very wet and soaked, he decided upon another excursion inland to the ancient city of Tlos, lying on a spur of the Massicetus mountains, some forty miles higher up the valley. Accordingly, about the beginning of the new year, we left our old quarters, with the tent standing, trusting to find some sort of accommodation at our destination; and after nine hours' riding over a difficult country, absolutely without any track, we found ourselves at the summit of a rude rock staircase, that formed the approach to this veritable eagle's nest, where we were received by the Aga—a sort of feudal chief—with much brusqueness, and without the smallest show of hospitality. On asking for shelter, we

were directed to a filthy den in the rock used for stabling beasts, and a long and wordy squabble ensued. In the end, however, by combined firmness and tact, he was prevailed upon to give up to us a large empty chamber in the castle, which was certainly more roomy than the tent, though hardly more weatherproof. Directly Müller found his position secure, he was at work again with renewed energy, amidst scenery more wildly picturesque and romantic than I ever recollect to have seen since. Imagine a precipitous crag, a lower spur of the mountains thrust out into the valley, about which it rose a thousand feet or more, backed by the snow-capped range of the Massicetus, and crowned with the ruins of an ancient Greek city, out of which grew as it were the grey walls of a mediæval castle; clothe the sides of this crag with myrtle, wild olive, and arbutus, and stud it with sculptured monuments, columns, and triumphal arches where it slopes smoothly to the valley, place a noble theatre, whose gleaming marble seats remain but little injured by the twenty centuries that have passed since they echoed to the applause of an audience, then fill the air with the music of the dancing streams on their way to the valley below, and you will have a faint idea of the situation of the ancient Tlos. After some ten days' work, the weather continuing very unsettled, owing to our close proximity to the mountains, it was decided to return to Xanthus, in the anticipation of an excursion to Myra and Antiphellus, three or four days' journey eastward, where Mr. Fellows proposed certain researches. To enable Müller to accomplish this, an invitation from Mr. F. was essential, as he was commander of the Expedition, and, for the time being, of the steam frigate that was to convey the party, and our own stock of Turkish coin having been borrowed to meet the current expenses of the Expedition, and not at this time repaid. However, though his earnest desire to see these places was well known, as no invitation to join the party on board

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the *Medea* was received, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that his presence was not desired, and that it was not thought possible to extend to him any facilities for seeing more of the country; with what loss to the art-world in general, we can now fairly conjecture.

Disappointed in this hope, on which he had relied so much, Müller spent the remainder of the time in short excursions round Xanthus, until the feverish nature of the country and the growing heat of the sun, together with the sense of discomfort now attendant on his continued presence with the Expedition, induced him to leave Xanthus finally, and strike across the country to Macri, the ancient Telmessus, whence he hoped to get across to Rhodes. So, early one morning in the beginning of February the weather-stained tent that had been our home so long was struck, never again to be pitched on Asiatic ground; our surplus utensils and stores were divided amongst our old friends, the Yurooks, our horses finally packed, and the river forded, when gaining the crest of a hill some twenty minutes distant, and turning in our saddles, we saw the last of Xanthus.

A two days' ride through a lovely country brought us to Macri—a miserable fever-stricken port, surrounded by salt marshes, with a superb harbour, splendid scenery, and antiquities.

We took possession of an empty room * in a house on the edge of the swamp—a wretched place enough, as I look back upon it now, and where the nights were made hideous by the myriads of frogs that kept up their concert till day broke. I cannot now recollect the length of our stay here; all I know is that about the 12th February Müller hired an open boat to take us over to Rhodes, though in consequence of heavy weather we did not start, but stayed on as it

* This was the room of which he made the masterly sketch called "My Room," that excited such competition at his sale.

seemed to me with small chance of ever leaving the sickly steaming place; when one morning H.M.S. *Virago* steamed suddenly into the harbour. This led at once to fraternization; and when the commander learned our condition, he at once offered to take us across, on his departure, in a few days. So till then we made a jolly time, landed on unexplored islands, made shooting-parties after pelicans and wild boars, and living almost constantly on board the frigate, enjoyed the change of commissariat exceedingly.

At length on February 18th we steamed out of the bay of Glaucus, with our hospitable hosts, bidding adieu for ever to Lycia.

On landing in Rhodes, Müller took up his quarters in the Franciscan Convent, and at once proceeded to investigate the resources of the place, with a view to his projected work, "The Age of the Crusaders," for which he collected a great amount of picturesque material; but owing to a combination of circumstances, one of the chief of which was the failure of his supply of water-colours, this scheme was never fully carried out. From this period, when his industry assumed a less energetic form, his thoughts turned homewards, and, after a fortnight's pleasant residence in the Convent, he decided to take the first Austrian boat for Smyrna, abandoning the idea of his work on Malta altogether, and anxious to ascertain the verdict of those at home on the results of his adventurous expedition. Our departure was made memorable by a farewell dinner to the Superior and the monks, whose hospitality we had enjoyed so long: for this, great preparations were made, the chapel itself being despoiled of all its finery in drapery and altar cloths for the adornment of our room and tables. Everything passed off with *éclat*, and specially so did certain Lycian dishes, introduced in a moment of inspiration by Nicolo, our Greek servant. Complimentary speeches were

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made all round, and the party dispersed to the shouts of "Viva il Padre Presidente." The same night there was a smart shock of earthquake, which cracked the outer walls of the fortress, and rang the Convent bells. Leaving Rhodes the following day, on our way for Smyrna we encountered so heavy a gale that we were forced to make for the little harbour of Valni, where we sheltered twenty-four hours, and on arriving at Smyrna were thrust into the miserable lazzaretto for nine days! Our prison was shared by a French nobleman returning from the Holy Land. It was a large, bare room, with earthen floor and grated windows open to the sky, from which some miserable beings, more wretched than ourselves, were expelled to make room for us.

The days dragged along wearily, as all such days must, and, as a relief and resource, on the first day of our arrival Müller commenced, with the remnants of his colours, a series of cartoons on the walls of his room illustrative of the salient features and adventures of the Asiatic journey, and, by the time our term of imprisonment had expired, had covered the whole of the long wall opposite the windows with these distemper sketches, some of them five feet in length, which contained the first ideas of many of his important pictures painted after his return. I well reccollect that they so powerfully excited the admiration of our fellow-prisoner, that he constantly expressed his earnest intention of returning from France with the means of removing them from the plaster to his residence in Touraine.

When at length we escaped from quarantine, we spent some time at Smyrna, exploring the adjacent country, with a view to a future excursion, which he spoke very earnestly about; but no more sketching, for lack of material, until the arrival of the boat for Malta enabled us to take the homeward route in the regular course, including a second detention on our arrival there of seven days,

before we left by the coast route for Marseilles, about April 17—19th.

There, finding all the diligences filled for some days in advance, we joined two other travellers and posted to Paris, arriving on the 29th of April, and, after a few days' stay, we left by way of Havre, and landed in England on the 4-5th of May, 1844, after eight months' absence.

XIV.

HOME AGAIN.—VISIT TO LYNMOUTH.

1844.

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AS already stated in Mr. H. Johnson's paper, the travellers, on their return from Asia Minor, reached Paris on the 29th April. Here Müller determined to remain a few days, as the annual exhibition of modern French pictures was then just opened in the Louvre, and he was anxious to be posted up as to the progress of art in France. The following letter, written by Müller from Paris at this date, is interesting I think, as it conveys a few ideas and criticisms on French art, and especially refers to French landscapes:—

To J. GOODEN, ESQ., *London.*

"Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion, Paris,
"30th April, 1844.

"MY DEAR GOODEN,—My pleasure was great in receiving a letter from you when at Malta, its contents acquainting me with London news. You will see I am all but home. I now write to tell you that, as I shall not be in town for a month or so, should you hear of my arrival in England you will not have to accuse me of silence. Your giving up Clipstone Street does not surprise me; your keeping it on did. Some struggle with the Society to make themselves

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THE LION TOMB IN THE ACROPOLIS. XANTHUS.

known; it reminds me of * * * * * Don't think I have become *all* temperate of late because in Asia Minor I could not obtain liquor, or that they do not sell porter and Dublin stout in some Lycian tomb. I have seen it sold in a pyramid, and I've drunk it also; and perhaps one day the valley of the Xanthus, when overrun by the *Giaour*, may find these comforts.

"Fellows's valley may be changed.

"Dighton writes me. His marriage is a little amusement of *yours*, as *he* is silent. He is full of explanations on the other subject. I am bound to take it. He says his picture is hung pretty well for a commencement. Die has not been ignorant that young Goodall and Mr. Wells are great friends, and might have felt a little surprise at its not being better placed; but so it is.

"Well, you will now expect to hear a little about myself, and what I have been doing: not much, yet I have some fine things. The winter has been horrid—a hundred and fifty hours in a tent, with *constant* rain!—*torrents!* I like rain well enough, but I hate it when it pours when it has no reason, and when it seems to venge its spite on you as if it owed you some grudge. The consequences of all this was I could get no dinner, or hardly a light to my pipe. The river became tired of its bed, so rose, and had a run over the plain, drowning cattle and forcing the Turks to leave their homes; soaking Fellows's operations, &c.

"I smoked, and wondered how men can find such accurate information for books—'The country of Xanthus is a very dry one, having at most not more than two or three days' rain in the season'! We have had six weeks! I got tired of that and boiled fowls, so I started for Macri. This for scenery surpasses many other spots I have visited, its only objection being that the features are rather similar to other places. Rhodes I arrived at: I had the passage in H.M.S. *Virago*. Now I did

CHAP. XIV. 1844. intend to publish some book about Knight Templars, &c. I am sick of that sort of thing. I gave up the idea, sketched port views by day, and played half-piastre speculation in the evening with the monks of the Convent and with my friend Chambers Hall. Books of prints do little to raise a man's reputation as an artist. Every fellow that knows how to cut a black-lead pencil goes out, sketches, comes home, and publishes a book. I *want* to *paint*, Gooden; it's oozing out of my fingers. I covered the walls of the lazaretto at Smyrna, and at Malta they would not let me. True, I did steal down and sketched a lot of monkeys in quarantine—with one more ugly than the others. This was a good portrait of the gardiano; he does not like it.

"Die says Pyne has a sketching-box—*trunk* shall I call it? Poor Poole has been served a dirty trick, and his *pretty* pictures will be a favourite. I hate them, as I do *all pretty* things. Eastlake is better.

"I have just seen the Louvre (modern exhibition); there are some *very* fine pictures. I like France and French art much more than I did. I can at present only make a few remarks on the landscape-painters. I am delighted with one or two, but there is a great want of originality. They are all like Poussin; they all copy him. The man I like paints views of towns on the Nile, and it is curious they are *highly* finished pictures: he paints the skies the last thing; his execution is wonderful, and his figures are also very fine.

"I think, after all, we English take a good stand in art. I am going to-morrow again. I am most anxious to form, if possible, a just estimation of French art. They have many great men, but they have many faults. The great want of colour is the first thing that strikes me; and if one looks down the side of the gallery, it is enough to make one shut one's eyes—there is no harmony, but, to me, dull orange and intense blue. Well, my dear fellow, the paper is just at

an end—in the true sense of the word let me write *adieu*, and believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I will find you out early on my coming to town. I expect I shall start on another sketching excursion. I do not want to begin painting till September or October. The Thames, about Windsor, or the rivers of Devonshire will furnish my subjects."

Müller left Paris on the 4th, and arrived in England on the 5th of May, when he proceeded at once to his old quarters in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury.

When about to start for Lycia in the previous autumn, he had left all his traps, folios of sketches, pictures, and books in his front room there, which he locked and took the key away with him; he also adopted the precaution of placing a a pack-thread across the doorway inside, so that he might thus ascertain on his return whether any one had entered the room during his absence. When he arrived from Lycia, however, full of the delight of getting back home after all his hardships, he forgot all about the pack-thread, and, opening the door with his usual impetuosity, he entered, and only some hours afterwards the thought of the pack-thread guard rushed across his mind.

Müller only stayed just long enough in London to put his things straight and make a few arrangements, when he started off for Bristol on a visit to his brother, leaving his fine collection of sketches behind him to be mounted at Hogarth's. He, however, took with him several Turkish costumes, which he had brought home with him from Asia Minor to assist him in the detail of the pictures to be painted. Müller and one or two of his friends dressed up in these costumes, and were photographed: two of these

CHAP. XIV. 1844. (daguerrotypes) are still in the possession of Mr. Edmund Müller, where I have seen them. At Bristol, with his usual ardour, he at once recommenced sketching and painting pictures.

Mr. John Harrison and his brother were usually his companions when out on sketching excursions, some of which will be found described in Mr. Harrison's paper. In July, Müller and his brother, accompanied by West the artist, went to Lynmouth, on the north coast of Devon. The scenery of this spot (close to Linton) is exquisitely beautiful—a rocky mountain river, surrounded by high hills and overhanging trees. Müller had never been there before; he was charmed with its quiet beauty, which, in his quaint language, he described as "taking a dose of medicine," after the wild and romantic spots he had lately painted. Here Müller remained about two months, and brought back with him to Bristol four or five oil-pictures, painted entirely out of doors from nature, and two dozen or more sketches and drawings in water-colour; and his brother informs me that neither the oils nor water-colours were ever touched or worked upon afterwards. One of the oil-pictures, which I have seen in the collection of Mr. J. D. Weston, of Clifton, is a fine oval, two feet by three, dated 1844; it represents a clear stream of water falling over rocks, and sweeping round quiet, limpid pools, with overhanging trees. Neutral greys and yellows and very low-toned greens are the prevailing hues; you appear to see the stones underneath the water, and to partake of the delicious coolness of this retired glen. Although the handling is broad, there is no apparent want of finish. The painting is solid, and, like his other Lynmouth subjects, there is plenty of chiaroscuro.

Another of Müller's very charming oil-sketches of a rocky stream and ravine at Lynmouth—an upright, two feet two inches by two feet ten inches (round topped)—is in the collection of Mr. William Kenrick, Edgbaston. It was lent to

the Wolverhampton Exhibition in 1869, being then in the possession of Mr. T. M. Whitehouse. This picture is also very remarkable for the transparency of the water and the general purity and quietness of the colouring; the light grey rocks contrast well with the deep amber tones of the pools of water, and the trees which overhang the stream are lofty and very elegant in form. There is no figure, and the whole picture suggests thorough repose and seclusion.

I will now give the letters which were written by Müller during this summer and autumn:—

To BENJ. JOHNSON, ESQ., *Birmingham.*

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"Sunday [12th May, 1844].

"MY DEAR SIR,—Want of time has prevented me writing to you before. You will have heard from your son all our pleasures, all our vexations—all our success and all our disappointments; and through all his conduct has been what I expected. He has *much* improved in his sketching, and if not in quantity what you might have anticipated, great allowance must be made for his want of experience in the class of subjects he was drawing and the enormous time we had to pass in travel. From curious circumstances, I have received no intelligence of your health during the eight months we have been away (your son had no letter). Here there must have been some mistake, doubtless; but let me hope it has been good—such as we have in general enjoyed. My plans for the future I hardly know. My sketches form a most important collection, and please me more than I expected. Truly I have some *fine* subjects.

"I long to get to town, but fear my brother, with his new painting-room, will induce me to paint a picture or two here for the country exhibitions; then, perhaps, sketch a few weeks, and return to London for the winter, and commence my

CHAP. XIV. 1844. heavy work, when I hope to be enabled to show you what I have been doing.

Pray, my dear sir, remember me to your son, and believe me to remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"May 17th, 1844."

"MY DEAR SIR,—It was with some pleasure I received your letter of this morning. I hasten to reply to remove an impression which you seem to have received relative to the extra expenses of our excursion. Whatever they may have been is now past, and I shall expect nothing to be further said on the subject; by so doing you will oblige me.

"I need hardly confess to you that, when I undertook our journey, I did not expect many difficulties that I met with, many of a nature (doubtless your son has made you acquainted with) that arose from jealousy of feeling, &c. Thank heavens, by a steady line of conduct all these have been conquered, and when I have the pleasure of seeing you in town, I think you will confess I have brought home some things that repay me for my vexations.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To S. C. HALL, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"Date [beginning of June], 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It was with great pleasure, on my arrival in England, which after all my troubles I have reached, that I found, with your usual kindness, you had published my poor communication from Xanthus.

"This has induced me to finish one I commenced at Malta, and, from the considerable interest people have taken in the late expedition, if divested of some of its faults, may give some instruction or amusement. Of that class I have no end of matter, and if acceptable to you I would send you others, as well as sketches to illustrate them; and I must confess it is a pity not to make known many of the ceremonies and customs of the people amongst whom I have been, as also their costumes. I can only add, if acceptable to you, I will devote more care to another.

"The present treat as you please; if too long, cut it down, &c.

"I have brought home a fair number of sketches, and do hope to be in town in a few weeks, and have an opportunity of turning them over with you.

"Believe me to remain, my dear sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To JOS. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"June 13th, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—My last letter was dated from Xanthus. My troubles are now over, and with a browned face I am narrating my adventures to my brother. My sketches are in London, and I hope to join them in a few weeks. My present purpose in writing is to ask if you would have the kindness to forward me the exact size of the little picture you desired me to paint for you. I had several commissions of a similar nature, and commenced some four or five, all nearly the same dimensions, but with no ultimate intention as to the party who was to possess the one or the other; now amongst the number so commenced is the size of the one you sent me, but from my stupidity I truly cannot say which,

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but may add should you on receiving it dislike it, pray return it me, and I will paint another.

"It will be with great pleasure I shall some day look forward to show you the fruits of my excursion, which, thank God, has, through His kindness, been brought to a close with health and happiness.

"Believe me to remain, yours most sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

"Highland Cottage, Lynmouth, Devon,
"Friday morning, August 16th, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I write your son to-day, and am glad to hear that what he has done from his Lycian sketches does not disappoint. Now as your ideas and mine, relative to your son spending the winter or part of it in town, are the same, I think it will be best for him to have his lodgings as usual, paint partly with me, according to circumstances, or, as he pleases, join Clipstone Street Academy, draw in the evenings from nature, and attend the demonstrative course of anatomy, which is no extra expense. This will keep his time fully occupied, and must be highly improving to his future prospects.

"Then I think it will not be for the next five weeks or more that I shall go back to town and my home, so that he will have some time with you to paint from his N. W. sketches.

"I trust you will consider that if I advance his interests, it will be as well a pleasure to me, as, considering all circumstances, I almost think it a duty. Believe me, my dear sir, to remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—Here I am painting away. This week have had rain, wind, &c., so I am doing little; but, however disagreeable, I must keep to it three or four weeks longer."

To Benj. Johnson, Esq., *Birmingham.*

"Highland Cottage, Lynmouth, Devon,
"[September, 1844.]

"My dear Sir,—I have not for a long time past had the pleasure of hearing from your son. What is he doing? or what do you intend he shall do this winter? which I am sorry to say is fast coming on.

"I hope the above questions will not be considered rude; but as I have an interest in his progress, I should be sorry to see a check placed on it, and have now a motive in writing, as I am sure if he remains in the country he must lose much. I have been induced to write to you to say, if he can arrange coming to town, I shall be happy if he will as usual paint during the winter at my rooms. I am at present in treaty with another pupil, which, if I close, will give him society.

"Remaining, my dear sir,

"Yours most truly,

"Wm. Müller.

"P.S.—Please give me a line; I shall not be in town previous to the next six weeks."

To S. C. Hall, Esq.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"[Date, early in September, 1844].

"My dear Sir,—I have just seen the last article of the *Art-Union*, and beg to return my thanks for the very pleasing manner you have paid attention to Xanthus letters.

"Singular enough to say, by not publishing the entire letter, you have done me particular service, as at the end there is an allusion to *expeditions*, *saws*, and *pickaxes* (true enough); but unfortunately these letters already have produced a little jealousy of feeling in a certain party, so that I think, had the part I allude to been in *print*, it might have

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produced unpleasant feelings, worse than at present, and which could be of no service to *me*. Now, if it be your wish to continue these little papers, I will do my utmost to render them pleasing; but I ask, as a personal favour, if you do so, you will oblige me by letting me have the latter part of the last, when I could make those alterations I desire, as also any additions or small drawings.

"I mean to furnish you with some information relative to Bristol, its School of Design, &c., that is to be. What think you of a lady giving £3,000 towards building one? This is true, as well as that I remain

"Your sincerely obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—Pray favour me with an early answer."

To JOS. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"September 22nd, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your long-travelled letter has just reached me. I hasten to reply, and return my thanks for your kind wishes. I am just recovering from a very slight attack of ague, obtained, I think, in the country I have visited.

"Thank God I am a little better now, and hope to be in London in a week or two at the latest. I need hardly add how much pleasure it will give me to show you some of the *spoils* I have from Xanthus. I have truly taken away much, but not, like those armed with authority, torn from earth the monuments of the past, and made spots dear to us from historical associations a wilderness, that but records the evils they have done. Their sins be upon their own heads.

"Believe me, my dear sir, to remain, with every hope of not disappointing your kind wishes,

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To HENRY JOHNSON, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"September 22nd, 1844.

"MY DEAR JOHNSON,—Do you think your old lodgings good enough for you? I have just seen there is a house in *Belgrave Square* West to let—what say you? Well, thanks for forwarding the letter; it turns out of consequence, and has wandered far. Will you oblige me by writing as early as possible, and say when you expect to be in town to reside, decidedly. I hope to be up in a short time, and, if possible, we will contrive to make a meeting on my arrival at my old place; and on your answer I will give you a line, arranging time, &c.

"I am just recovered from a slight ague, but severe illness of some days. My medical attendants say it is from *Xanthus: prenez garde.* In what a d—— of a way I shall be if I get the fever next. My sketches, now mounted, forming six large folios, look splendid (pardon the word); 'tis all the mounting . . . I feel I shall be strong . . . I have oil, none so dusty. Remember me to your father, and believe me to remain

"Your sincere Friend,
"WM. MÜLLER."

To HENRY JOHNSON, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"Monday, September 23rd, 1844.

"MY DEAR JOHNSON,—Our notes *will* cross. I merely wished to say that I have received an invitation to dine with the Man in the Moon* to-morrow. So great a compliment I cannot refuse; so Wednesday morning will see me in town,

* This refers to Sir F. G. Moon, then Alderman Moon, and the well-known publisher of engravings.

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instead of Tuesday evening. This will make no great difference. Pray be at my house at five o'clock. We will have a long chatter. I expect being at 22, Charlotte Street, at half-past four: so a little before five will suit best. I hope your amusement to-day has been great, and I must think such will be the case. As to myself, I am one 'mass of desire' to be hard at work, for although not idle, I have not been fully engaged.

"Trusting your news may be good, I remain,

"Sincerely your Friend,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To HENRY JOHNSON, ESQ., *Birmingham.*

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"26th September, 1844.

"DEAR JOHNSON,—I have just received a letter from Mrs. Bruff to the effect that she wishes me to take her upper room or rooms. Now, if you cannot get your old lodgings, or otherwise, you can for a time, by communicating with me, have a bed in 22, Charlotte Street. I can hardly say I intend taking the rooms, yet it comes an unasked opportunity. Your time is exactly mine, being, curious to say, the day, or within one of the day, I had intended leaving the roof of my brother. . . . . I have, on my word and honour, never touched a single sketch on my return. Nay, the date of Hogarth's receiving them (to mount) is the proof that I could not have had the time to do so. He has kept them three months, or very nearly so! but capitally done at length. When I tell you I have refused painting any picture here for dealers, and never had one application from private hands, it will explain what sort of a place it is for encouragement. I long to see what you have been doing. I will write you

again in a week, stating my time of departure exactly, so as to time our arrival, and give you full notice. Amen.

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—You may as well drive direct from the station to my house. More of that in my next."

At the beginning of October Müller left Bristol, and returned to London, where his young friend and pupil, Harry Johnson, was awaiting him.

And now he commenced to work in his studio from his Lycian sketches, and during the autumn and winter months he painted those large and masterly works (many of which were exhibited in the spring of 1845) which, together with his sketches, made him suddenly famous, and brought to him a great many commissions, most of which, alas! he did not live to fulfil. One of the pictures which Müller painted at this time (end of 1844) was "The Harbour of Rhodes, with a Group of Figures on the Quay," a very brilliant work, about 3 ft. by 2 ft.: a blue sky and blue water, full of sunlight; a grand, square, creamy-white tower and old battlements on the left-hand side; also a group of Turks congregated round an old gun or post, to which some native fishing-boats were moored. This picture was purchased by Mr. Henry Bradley, and at his sale (May, 1860) it fetched £315. He also recommenced his attendance at the Life School in Clipstone Street. The pictures intended for the British Institution—all subjects taken from sketches made on his last journey—were some of the first which occupied his easel; these will be described hereafter, as well as many others painted about this time. The eagerness of his friends to obtain pictures may be gathered from the following letter addressed to Mr. Charles Birch, of Birmingham. The two letters which follow afterwards, written by the Academician

CHAP. XIV. 1844. W. Etty to Müller about the same time, will I think be read with interest; they show that one who was then considered the greatest colourist of the English school was ready and glad to express his admiration for Müller's work. The Mr. Colls mentioned in the first letter was a picture-dealer at that time in London, who had frequently purchased pictures painted by Müller, some of which Etty had probably seen there.

To CHARLES BIRCH, ESQ., *Harbourne, Birmingham.*

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"November 30th, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am pleased you forwarded me our mutual *standing*. As regards the two pictures, they are quite correct; and relative to your frames, as I never knew the price, doubtless they are the same.

"So let it stand I owe you a picture value £20. Now the next thing is, *when* are you to have it? And if you won't consider me intruding advice, I shall say don't be in a hurry for a month or two, which happens to be the case with *all* my present friends—and why? Because I have brought home some very fine subjects; and painting pictures is not like making coats or boots: there is great uncertainty in what we do, try as much as we can to do our best. On this ground I advise you to watch, or in other words to see some of the sketches; and should any of them that please you be commenced by me, I will give you the refusal of the picture.

"Pardon my plainness, and believe me, dear sir,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—Of course I do not allude to those commissions positively given by my friends, for in that instance I could not allow them to be any other person's. Should you see

him, sir, will you give my kind regards to Mr. Cox. I shall be delighted to make him acquainted with Lycia, or for him to see my sketches."

Copy of Letters from WM. ETTY, R.A., *to* WM. MÜLLER.

"14, Buckingham Street, Strand.

"Mr. Etty presents his compliments to Mr. Müller, and, though personally unacquainted with him, begs to say he has often admired his works, and should have pleasure in his acquaintance. Mr. Etty has intended calling on him; but having been much occupied, Mr. E. hopes he will excuse his not having done so, and that he will meet his friend Mr. Colls here at *three* on Thursday next, and partake of a bachelor's dinner. Mr. Etty is compelled to name that early hour, as he is obliged to be at the Royal Academy at half-past five. An answer will oblige."

N.B.—This note was written about November, 1844.

"14, Buckingham Street, Strand,
"December 22nd, 1844.

"DEAR SIR,—You are right in your appreciation of quackery, which sometimes, I feel with you, absorbs too much attention of the modern artist, and, like the *ignis fatuus* to the traveller benighted, leads him sometimes from the true path. The present, however, is an exception, and glass occasionally used to separate the too dense nature of some colours, such as Indian red, is useful, and I thank you for it. I hear much of your sketches, which I should like to see; but the weather and my enemy, a cough, prevent me going out.

"I remain, with thanks, dear sir,

"Yours very truly,

"WM. ETTY.

"WM. MÜLLER, Esq."

CHAP. XIV. 1844. Towards the end of 1844, Mr. Horsman Solly, who always continued to take great interest in Müller and his works, offered to get all his Lycian sketches exhibited at the Graphic, of which society Mr. Solly had long been an influential member.

The exhibition took place at the "Thatched House," and was largely attended by artists and amateurs, and I think I am justified in saying that this collection created quite a sensation. So large a number, and all so excellent! Nothing like them had previously been seen, and the surprise felt was equal to the admiration expressed. Henceforth Müller truly took rank as the great and rapid sketcher.

Like others, I have felt much impressed by the peculiar qualities and excellence of Müller's sketches, and I hope the remarks I shall offer on this subject in the next chapter will not be considered out of place.

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son

THE CRESTED TOMB PINARA LYCIA

XV.

W. MÜLLER AS A SKETCHER.

FEW, I believe, will deny that the position Müller has taken as an artist, in the estimation of other artists, is based rather on the perfection of his sketches than on that of his more finished works. On this ground I shall hope to be excused if I now devote a few pages to the consideration of the causes which have conduced to this pre-eminence of Müller as a sketcher, and to the chief characteristics of his sketches.

Müller had from birth, I might almost say, an unusually fine eye for colour; to this he added by degrees great knowledge of composition and light and shade—derived as much from study of the old masters as from early and constant practice from nature. These qualities told perhaps equally in *all* his work; but his quickness in grasping the points of a subject, and his wonderful rapidity of manipulation, were qualities which told especially in his sketches, and to a considerable though to a less extent in his finished pictures.

Müller has been fitly described as the "greatest of sketchers." Not only was his style original and peculiar, through the force and harmony of his colour and his very suggestive touch, but his knowledge and judgment enabled him to sink details and to evoke unity out of materials often discordant in themselves.

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Many of Müller's water-colour sketches, produced in *less than an hour*, under such difficulties of time and place as to many artists would have been almost appalling, are, from an art stand-point, entirely complete and satisfactory. I am now referring especially to his Lycian sketches, and more particularly to those of the interiors of Turkomans' and Yurooks' tents or tents with figures. These, as well as his sketches of Egyptian interiors, bear much resemblance to old Venetian pictures, in some cases to the works of Rembrandt, and always impress by their great breadth and fine colour. Viewed from the proper distance everything seems right, although, if *closely* examined, they appear sometimes to be little more than wonderful blots of colour. The same remarks also apply, although in a less degree, to many of his sketches of Welsh and English cottage interiors. With reference to his sketches of interiors in Lycia, I should remark that the wild and lawless Yurooks and Cingaries welcomed Müller into their *dens* as perhaps no Englishman had ever been welcomed before; and there, of an evening, whilst music, smoking, disputing, and gambling were going on by the light of a single lamp, Müller would take out his sketch-book and colours and make rapid studies of his wild friends, whilst young Johnson held a candle close to his work to enable him to see what he was doing. Whilst on the subject of the Lycian sketches by Müller, after looking through Mr. John Henderson's large and beautiful collection, I was struck by the way the higher finish is given to the more important parts, the work, as it approaches the sides and bottom of the drawing, being, so to say, "vignetted" to some extent; also by the way in which the light and shadow are kept broad, a leading passage of light, brighter than the rest, being almost always preserved.

Like other sketchers (however experienced) Müller appears, when out on an expedition, to have taken a few days to get

his hand thoroughly into work when sketching from nature; but with him this inequality was less marked than with most artists.

How much Müller felt the importance of careful drawing when sketching from nature may be judged by the following remarks, which I extract from one of the last letters ever written by him :—

"How strange it is, most amateurs will always go the long road, rather than take the little *hill*. One CAREFULLY drawn fragment with colour—be it what it may—is worth all, I believe, many men do in their six weeks' excursions."

Müller knew well that a sketch ought not be a finished work, but a vivid, true, yet generalised impression of the scene—a sort of compromise, in fact, wherein the soul or spirit of the scene was caught and rapidly made his own. In his later sketches of English country scenes, especially those of the scenery near Bristol, which he loved so well, this *poetical* rendering of the subject is very striking. When about to make a sketch from nature, Müller took a careful survey of all that was *around* as well as before him. He then made his selection; but his art-knowledge and his imagination enabled him to see mentally how the subject would appear if treated by one of the grand old masters, and to that ideal he often worked in his finest sketches. *How the subject would compose*, was always one of the first points which he considered; and in carrying this out he never seems to have lost sight of the leading lines, nor to have neglected the assistance accorded by a very broad and happy arrangement of light and shade.

Müller looked on the mere imitative process—however important—as the least essential of the rarer artistic qualifications that are necessary to produce a truly fine sketch. And yet the cultivation of the imitative faculty never had

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been, and never was, neglected by him. This is more fully seen in his earlier sketches in black and white. In these he always used a broad pencil, and in his more delicate drawings as well as in the broader ones I have observed that he constantly showed his feeling for light and shade in a very marked manner. His pencil-sketches, as I have previously stated, are very remarkable for their careful detail and accurate drawing. It has been shown that even in his last journey to Lycia he kept up the good practice of careful pencil-sketching.

As Müller's career advanced he evidently felt more deeply the poetry which is hidden in nature, and for which he sought an expression, just as he learned to seize on the salient points of every subject selected by him during the latter years of his life—those points, I mean, which were best calculated to express its character, sentiment, and feeling. It was thus with broad washes and sweeps of his brush, supplemented by rapid markings and hatchings, that he combined what appeared to him best in every scene, feeling instinctively, in copying from nature, what objects it was desirable to sacrifice and discard, and what to retain or bring prominently forward. Sometimes—I should, perhaps, say almost always—he had to supply from his imagination what was wanting to carry to completeness the picture which had already been idealised in his mind.

Thoroughly impressed with the importance of rapidity in colouring, united to accuracy of outline, Müller at the same time never carried his sketches too far. He appeared always to know *when to leave off*, so as to retain as much as possible of the mystery of nature; and, indeed, his rapid work often leaves a good deal to the imagination. I believe he felt that a sketch, however rough, should rarely, if ever, be touched afterwards, and that he acted up to that principle. He used to say that more was lost than could be gained by after-work, and he insisted that it was easy to destroy the freshness and

truth caught from nature in the enthusiasm and inspiration of a successful sketch. He, of course, used his sketches as the subjects for his finished pictures; but, in these, other qualities had to be considered.

It has been remarked by Mr. Harry Johnson, and I think with truth, that Müller was the first artist visiting Egypt who thoroughly felt, and at the same time realised in his sketches, the poetry of the Nile.

Undoubtedly there was a romantic side to Müller's character, and the mystery and romance which have so long attached to the ancient civilisation of Egypt and to the Nile and its surroundings awakened corresponding feelings in Müller's imaginative mind, and found a true and ready expression in his sketches. The varied and beautiful reflections in the waters of the Nile are well pourtrayed: a great charm is also conveyed in some of his evening and night effects. The moon rising over a distant bend of the river, the watch-fires in native boats moored to its shores, and the after-glow of those wonderful Eastern twilights, lighting up the rocks and ruined temples on the banks of the Nile with rose-colour and vermilion—all these are full of a solemn and poetical feeling.

When at Athens, the Acropolis, with its classic temples and grand and varied forms, appears to have taken Müller's mind "by storm;" for within its precincts he spent (as I have already remarked) by far the greater number of the days he remained in Greece. There he made repeated sketches of the Parthenon and its surrounding monuments, the effect being enhanced by a broad arrangement of light and shade, as in many of Samuel Prout's best works.

During Müller's lifetime scarcely any of his later sketches were sold: a few were presented by him to friends; but Müller knew too well the value to an artist of his sketches to part with them willingly, although many were sold by him in earlier life. A catalogue of the large collection sold

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after his death by Messrs. Christie and Co., and the prices which they fetched, will be found in the Appendix, No. 3.

Although I have referred here more particularly to Müller's foreign sketches, those which he produced in England and Wales, and especially in the neighbourhood of his birthplace (Bristol) and at Lynmouth, have a quiet, peaceful charm of their own—silvery, low in tone, and broad—different, in truth, from any others.

There is still resident at Bristol a gentleman, Mr. John Harrison, who for many years was a frequent sketching companion of Müller's in that neighbourhood, and his intimate friend. Mr. Harrison is an accomplished amateur artist himself, and having been Müller's medical attendant during his last illness at Bristol, he saw more of him than any one else, excepting his brother Edmund, during the latter months of his life. No one is, I believe, so well qualified to speak of William Müller as a sketcher as his friend Harrison: as an eye-witness of his manner of work and out-of-doors practice his testimony is invaluable. Mr. Harrison's remembrance of the sketching excursions which they made together is, fortunately, still lively, and his power of describing the same graphic and vivid. I feel, therefore, under no small obligation to him, that he has embodied these reminiscences in a paper written expressly for this memoir, and which will be found in the next chapter. I doubt not that this notice of Müller by Mr. Harrison will be perused by all my readers with deep interest, especially that part of it which refers to the closing scenes of the artist's life.

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son

ACROPOLIS OF TLOS. LYCIA WITH VOMITORY OF AMPHITHEATRE

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RECOLLECTIONS OF WM. MÜLLER BY MR. J. HARRISON.

THIS brief notice of my friend, William Müller, was written at the request of Mr. Solly.

Though the artist's works are his sufficient monument, I have long regretted that we possessed no personal record of a genius so rare. With the history of his life this want will be supplied, and I am glad that I have been permitted to contribute, however slightly, to Mr. Solly's volume.

The personal history of Müller, during his brief and interesting career, is slowly drifting from us. Many of his contemporaries and friends are gone, and time has already somewhat dulled the vivid impression he left on the minds of those who yet live to speak of him as a companion and friend. I propose now to speak of him as both, and also as the great sketcher from nature—not a mere out-door worker of pictures, but as the vital, impulsive sketcher whose unique works rank with the highest order of landscape water-colour art.

I should not have ventured upon this brief notice of William Müller, after the lapse of so many years, had I not known him well; indeed our personal intercourse was of a very friendly character.

I had much opportunity of seeing him at work, both out

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of doors and in the studio, and in this way I gained considerable knowledge of his professional and general acquirements.

Our acquaintance began in 1837: from that time until his death in 1845, I was his frequent sketching companion while in Bristol.

Our sketching-grounds were near at hand—Leigh Woods, Combe Valley, the banks of the rivers Frome, Chew, and Avon, and other places in the picturesque neighbourhood of Bristol.

Müller was an excellent companion; ready for work, choosing his subjects quickly, and at once commencing his sketch—a very valuable quality in a sketcher.

A folio (half imperial) with tin rim, Harding's paper, colour-box of dry-colour cakes, common camel-hair brushes, lead pencil, and a small bottle of chalk, prepared by himself, were the materials he carried. From the first Müller interested me much. Resolute in his work and in all he undertook, the art-power and intensity of the man so strongly impressed me, that even now, though long years have passed since the days of our happy companionship, I see him before me, and I remember many of his sayings and doings. Perhaps I may better convey these impressions to the reader if I take him with me to the old sketching-grounds.

A Sketch in Leigh Woods.

On our way thither I observed that Müller, contrary to his usual habit, had an imperial sheet of Harding's paper rolled up, but no folio; he intended to make a large sketch in Painters' Valley. We scrambled up this picturesque ravine, worthy of Salvator himself. A rock in the foreground served Müller for a table; he spread his imperial sheet of paper upon it, placing stones at the corners to keep it steady, and began his sketch, drawing as usual with his left hand. Before my own arrangements were settled, Müller,

with his characteristic rapidity, had outlined the subject in pencil. He was famous with the pencil; his early practice of correct drawing from the anatomical and geological specimens in the Bristol Museum, as illustrations for lectures, had been very useful to him. If his outline was rapid and decisive, his conception was the same,—he saw his picture at once; it was the subject before him, but it gained symmetry and power in passing through his mind. No frittering away of time and effect in painful detail washes; he generally allowed two hours for his sketch, and in those two hours he laid his mind upon the paper. The outline made, he put in the sky. "Sharp up to the mark," he said, "with a full liquid brush, leaving the edges of the clouds to the white ground." When nearly dry, he finished the clouds, and went over the sky, dragging, touching, and giving tone, softness, and brilliancy. Observing, as he proceeded with the work, how broadly he washed in the background of the somewhat close subject, and represented tone rather than detail, I made inquiry why he did not paint the things he saw? He said because I have studied them all: a man must be able to draw and paint everything, then he may be allowed to alter and sacrifice for effect; it is not on account of the difficulty that I swamp these lesser details. How closely he had worked from nature his early landscape studies in oil sufficiently prove; these are in the possession of his brother, Mr. E. G. Müller. Our artist looked upon a realistic study and a sketch as very different things, the former to be reserved for the studio. But to return to the woods: it was late in autumn, and the absorbent paper did not dry as fast as we could wish. Müller, who painted with rather a wet brush, got into trouble with his trees, and things were not satisfactory.

He worked on patiently for some time, then suddenly exclaiming, "It is a failure," tossed the drawing on the ground, and prepared to execute what I suppose is familiar

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to most artists—a demon dance upon his sketch. I saw his intention, and besought him to pause, I actually seized him. We struggled together for a few moments, when, with a laugh, he said, "Let me go; I see my way: hold the drawing for me." I did so. He struck a light, kindled a piece of paper, and passed it flaming, to and fro, under the sketch as I held it up.

The wet drawing steamed, and, becoming partially dry, was again placed on the rock, when Müller, with sharp touches, which I called his own left-hand writing, brought all round in a brief space of time.

He gave it another drying, rolled it up, and we left the woods. Some months afterwards I saw him; he said, "Do you remember the sketch in Painters' Valley, which but for you I should have spoiled? I exhibited it at the Graphic; I believe it has made my fortune."

At that time Graphic Exhibitions were not common as they are now. The London Graphic was the only thing of the kind, and its praise was considered a great honour.

Müller was about twenty-six years of age, and there was enough to show that a great time was at hand.

In 1839 he left for London, but was often in Bristol.

He was an indefatigable worker. I have known him to arrive by the mail from London in the old coaching days, and, after twelve hours of night travel on the outside, be ready, as soon as he had swallowed his breakfast, to start with me to sketch.

He let no opportunity pass; he kept his appointments punctually, and seemed never tired. It was delightful to work with one so totally free from a certain languor that now and then pervades the artistic mind. Our friend was never out of sorts,—at least I never saw him so. Summer or winter, he was always ready to sketch. He said more than once to me, "The sketch is the important thing. First we study closely Nature's forms and details, to learn her grammar;

then we may seek her for transient effects, her lights and shadows, her suggestive quality, in short for the poetry of the hour; but we must use our heads as well as our hands, and set to work with all our hearts." If these were not his very words, they are substantially the same, and his practice was ever in that direction. But let me show him again in the field.

A sketch in Nightingale Valley, Brislington, may interest the reader. This lovely valley was our favourite haunt; it was a secluded spot, and we were rarely interrupted in our work by intruders. It is extraordinary how many subjects this small valley, extending about a quarter of a mile towards the river Avon, offers to the discerning sketcher—a willowy brook ran through it, which we dignified by the title of Kingfisher River, as we occasionally saw one of those beautiful birds flitting down the stream. A green meadow at the bottom of the narrow valley was bounded on either side by wooded slopes, and divided by the running stream, which we could cross on stepping-stones. The meadow was rich in water-flowers and umbelliferous plants; these last were of giant growth, rejoicing in the warm damp place; there were also flowering reeds, rushes, and tall grasses all along the margin of the stream. The trees were principally ash, elm, and sycamore, with alders and willows close to the water-side.

The place had been left in its natural state, undisturbed for years, and may remain so to this hour. I have not heard that axe or builder, ruthless as they have lately proved to our fine local woods, have as yet profaned this quiet haunt. On the hill, above the valley, stands a picturesque cottage: Müller sketched it more than once, and with certain pictorial additions it may be found in many of his oil-paintings of English scenery. He had great interest in a subject of the kind—a great feeling for the picturesque. I have seen him sketch an ordinary farm-yard, with cottage, a pond, and rubbish of all

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sorts, pitching into the thatched roof with extraordinary richness and power; he gave a splash of white to the cottage itself, backed it up with trees, and made it his principal light; then seizing on a broken cart, barrow, hen-coop, or anything at hand, he carried the picturesque most dashingly and lovingly throughout the work, and stamped it with a character entirely his own.

Müller was very fond of this little valley; we sketched there frequently, and during these visits I saw much of his mode of working. He had no professional secrets: in this particular, as in all others, I found him an open, straightforward, generous fellow. If sarcastic in his remarks upon the presumptuous and ignorant, and in such cases fond of a practical joke, he was ever ready to recognise talent in his brother-artist, and to show and explain his art-practice to a sketching-companion. He talked much and well; he knew more or less of a variety of subjects—botany, geology, anatomy—studies helpful to his art; he allowed no opportunity for information to pass unheeded. I asked him to draw for me in water-colour a complicated morbid specimen. I set the thing before him; it was not a particularly pleasing study, but he entered upon the subject with great zeal, eagerly inquiring into the nature of the case and of the operation that had been performed: he drew in about an hour an admirable representation of the diseased parts, minute even to the markings of the strands of the ligature that had been placed round the main artery. But I must return to the happy valley, and go on with my sketch.

It was a summer afternoon in 1842 or 1843, Müller, always quick at settling his place, walked at once to a point he had previously noticed. Stepping sideways and backwards, his eager eyes fixed upon the subject before him, he seated himself upon the grass and commenced his sketch. I sat by him. The subject he had chosen was very simple. A foreground of the many-coloured meadow extended some

little distance, until crossed diagonally by trees. A large, flowering elder closed in the picture on the one hand, a woody slope on the other. He had seated himself so low that the brook was lost in the high grass. Now for the outline—as usual, free, rapid, and decisive: Müller, keeping pretty nearly to the subject, elevated it and gave it wonderful space and power by his simple and noble lines. He began with the tops of the diagonal crossing of trees; these he raised and massed; there were several slight openings in this line, but he brought all much together, at the same time carefully keeping to the general form and character of the trees—sycamore, ash, and elm. I can speak thus particularly as I drew them then and have drawn them since; also I had Müller's sketch in my possession for a time. Just about the point of sight, there was a small arch-shaped opening in the walk of trees, formed by the boughs that overhung the stream; this opening he enlarged, and carried on the meadow through it. With this principal line of trees—afterwards to be the making of his picture—his outline was almost finished. He rapidly sketched the large elder-bush on the right, and the woody slope opposite, and, taking box in hand, began to paint. The sky was blue, the clouds white and fleecy. He washed as usual cobalt sharp up to the forms of the clouds, divided them here and there from each other, and kept their pure white edges for contrast to the coming depth of shadowed trees. To the best of my recollection he did not go over the sky again; it was not his custom to do so; the first painting was usually enough, and occupied about ten minutes. Very beautiful was this sky—his clean and rapid handling gave it the clearness and purity of nature. Before the sky was quite dry he began the diagonal line of trees with a mixture of brown pink indigo and a little ivory-black, in tones startling from their depth, and tossing the colour up to the tops—I know of no better description—he painted their characteristic leafage upon the gleamy

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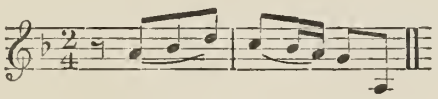
clouds. He had to pause, for the groundwork of his trees was too wet to go on with. When the sketch was partially dry, he rounded out the forms with sharp touches; as these dried, he carried beneath the line of trees a shadow of extraordinary depth and power right across the drawing. From this level he worked down to the foreground, leaving spaces clear for the lights which gleamed in one principal and several subordinate patches of sunlight across the meadow. He put in the woody slope on the left, filled in the central arch with airy, warm colour, and made out the large elder-tree, leaving the clear white paper for the flowers.

This elder-tree, full of branches and leafy detail, he much massed, giving it great breadth of light and shade. He indicated its general character and no more. Returning to the foreground, which had become dry, he washed in his lights (Naples yellow and ochre), then began his peculiar handwriting, touching sharply all about his work, flipping out of nothing dock-grasses, ferns, &c.; he lastly added, very sparingly, from his little chalk bottle, some white touches to the flowering plants and to the elder blossoms, which were here and there not left to the white paper, wrote the date and his name, tossed his folio on the ground, and began a cigar.

The two hours' sketch was finished, and noble and masterly it was in its broad freedom and rapidity of execution. It was pure and transparent,—no washing down, no wiping out or scratching up. The deep shadow running across the picture gave great breadth, and told with wonderful power against the gleamy sky and the silvery-toned meadow below, crossed by the streaks of sunlight. Though largely and poetically treated, there was nothing conventional. It was characteristic of the subject, and natural and simple to the last degree. My friend, Mr. E. G. Müller, was sketching with us on this occasion. I have shown him my remarks; he endorses all the material points I have set down. It may

appear strange that I should remember these particulars after so many years, but a circumstance that occurred as we were returning from the sketching-ground probably helped to fix upon my memory this special excursion. As we passed through the fields, a gate, swinging to after us, creaked, quite musically, the melody of the first two bars of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. If the reader will hum these notes, he will feel how



easily they may be expressed in the simple way here described. Transfixed, I immediately sang the two succeeding bars, for I knew the symphony well. Müller was musical, and played upon the guitar; he entered at once into the spirit of the thing. We set the gate open several times, declared it was a natural phenomenon, and determined that this singular rendering of the two bars of the immortal composer should not be lost.

"Let us," said I, "return to-morrow with our friends, that they themselves may hear this most remarkable coincidence of notes." We agreed for another day's sketching, and invited our friends to the place.

We assembled quite a party in the field. I requested Müller to arrange our visitors in the right situation. Excitedly I advanced, I opened the gate—it swung to as before, but gave no sound; some detestable wretch had greased the hinges. Müller, confounded, saw my countenance, and was instantly convulsed with laughter. Though much annoyed, it was so ridiculous that I laughed heartily myself. Some of our friends looked rather grave; they thought they had been hoaxed. I called very earnestly upon Müller to bear witness to my honesty, at the same time frantically singing, as if in confirmation of my story, the bars in question.

Müller pacified them, and we descended to the valley; but as usual, when a large party gather together to sketch, especially if there are ladies present, nothing is done; so when

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you sketch, gentle reader, go alone, or with one steady, hard-working male friend.

Müller returned from his Lycian expedition, and was in Bristol in the summer of 1844. His sketches in Asia Minor filled several folios, and I looked them over many times with ever-increasing delight. I do not enter upon any detail of these splendid sketches. I saw in them the same freedom and power, the same freedom of rapid realisation, the same noble mental attributes, that always characterize his works. He spent one or two evenings at my house at this time, and interested us very much with his Lycian experiences.

I have three drawings in lampblack that he then gave me—a recollection of a grand mountainous scene, marked "Mangerchi, Asia Minor," drawn while with me, and two smaller sketches—an inhabited ancient tomb, a tomb used as a dwelling-place—not an uncommon thing in Lycia, and a scrap of a luminous distance.

He spoke of hardships and annoyances in connection with the expedition to Asia Minor. He was, however, full of animation, and in conversation most amusing. He evidently anticipated great results from his Lycian pictures, to be painted during the winter for exhibition at the Royal Academy.

His love for his native landscape was in no way lessened by foreign travel; he spoke enthusiastically of our English mists, lights and shadows, of our village churches, picturesque cottages and mills. I was anxious to see him sketch again after his long practice abroad, and we arranged a visit to Leigh Woods. We went thither, Mr. E. G. Müller and the late Mr. Eagles in company. Müller, who held Eagles in high estimation as a learned amateur artist and writer, said as he introduced me to him—"I have derived immense advantage from Mr. Eagles's excellent judgment in line and composition; he is a first-rate authority in art." We were all enthusiastic sketchers, and were soon at work. Leigh

Woods, at that period uninvaded by the builder, and separated from the busy world by the river Avon, abounded in subjects of the highest order. Lofty cliffs, noble forest trees, deep umbrageous ravines, solitudes where nature reigned undisturbed, combined to form one of the most poetically suggestive sketching-grounds in England. Now, alas! the charm is broken; the trim villa and the Swiss châlet have rapidly followed the suspension-bridge. The sacred character of this rare woodland is broken; the rocks and valleys still remain, but trees have been felled, roads made, gas lights introduced, and before long it will become a second Clifton. Müller made a magnificent sketch, the background indicated by a wash in the old way; the nearer trees put in magically with the camel-hair, but with rather a drier, crisper touch, I thought. A large ash-tree stood upon a marly rocky bank; the earth had crumbled away, and the roots were exposed in snake-like contortions of various lengths and colour; he outlined them all, giving every twist and turn backwards and forwards, scarcely moving his pencil from the paper. In colouring he separated them with rapid dark touches from each other: it seemed almost impossible to avoid damage, in this network of angles and circles, to the narrow outline—but no, in a few minutes he had compassed all. This sketch (half imperial) on white Harding paper, large trees in the foreground, with rockwork and details of roots, &c., and the background of trees in gradations of distance indistinctly characterized, occupied him about the usual two hours. His rapid precision was wonderful; all was done upon the spot. Müller rarely touched upon his sketch after he left the ground. I thought his power of drawing was, if possible, increased. His sketch, like his other works, always beautiful in subdued tone and in the absence of strong colour, was even more grey and silvery than before he left.

Müller at the close of this summer returned to his studio in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, to paint during the winter,

CHAP. XVI. from his Lycian subjects large pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition. I saw nothing of him for many months,—not until the end of May, 1845, when he came to Bristol. He looked thin and pale; he attributed his want of condition to hard work and consequent confinement. He spoke bitterly and nervously of a great injustice in hanging his pictures. "Can you believe it," he said, "though I fully thought I should have been on the line, they have hung my pictures out of sight as usual." I tried to console him, but I saw he was very much cut up. He spoke of illness, and regretted it had obliged him to leave London. "I was making quite a fortune," he said. "I have had an order almost daily for something small in oil; I knock it off in a few hours, and get five pounds." These five-pounders were lately sold for two or three hundred guineas apiece.

I knew he was not a man to complain of illness without due reason, and I examined into his case. In answer to my inquiry, he said that he had been at very close work during the winter; he had attended the evening meetings at the Life Academy in Clipstone Street to draw from the figure, and this after hard work all day, and every day in his painting-room, sitting, as he expressed it, "between sheets of canvas wet with paint."

I, who knew the energy of the man, and his entire abandonment of himself to his art, could well understand what this work had been, and how it must have told upon a frame not originally robust, and already somewhat worn by the hardship and anxiety of his Lycian life. Under such a strain, the overwrought nervous system gave way. Upon stethoscopic examination, I found the heart weak and enlarged. A consultation took place. Dr. Riley hoped with me that the change to his brother's quiet home, and the rest after his severe London work, might prove of service; but our treatment, aided by his brother's affectionate care, was of no

avail. He did not rally. The restless art-fever had been too much for him; he slowly gave way; week by week his strength grew less, and the heart-disturbance more marked. He was not confined to his bed during the illness, and he continued to paint more or less to the last. He went out with me occasionally in the carriage.

One day in July we drove to Pensford, a neighbouring village. I was to sketch and Müller to look on, but he nevertheless took his folio and colour-box. We drove to a point near the river Chew, an old sketching-ground of ours. The carriage was sent back to the neighbouring inn.

It was a glorious afternoon. Nature, exulting in strong summer life, seemed almost too bright for her poor friend, who had so often greeted her with a welcome as cordial as her own.

I did not wish him to walk any distance, and we sat down in the shade on a hillside overlooking the village and meadows of Publow.

The church tower springing from the depth of trees, and the silvery river flowing through the plain below, made a good subject, and I began to sketch, Müller at my side. Contrary to usual, I was provided with a large sheet of brown paper on a strainer, and with zinc white and colours, ground in simple water, to be used with starch medium. This was in opposition to Müller's advice, which was, "Keep to dry colours, shun the bottle white, and leave your lights to the paper"—sound advice; but the bottle white is a sore temptation to an indifferent draughtsman.

I continued diligently at work until my sketch was finished, as I thought, Müller looking on the while. I feared a rebuff, but when I paused in expectation, he said, "I really must paint, let me touch upon it." He dipped the brush, a good-sized hog-tool, into the white, and painted over the edges of the clouds with broad touches, putting mine to shame; then, with brown pink and indigo, he went over the trees by the

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church, carried them higher, darkened them, and massed them. He worked upon the tower, and afterwards went broadly across the meadow plain with broken tones of warm colour, modifying the uncomfortable, too literal greenness I had given to the fields. Turning to me, he said, "My hand is not what it was, but I can make a straight line yet." There was a "rhine," as it is called in Somersetshire—a cutting for water drainage—running right across the meadows to the river. He dipped his brush in dark colour, and holding it between his fingers without resting his hand, drew a long line perfectly straight from end to end, and afterwards with a few touches added the reflections on the water. He smiled rather mournfully, and returned me the sketch. "There," he said, "I have purposely left some of your own work untouched," pointing to a scrap of blue distance. He seemed pleased with this little feat, and proposed a stroll to a nearer bend of the river.

As we walked on, he looked wistfully at the church embowered in the dark trees, and at the broken ground on the opposite side of the water, covered for the most part with rushes, large-leaved burdocks, and other flowering plants—things that he loved to paint; a sort of viaduct, half a bridge, crossed the river and the broken ground on the left; the roofs of the village cottages could be seen just beyond the bridge, backed by distant trees. He looked hesitatingly at this subject, then without a word sat down on the river bank, mechanically opened his folio, and began to sketch. Not to disturb him, I walked on a little further up the stream. Upon my return, he laughingly held up his folio to point out the caricatured face of a dog that he had drawn sitting under one of the dry arches of the bridge. He then rose, said he was rather tired, and wished to stroll back to the inn. His sketch was unfinished, but what he had done was broad and luminous, and as fine a commencement as anything I had seen of his.

While they were getting the carriage ready we went into a meadow at the back of the inn; he wished to look again at a subject he had drawn with me before. It was a sort of Constable subject. The distance, hills and woods, Pensford Church, and the river in the nearer part; and the gable of the millhouse, the milldam, and a hayrick in the foreground —a beautiful picture. He said to me, "Do you remember when we were here two years ago, how much I admired this subject? I think it is now quite as beautiful as I did then." I remembered it well, for I had never seen him agitated when about to sketch, except on that occasion; in his excitement he quite trembled. However, to return to the immediate narrative: we walked a little way along a path by the mill-stream toward the river. There was a beautiful effect. The sun was low, and his golden light lay broad upon the water. The silvery willows were tipped with gold, and ranged along the sedgy banks until they melted into purple distance. As we stood watching in silence the fine effect, the sun set, and everything glimmered and greyed in the deepening eventide, except the melancholy fading glow of the western sky still lingering on the river's breast.

The change was very sudden; the quiet landscape, the solemn river, and its fading reflections, resolving harmonies 'twixt day and night, appealed to poor Müller's susceptible imagination, ever ready to seize the poetry of the passing hour, however evanescent. He hastily sat down, took a sheet from his folio, and without outline began to paint. He had washed in a rapid sky and part of the willowy river, when a company of ladies and gentlemen appeared, advancing towards us by the waterside. Müller, who did not like to be stared at, turned round on his seat, and appeared to be busily drawing the subject before him.

The party came up, stood behind the painter, and watched his proceedings in much perplexity. "Dear me," said the gentleman, observing the sketch of the sunset and the dis-

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They moved on. Müller rose from his seat; the moment had passed; the inspiration had been broken. He took his sketch in his hand, and before I could stay him dropped it quietly into the river; it slowly floated down the stream, and disappeared. It was his last sketch; never more did he sit by the gleamy river, in meadow or in woodland.

The rest is soon told. He continued gradually to fail; two attacks of hæmorrhage induced alarming prostration. Still he painted.

A few days before he died I was with him. He had received some flowers from a friend that morning—red and white carnations, fuchsias, yellow St. John's wort, and purple and blue flowers made up the bouquet. He separated them, with his long thin fingers, and said to me, "Let us arrange a chord of colour." He placed them in his sketching water-bottle, and we moved each flower so as to arrange an harmonious whole. "We must have some carmine," he exclaimed. It was sent for from a neighbouring shop. All the time, though really tremblingly weak, he was as usual full of spirits. He said, "When the carmine comes, we will have a stunning effect." The colour came, and we arranged the little picture exactly as he wished; he made a rapid outline, and began to paint, much as he did out of doors, with a common camel-hair pencil, putting in at once each separate leaf and flower, and when dry enough sharpening out in the old way. I stayed till it was done, perhaps an hour.

It was a lovely thing, and differed from ordinary flower-painting in its subdued colour, thoughtful pictorial effect, and in its power. This small water-colour drawing, about ten inches by seven, was his last. The next day or two he painted in oil, on a small millboard, the well-known flower

picture; still one more day, and an unfinished fruit piece. While his palette was being set for him, he fell back and died.

At thirty-three years of age, death made him famous. His works, almost unnoticed in his lifetime, became, when the man was dead, the splendid records of the genius that had already secured for him his future fame.

13, Berkeley Square, Bristol,
May 11th, 1874.

XVII.

DESCRIPTION OF SOME OF MÜLLER'S WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES.

ALTHOUGH Müller's sketches have been widely dispersed since his death (a great number of them having changed owners many times), one or two important collections still exist in the neighbourhood of London, which I have lately had the privilege of seeing. After what has been said on the subject of Müller as a sketcher in the last two chapters, I think I cannot follow them up better than by proceeding to lay before my readers a short account or description of some of these sketches. Amongst the one hundred and eighteen sketches which I have here noticed are some in Italy, Greece, Egypt, Smyrna, Rhodes, Egypt, and Lycia, as well as a few English subjects. By far the great number, however, are the Lycian ones, his latest and confessedly his finest. Without doubt, many other fine collections of sketches by Müller may be in existence, but those I have described are so varied and excellent, that I hope what I have here said may be looked upon as a sufficient account and illustration of Müller's work in this branch of art.

Through the kindness of Mr. John Henderson, of Montague Street, Russell Square, I am enabled to present my readers with seven plates photographed by the Vincent Brook's Woodbury process, from some of the most interesting of the Müller sketches in Mr. Henderson's collection.

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son.

FORT AND LIGHTHOUSE, ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR OF RHODES WITH CAPSTAN.

DESCRIPTION OF SKETCHES BY W. J. MÜLLER IN SMYRNA, LYCIA, EGYPT, GREECE, ETC.

MR. JOHN HENDERSON'S COLLECTION.

THE DOUBLE ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT SMYRNA,

With the river Hermes or Meles, and the old Castle of Smyrna on a distant eminence. A most picturesque and rich subject, admirably rendered. This was the first sketch made.

VIEW OF SMYRNA FROM THE JEWISH BURIAL-GROUND.

The tombs are all flat-topped, but picturesque and old in aspect. The effect of atmosphere in this sketch is well given.

GROUP OF CAMELS AT SMYRNA. 1843.

This sketch is sharp and powerful. The character of the camels, who are chiefly lying down, is well suggested, as also their picturesque trappings and saddles. In addition to the camels, there is one native driver and a mule.

SKETCH IN JEWS' QUARTER, SMYRNA.

A very remarkable night scene, with a caravan at rest, camels reposing, and Arab figures grouped around the bivouac fire. The crouching forms of some of the men contrast finely with a tall, upright Jew, in a green pelisse. The light and shade is like one of Rembrandt's pictures. 1843.

STUDY OF TWO CAMELS, SMYRNA.

One of the camels is lying down, the other standing. Both are admirably and freely drawn. There is very little finish, but it is a fine bit of vigorous colour.

CHAP. XVII.

ON THE ROAD TO BOUJAH.

The distant Gulf of Smyrna is here represented, with boats, &c.

VIEW OF THE LIONS' TOMB IN THE ACROPOLIS, XANTHUS.

An exceedingly fine monument in form and colour, and beautifully drawn. Some dark trees, and goats browsing in the foreground, add very much to the general effect. (See Plate.)

THE GREEK THEATRE AT XANTHUS, WITH THE SO-CALLED BOX TOMB.

This remarkable sketch is one of the first which Müller made in Lycia. It is bright, and full of sunshine and atmosphere, the whole produced apparently with little labour and perfect ease. The trees are sketched in gracefully, and are fine in colour. At the time Müller made this sketch, his colour-box was rich in colours: but the last week or two of his stay in Lycia, and all the time he was in Rhodes, he was reduced to only four or five colours; consequently they were simple, not to say *severe* in their chromatic arrangement. The curve of the stones in the foreground of this drawing of the amphitheatre is very graceful.

RIVER XANTHUS; MOUNT TAURUS IN THE DISTANCE.

This sketch represents the rocky hillside of the Acropolis of Xanthus, with tombs, and the river below overhung with a variety of trees in their rich autumnal foliage. The sky is tender and grey, with a beautiful aërial effect. This is one of the most perfect sketches in the collection.

THE TRAVELLERS' KHAN AT SMYRNA.

A bright and powerfully coloured sketch, representing the courtyard of a khan, with numerous native figures, mules,

and horses. One of the most finished sketches of this series. (See Plate.)

VIEW FROM DOOR OF MÜLLER'S TENT AT XANTHUS OF CAMELS WITH TRAPPINGS FOR CARRYING BAGGAGE.

Very free and exceedingly fine. 11th December, 1843. (See Plate.)

PUDDING-STONE ROCK, NEAR XANTHUS.

A vigorous study of rocks, very rich and powerful in colour.

TENT OF YUROOKS NEAR XANTHUS, WITH FIGURES.

The accessories are very picturesque, with fine effect of light and shade. Christmas-day, Xanthus, 1843. (See Plate.)

TENT OF ZINGARIS.

This sketch represents the wandering gipsies of Lycia, and is also vigorous and picturesque.

ON THE ROAD TO THE FORD OF THE RIVER MANGERCHI, BETWEEN XANTHUS AND TLOS.

This represents some fine fir-trees, part of a forest, the greater portion of which had recently been destroyed by fire. This powerful sketch was made in an incredibly short time by Müller, on the march to Tlos, for which purpose he made the camels and attendants halt.

LYCIAN BOY, WITH BOW AND ARROW. December 12th, 1843.

A picturesque dress and white turban. In one hand the boy holds a robin, which he has apparently just shot, the plumage being all ruffled. The bow in the other hand is an exact type of the ancient bow of Apollo. The arrow is a blunt-headed one.

YUROOK PLAYING A PIPE.

A graceful sketch. The action of the cheeks, lips, and hands as true as possible. It was always a maxim of Müller's, when delineating any musical instrument, carriage, or piece of mechanism, "to make it work," as he used to say.

SON OF A BRIGAND CHIEF. Xanthus, December 12th, 1843.

The lad is represented carrying a camp-kettle, and is full of character. The costume a picturesque Turkish robe, with white turban, and under the left arm he has a gun. The colouring is tender. The father of this lad, although an ally of Müller's, was said to be a notorious robber.

WATER-CARRIER, XANTHUS.

He is represented with a large gourd from the calabash-tree suspended from his back. The neck of the bottle has been formed by tying a cord round part of the gourd when green. This is a wonderful example of good drawing, and at the same time highly picturesque. The leggings are of camel's hair, and the sandals of calfskin.

All these figure sketches were made by Müller from life at the entrance of his tent, very rapidly in succession; and as soon as he had completed the figure he would turn round, and gazing for a moment at the surrounding scenery, would wash in a sketchy background appropriate to each subject, and at the same time characteristic of the country.

WHITE CRANE SHOT AT XANTHUS. 1843.

A very masterly sketch, and tender in colour. Every bird that was shot in the neighbourhood by the officers of the Expedition was first brought to Müller, who, if he thought it curious or picturesque, immediately sketched it. Thus he brought home many subjects of this kind.

ENTRANCE TO TLOS.

A fine stone column or pillar on each side of the road forms a sort of gateway leading to the Acropolis. In the distance is a mountain range, partly covered with snow.

DARK RAVINE NEAR TLOS.

Very impressive.

SKETCH OF THE VOMITORY OF THE TLOS AMPHITHEATRE.

This is taken from a wooded hillside—a most magnificent situation looking across the valley to the Acropolis. The distance is fine, and every part complete. (See Plate.)

TLOS, A REPRESENTATION OF THE ROCK TOMBS.

A picturesque Turkish house is represented on the top of the rock in which the tombs are excavated. January 3rd, 1844.

TLOS.

This is a sketch of the buildings and rocks of Tlos. There is a beautiful bright daylight effect, and the feeling of heat is well given. December 31st, 1843.

TLOS.

Another fine sketch of the rock tombs. January 6th, 1844.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE AMPHITHEATRE OF TLOS.

The Taurus range is seen in the distance, and also the singularly formed rocky cliff on which the ruins of Pinara are situated. This sketch is taken from a hillside looking into a richly wooded valley. At the bottom a river is seen winding along to join the Xanthus, of which it is a tributary. Directly opposite rises the grand and rocky eminence of Tlos. This is the perfection of sketching, so rapid, true, and sweet in colour.

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PINARA.

A fine grey drawing, representing a crested tomb. The sky is dark and stormy. The crest has resemblance to the horns and skull of an ox. This is said to be the earliest known instance of the application of crests. (See Plate.)

TOMBS AT PINARA.

A bright effect, yet quiet in tone, the prevailing colours being broken yellows and browns.

ON THE PLATFORM OF THE ACROPOLIS, PINARA.

In the foreground are some tombs in deep shadow. In the distance are mountains (a spur of the Taurus range), which are beautifully lighted with the last glow of sunset. This was made in about twenty minutes, whilst waiting for dinner, just outside the tent at Pinara.

THE ROCKY HILL OF TELMESSUS,

Showing a great variety of rock-cut tombs, and on the height the celebrated Oracle Cavern of Telmessus. A fine broad sketch.

RUINS OF MAKRI, LYCIA.

A distant hill, full of tombs, rises beyond a wide-spreading salt marsh. Very wild and desolate.

ROCK-CUT TOMBS, LOOKING UP THE VALLEY OF THE GLAUCUS.

A number of olive-trees are represented in this sketch. Beautifully and freely drawn.

MAKRI, LYCIA.

View looking up a valley, with large pool of water, and some very remarkable rock tombs on one side. Feb. 3, 1844.

SMALL FORT, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF RHODES,

With lighthouse at the top, and Mediterranean Sea in the distance; in the foreground a curious, very old capstan is represented, very sharply drawn, and admirable in colour. A most successful sketch. March 1st, 1844. (See Plate.)

GREAT HARBOUR AND LANDING-PLACE, RHODES BAY,

With very fine water-reflections and an admirable group of Greek boats (feluccas) and buildings, with figures in the distance. Müller was forced to hurry this sketch, as some Greeks near the landing-place, who pretended to be shooting at seagulls, sent their musket-balls occasionally very unpleasantly near the artist.

RHODES.

A general view of part of the town and harbour, with a number of stone cannon-balls in the foreground.

THE PACHA'S PALACE, RHODES.

Under an arched entrance or gateway near the harbour are a number of figures; a fine tower rises up in the distance; in front is a fine expanse of water, with some ships and boats. This sketch is in a light key of colour, silvery and fresh. It formed the subject of Müller's large and celebrated picture of "Rhodes, with the Pacha's Palace," exhibited in the British Institution in 1845. Some huge stone shot are near the water.

EGYPTIAN SKETCHES, MADE IN 1838—1839.

ENTRANCE TO MANFALOUT. December 10th, 1838.

View looking up a street, with figures, camels, and palm-trees in the distance. The colouring is rich and yet delicate.

EVENING ON THE NILE.

On the left is a fine group of palms, with water-birds. Near the horizon a streak of crimson light contrasts with the grey tones of this very poetical sketch.

BOATS ON THE NILE.

A night scene, with fine lights, and dark figures in one of the boats. The moon, just risen, throws a pale, gleamy light over the distance; some palm-trees, relieved against the sky, add to the effect.

VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS, THEBES. 1838.

A grand, rocky, solitary scene, with broad, deep shadows, and an eagle perched on one of the rocks. Very impressive.

PASS LEADING TO TOMBS OF THE KINGS, THEBES. 1838.

Same character of grand scenery as the preceding sketch.

NEAR THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

A powerful sketch, which afterwards formed the subject of Müller's picture of the "Good Samaritan." On the left are some fine palm-trees, and rocks and hills on the right. The colour and treatment are like a picture by one of the old masters.

THE NILE, NEAR SIOUT.

The high cliffs, which here form the banks of the river, are of warm orange and ochre tints, and are beautifully reflected in the water; a native boat and birds add interest to the scene.

CLIFFS FORMING THE BANKS OF THE NILE, NEAR SIOUT.

Another picturesque sketch of this beautiful portion of the Nile.

BOATS ON THE NILE.

A fine study of native boats which navigate the Upper Nile. Full of good colour and character.

BAZAAR AT SIOUT, WITH FIGURES.

A fine interior; a bright ray streams in from above on the left, and lights up the principal figure—a Turk with white robe, red scarf, and green turban. The colouring is warm and rich.

AN OPIUM SELLER, SIOUT.

White turban and flowing robes; an interior with many figures.

STUDY OF OPIUM SELLER.

Some negro boys on their knees, and one standing, form a good contrast with the Turks and Arabs. Evidently a very rapid sketch, and, although rather rough and unfinished, the effect and colour are as fine as possible. The above three sketches were used by Müller, after his return from Egypt, as the subjects for a great many of his smaller pictures.

STREET SCENE, UPPER EGYPT.

Many figures form the group in front, the chief point of interest being a fine negro in striped abbas or burnous. In the distance are several buildings, a mosque, and palm-trees.

ENTRANCE TO THE FIRST TEMPLE OF KARNACK.

A very careful drawing of the columns and capitals of this beautiful temple. The hieroglyphics and other ornaments in colours are rich and very elaborate; two Arab figures add to the interest, and indicate the colossal proportions of the temple.

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VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE QUEENS. January, 1839.

A rough sketch, but very impressive. The effect represents the last rays of the setting sun throwing a crimson glow on the tops of a range of mountains; in the far distance the moon is just rising, and deep below a valley is already wrapped in the shadows and mystery of the coming night. At the back of this sketch Müller has written in pencil a note descriptive of the scene.

SKETCHES AT ATHENS, 1838.

THE SEA OF EGINA, WITH PART OF THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

On the top is the monument of Philopapas and a far-off range of mountains where the Temple of Minerva is situated; a bright blue sky and rocky foreground complete this interesting sketch.

BULLOCKS PLOUGHING OUTSIDE ATHENS,

Which city, in the distance, is seen very faint. A slight but effective sketch.

PART OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

A fine row of columns, warm in colour, form the subject of this architectural drawing.

ENTRANCE TO A GREEK CONVENT,

With some snow on the ground, and rich warm decorations about the doorway. This forms a fine and effective piece of colouring.

FRAGMENT OF OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT, NEAR TIVOLI. 1835.

NEAR STAPLETON. 1840.

A fine study of trees.

FONTAINEBLEAU—INTERIOR OF THE CHÂTEAU. 1840.

PURFLEET.

A low-toned sketch on tinted paper.

THREE SKETCHES AT ROE, NORTH WALES, NEAR CONWAY. 1842.

FIGURES PASSING OVER A BRIDGE; HAYFIELD IN DISTANCE.

A fine upright sketch; formerly in Mr. Robertson Blane's collection.

MRS. THOMAS WOOD'S COLLECTION OF SKETCHES, AT EALING.

UPPER BRIDGE, STAGS' HOLLOW, NORTH WALES. 1844.

Bridge and rocks very powerful.

LYNMOUTH. 1844.

An elaborate sketch of trees, water, and rocks; grey and quiet in colour. The effect of the stones seen *underneath* the water very clever.

LYCIAN LAD, WITH WHITE TURBAN.

OLD YUROOK CHIEF ("HALLEH") SEATED AND PLAYING ON A LUTE.

Very picturesque, but the expression of the old man's face very unpleasing; he is reported to have been a notorious brigand.

XANTHIAN PEASANT, WITH GUN AND YATTEGAN.

His turban is green—the peculiar head-dress of those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

CHAP. XVII.

SCENE IN EGYPT.

An interior, with camels and figures; beautiful tones of colour, rich browns and greys. Müller's genius enabled him to pick up hints and effects of colour and composition from different artists, and to unite them in his own work in a delightful manner.

ROCKY VALLEY, LYNMOUTH.

The colour very quiet, broad shadows carried right across the water.

STUDY IN COLOUR OF AN EARLY ARAB ARCHED ENTRANCE TO A MOSQUE AT CAIRO.

Beautiful, but very slight. This was the suggestion for an oil-picture subsequently painted.

ROOM UNDERNEATH PART OF THE CITY OF XANTHUS, NEAR THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE EXPEDITION.

A curious old fireplace at the end; some Turks and Yurooks smoking; on the right is a lad represented in red and white costume. This is a most powerful piece of colour, and one of the most important of the Lycian sketches.

SKETCH OF THE DISTANT COUNTRY AND HILLS AS SEEN FROM THE TENT AT XANTHUS.

MUSICAL PARTY IN YUROOKS' TENT.

Painted by fire-light, whilst Johnson held a candle. Some of the heads are very fine, with different coloured turbans,—one especially, being white, with the red fez-cap in the centre, gives the highest point of light. A broken harmony of colour pervades this sketch, which, although so rapid, reminds one of an Italian picture of the best period.

CHEDDAR. 1837.

A fine interior, with subjects of still life introduced.

TENT SCENE: BRIGAND CHIEF, WIFE, AND CHILD.

A curious, native spinning-wheel on one side; the light passes partly through the curtains of the tent, which is evidently made of camel's hair. A very masterly sketch, fine in colour, and which was purchased for £31 at Müller's sale. No. at sale 296. It is dated, "Dec. 4th, 1843. Interior of Turcoman's Hut."

INTERIOR OF YUROOKS' HUT, LYCIA.

A woman and a child, with various household utensils in the foreground. The colour and arrangement of this sketch are eminently picturesque. No. 302, Catalogue.

MUSICAL PARTY, CINGARIS, AT THE HOUSE OF THE CAVASSE, XANTHUS.

Sketched by fire-light. Six figures seated: fine yellow glow thrown on the turbans and robes of this wild-looking group; the fire is in the distance; the room is evidently very old and low. A most rapid yet powerful sketch. No. 297. £16 16*s*.

KINGFISHER.

Bill $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. long; claws very sharp. Dec. 13th, 1843. Beautiful colour. No. 385, Catalogue.

UPRIGHT TORCHLIGHT STUDY OF FIGURES.

UPRIGHT STUDY OF A PEASANT AT XANTHUS.

Beautifully drawn.

YUROOK OR TURCOMAN CHIEF AT XANTHUS,

With long rifled gun and wooden powder-box. A graphic and picturesque sketch.

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WOODPECKER, XANTHUS.

Beautiful study of colour, with fine background.

BANKS OF THE UPPER NILE. 1838.

STUDY OF ROCKS AT LYNMOUTH. 1844.

SMALL AND COMMON YELLOW-HEADED VULTURE, EGYPT.

Shot at Siout, 1839. "Rochana," in Arab.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS, NEAR ATHENS.

Beautiful columns, with fine lights and shadows.

PART OF THE PROPYLÆA IN THE ACROPOLIS.

A temple beautifully lighted up by the setting sun. 1838.

EGYPTIAN TEMPLE, MADINAH TABOU. 1839.

SANDPIPER.

Beautiful study of greys and browns, and very vigorously drawn. Dated, "Shot by Lieut. Temple, R.N., Xanthus, Dec. 14th, 1843."

DEAD PELICAN,

Its neck and head curved round. Shot near Manfalout, Dec., 1838.

TURCOMAN'S HUT, WOMAN, AND CHILD. December 26th, 1843.

Beautiful colour, but more finished than most of the Lycian sketches; probably a copy by Müller from the original one.

INTERIOR OF TURCOMAN'S HUT, XANTHUS.

Very elaborate and clever, but rather too black in the shadows. Four figures are represented, with powerful light and shade. Dated, "Xanthus, Nov., 1843." No. 303 in Catalogue. Purchased for £24 3*s*.

TURKISH MILL ON THE RIVER MANCHERCHI.

An unusual and rather formal interior; but it also shows what Müller was able, through his art-knowledge and experience, to make of a very difficult subject.

MR. WILLIAM QUILTER'S COLLECTION OF W. J. MÜLLER'S SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS, AT LOWER NORWOOD.

PINARA ACROPOLIS, LYCIA. Dated November 19th, 1843.

A grand sketch of an extensive landscape, with steep hills and perpendicular rocks, showing two tents in the distance, which were part of Müller's encampment, near Pinara. The colour is simple and low in tone, but fine in its tender gradations of greys and yellows. Purchased at the sale of the Solly collection, and exhibited at Leeds in 1868.

ROCK TOMBS AT PINARA. Dated November 21st, 1843.

A very remarkable sketch for power, rich colour, and rapid handling; the wild character of the country is well delineated here; on the left are some tangled bushes and trees; near the rock tomb a solitary female figure is approaching, carrying on her head a water-jar. From the Solly collection.

YUROOK HUTS. Dated December 27th, 1843.

Müller associated much, whilst in Lycia, with the Yurooks, a wandering tribe of Turcomans of Asia Minor. Some figures are grouped in front of the entrance of the distant hut or tent, and by the side of the near one a woman and child, in an attitude of repose, are watching some poultry; in the far distance are some snow-capped mountains. The forms of the peculiar vegetation of the country are well

CHAP. XVII.

given, and the handling is unusually vigorous; the wild character of the Yurooks is also admirably portrayed. From the Solly collection. Exhibited at Leeds.

REPRESENTATION OF THE HARPAGUS TOMB, XANTHUS, WITH PARTS OF FALLEN PILLARS.

Grey mountains and a portion of the river are seen in the distance; the colour is quiet and tender, and the ruins beautifully and finely, yet evidently very rapidly, drawn. The bas-reliefs were sawn off this tomb, and are now in the British Museum. The sky is grey and cloudy, and harmonizes with the quiet tone which pervades the sketch. Exhibited at Leeds.

CITY OF TLOS, LYCIA. Dated January 7th, 1844.

The honeycombed Acropolis is here represented in its full extent, with rock tombs excavated all up its sides; in the distance is a range of snowy mountains. Like most of the Lycian sketches, the colouring is very quiet, and the handling wonderful for rapidity and decision. From the Solly collection. These tombs are described in Fellows's "Lycia."

TOMBS AT MAKRY, THE ANCIENT TELMESSUS. Dated February 5th, 1844.

An upright, low-toned sketch; delicate greys and yellows, and a very tender sky; very interesting from the number of tombs and fine forms of the rocks. From the Dillon collection.

SKETCH FOR THE TOMB OF THE DUKE DE BRETAGNE AND HIS WIFE AT NANTES. 1840.

This sketch, which has been lithographed in Müller's "Age of Francis I.," is in monochrome. The details are well indicated, and the drawing of the sculptured figure very beautiful.

OLD WINDMILL AT BRISSAC. 1840.

An upright sketch, very telling against the sky. The mill stands on the top of some picturesque old building with arched entrance and outside steps of stone.

CHÂTEAU OF BRISSAC. 1840.

This is the companion sketch, also an upright; very quiet in colour, with old bridge and some water in the foreground. From the Solly collection.

VENICE. 1834. PART OF THE GRAND CANAL, WITH FINE OLD BUILDINGS AND A QUAY, ON WHICH ARE GROUPED SEVERAL FIGURES.

A number of Venetian boats, with sails, awnings, &c., very rich in colour, are well massed on the canal. The reflections from these and from a bright southern sky give great interest to the water. This may be termed a drawing, as it is carried rather further than most of Müller's sketches.

STREET SCENE AT CAIRO. 1838. 14 in. by 20 in.

SKETCH OR STUDY FOR THE OIL-PICTURE OF THE SAME SUBJECT NOW IN MR. LEVY'S COLLECTION.

Many figures of Copts, Turks, and negroes, with camels; a Moorish arch and part of a mosque in the distance give great richness to this powerful sketch, which is quite a Rembrandt in effect. This was in the possession of Mr. C. Stansfield, R.A., till his death.

WOODY LANDSCAPE—SCENE NEAR BRISTOL. 1839.

Some fine, large trees, freely handled, with a quiet pool of water, and a cottage in the distance. Very characteristic of Müller's English sketches of this period. From the Solly collection.

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FARMHOUSE AND CATTLE, NEAR BRISTOL. 1839.

Some fine trees are growing by the side of a quiet stream, with cattle grouped near them; a little bit of purple distance on one side of the buildings carries the eye well into the picture. This is a fresh and very agreeable sketch.

MR. J. D. WESTON'S COLLECTION OF MÜLLER'S DRAWINGS, DORSET HOUSE, CLIFTON.

SKETCH FOR FRONTISPIECE TO "FRANCIS I."

Fine in colour and treatment.

LEIGH WOODS.

An upright, rich, and powerful drawing. About 12 in. by 20 in. May, 1844.

VIEW AT VENICE: THE GRAND CANAL, WITH BOATS.

Tender in colour, and well finished.

DIGGING A VESSEL OUT OF THE ICE IN THE RIVER AVON, NEAR THE HOT WELLS. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $13\frac{1}{2}$ in.

On tinted paper, with a good many figures full of movement; in the far distance several ships are indicated; a wintry sky.

TERRACE OF THE CHÂTEAU DE CHAMBORD. 11 in. by 16 in.

In water-colours; some slight figures more than in the lithograph. A fresh sketch for the "Francis I." The colour sweet and tender, although on tinted paper.

COMPOSITION—THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TIVOLI, IN GREY AND SEPIA.

Grand feeling of light and shade. 18 in. by 11. 1834.

INTERIOR OF AN ARTIST'S STUDIO, WITH FIGURES. 12 in. by 12 in.

Very delicately finished, and a beautiful harmony of colour.

TIVOLI: A SKETCH OF THE OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT, WITH WATER AND TREES, IN GREY AND SEPIA. A long drawing, 7 in. by 17½ in.

This is grand in feeling, and would have been a fine subject for a painting.

Did I not fear to weary my readers, I might proceed to describe several more small collections which I have seen; but I have said sufficient, I believe, to indicate the character, variety, and great qualities of Müller's sketches—sketches which deserve to be regarded as truly representative and unique..

XVIII.

THE LAST SPRING IN LONDON.

1845.

I FEEL that much interest attaches to everything which befell Müller during the short and eventful year (the last of these annals) at which we have now arrived. During the whole of the winter he worked almost ceaselessly in his studio. He was replete with engagements also, and for the first few months of the year he appeared to be full of life, energy, and hope. His easel was never without a picture wet from the brush, and as he rarely spent more than two or three days over each work, it will be readily understood that the number which he painted was very great. Some of the most important of these I shall describe in this chapter.

In the following letters it will be seen that Müller's interest in his own work did not prevent him from sparing kind thoughts for the advancement of others. It will be remarked, also, that he was feeling rather nervous about the position his pictures might have allotted to them in the British Institution, and tha the did not expect much favour to be shown to them. The exhibition opened at the end of January, and for once, as will be seen, he was destined to be pleasantly surprised.

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son

TOMB IN THE WATER, TELMESSUS.

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ., *Birmingham.*

"22, Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square,
"January 6th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I truly thank you for your kind present; at the same time I must consider I have been guilty of neglect in not having written to you on two affairs. The first on account of the cigars, which proved most excellent; and the second, which I am sure you will consider of more consequence, your son. Nothing but my many engagements can plead my excuse, which I hope you will accept. I have pleasure in informing you that we have not been (up to the present) disappointed in our expectations relative to his advancement . . . I do not hesitate to say, if he continues as he at present promises, his success is certain; and I hope one day to see him hold a distinguished position in the profession he has chosen. Sketching from nature is the most certain ground to secure this. And I only regret that from all vacancies being engaged, by old members returning to the Clipstone Street Society, he could not be elected a subscriber for this half-year—that is to say, at Christmas; but next quarter he is certain; and I think, from the many advantages the society holds out to study, that it is well worth the expense of paying the summer quarter to insure his being a subscriber next winter. In this I trust you will agree with me, feeling assured that I have his interest warmly at heart, and will, as long as his conduct continues the same, do all in my power to advance him in his further prospects.

"I hope I may have ere long an opportunity of seeing you in town, when I can personally talk over these matters and thank you for your attentions to,

"My dear sir,

"Yours most truly,

"WM. MÜLLER."

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To S. C. HALL, ESQ.

"22, Bloomsbury Street,
"Friday morning [January, 1845].

"MY DEAR HALL,—May I take the liberty of bringing to your house my friend Mr. Rogers (our anatomical lecturer)? He is a remarkably gentlemanly person, as also clever, and would be much delighted to make your acquaintance.

"The Institute have given me excellent places—perhaps more than I deserve. Yet Danby (the best picture in the exhibition) is too high, and in the worst room!

"Yours most truly,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

"22, Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square,
"January 24th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Through your son I have just received the sum of £26 5*s*. on account of the three pictures* I have been painting for you and Mr. Colls. Let me thank you for your punctuality and kindness.

"I am painting away for the Academy, for which institution I hope to do much more than for the British. From the latter I expect little, and I do not imagine better treatment than on former occasions: 'Partiality, and not justice,' should be their motto.

"Believe me, my dear sir, to remain in haste,

"Truly yours,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The following were the pictures which Müller contributed to the British Institution:—

No. 27. "Dance at Xanthus:" sketch for a large picture. 1 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 1 in. Hung in north room.

* The three pictures mentioned above were—"Dance Sketch, Lycia;" "Snow Storm;" "Tomb Picture, Makri."

No. 140. "Rhodes, with the Pacha's Palace on the Right." 6 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 3 in. Hung in the place of honour on the line in the north room.

No. 498. "Tomb in the Water, Telmessus." 5 ft. 9 in. by 3 ft. 8 in. Hung in the south room, on the line.

Müller having sent his three pictures, and Harry Johnson one also, they received in due course notice that they were accepted, and also the tickets for the varnishing-day. On the morning of that day, Müller begged his pupil, Johnson, to go down to the exhibition to see how they were hung: he said he fully expected that, as usual, his pictures would be put out of sight, and that in that case he considered it would be useless for him to do anything more to them; but that if he (Johnson) thought it necessary to do anything to his own picture, he hoped he would remain and work at it. Afterwards he called out to Johnson, and added, "In case you find that my pictures have pretty good places, pray return at once, as I shall then certainly go and work on them." As soon as Johnson arrived at the exhibition he found that all three of Müller's pictures had been well hung—the "Rhodes" on the line in the north room, the "Dance at Xanthus" also well placed in the same room, and the "Tomb" in a relatively good position in the south room. He hastened back to Charlotte Street, where he found Müller hard at work painting, apparently unconcerned, and not having as yet made any preparation to go to the exhibition at the Institute. "When I told him," Johnson says, "he appeared to be quite staggered;" he could hardly believe that at last his works had been really well hung, and their merit recognised, for, as he said, it was indeed the only bit of good luck he had met with. Johnson then helped him to get his palette and other traps ready, and they proceeded together. On arriving, Müller immediately unpacked them and set to work on his "Rhodes," when he was soon

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surrounded by artists curious to see him paint with his left hand, and anxious to learn his method of work.

Shortly afterwards the exhibition opened, and on that day Charles Baxter relates that he accompanied Müller there. It was an unsually cold snowy day, and Müller, who seemed in good spirits, after staying some time, pressed his friend to return home with him to tea and to spend the evening. Baxter, who was then living some way off on the other side of the Thames, declined at first; but Müller insisted, and at last, to induce him to comply, he said, "If you'll come, Charley, you shall have the pick of any two sketches out of my folio you like best." This was too strong a temptation to resist, and a pleasant sociable evening they had together. Before leaving Baxter reminded his host of his promise, at which he made "a wry face," as Baxter says, "and pretended I was humbugging him," &c. Müller, however, was as good as his word, and gave him two capital sketches to take home. I have introduced the above anecdote partly to show how free he was in giving away his unrivalled work. And now I will give a short description of these three pictures at the Institute.

The "Dance at Xanthus," although called a sketch, is full of extraordinary power. A youth in a Grecian costume, and several musicians and spectators seated around, form the subject. The colour in the main parts is particularly quiet; but the whole is harmonious, and the sky and distance very beautiful.

The "Rhodes, with the Pacha's Palace on the Right Hand," one of Müller largest works, is full of silvery light; at the same time it thoroughly conveys the feeling of a hot climate. A fine tower rises up in the distance, the water is gleamy and full of beautiful reflections, and the whole arrangement of the subject is picturesque, yet very simple and natural. The storks' nests on the house-tops and the costumes of the figures introduced near the gateway help to convey the

impression of a "far away" Eastern country. The Colossus of Rhodes is said to have stood on the right of the white tower.

The "Tomb in the Water, Telmessus." This picture is also often called "Tombs in the Mountains." A smaller copy of this picture, viz., 2 ft. 5 in. by 4 ft. 5 in., is now in the collection of Mr. W. Sharp, who has kindly allowed it to be photographed for this work. It is freshly painted, and in a light key. A broad, quiet expanse of water reflects the mountains, which are honeycombed with tombs, and above these rises a bold crest capped with snow. A curious antique sculptured tomb is standing out of the water, in which it is reflected, and several storks are grouped about in the water and on the banks. The sky is of a pearly grey, and the general effect calm and quiet, and also full of mystery.

More important, however, than the above, and more numerous, were the works which Müller was preparing to send this year to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, which was to open at the end of April. This, he fondly thought, would be the "crucial test" of his position as an artist, and he had set his heart on distinguishing himself.

About this time Müller also painted his celebrated picture of "The Baggage-Waggon, 1845," 3 ft. 5 in. by 7 ft., now in the collection of Thomas Ashton, Esq., Manchester. The whole effect of this picture is powerful and truthful; its only defect, if any, being that the tone, when seen from a distance, is slightly too cold and blue. A blowing sky, with grand white clouds, a heavy shower passing over the distance, and birds tumbling in the air, give a feeling of wind and rain, which is enhanced by a rainbow on the right, and numerous puddles of water left by passing showers on the road in the foreground. An open champaign country with dark hills, a village with cottages and church-tower, form the distance, across which some broad shadows are thrown by the clouds.

CHAP. XVIII. 1845. A wide, sandy road leads the eye well into the picture, and along this several baggage-waggons and a regiment of infantry are passing. In the waggons are seated some invalided soldiers, women, and children, in picturesque attitudes, with arms piled up against the inside of the waggons. The soldiers in their red coats and white trousers and the officers mounted on grey or white horses form an excellent contrast to the dark teams which are drawing the huge waggons; the gleaming of the muskets of the troops also helps to relieve the dark shadows of the distance. Behind the last waggon a poor tired-looking woman, carrying a child on her back, and a weary soldier leading another child, and accompanied by a dog, are wending their way along—a sad and touching group, admirably painted: even the dog seems to partake of the misery of the others. On the extreme left is a sandy bank, with a sign-post and rustic children looking on in wonder at the passing troops. A cottage roof appears above this bank, on which, also, are roadside weeds and ducks. The colour of the foreground is excellent.

This is the picture which David Cox is reported to have seen Müller at work at. The first day, it was sketched in without any troops or waggons, and a windmill appeared on the left; the next day, white clouds had taken the place previously occupied by the mill, and the waggons and troops were partly painted. It is generally believed that this picture suggested the subject of Cox's "Peace and War," which he afterwards painted in 1846, and which has become so celebrated.

The following letters to his friends, J. Satterfield, B. Johnson, and W. Roberts, written shortly before the Academy opened, will be read with interest; especially that written in April to Mr. Satterfield, which shows that his health was already beginning to fail under the strain of his constant work; and again that of the 14th of April to Mr. Roberts,

where he speaks of "looking forward to sketching green fields, trees, &c.—the works of a living God." CHAP. XVIII. 1845.

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square,
"Thursday morning, 14th February, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I should apologize for my long silence, as also for not having forwarded you the small picture you desired me to paint, and which I commenced at Lycia; but I am sure your kindness will make some allowance when you know that this is my most engaged part of the year, and undertaking a book, 'Müller's Xanthus,' hangs in perspective like a dark cloud upon the horizon, that will keep me at home. It will, I doubt not, give you pleasure to hear that I have at the British Institution the post of honour for my 'Rhodes,' and very good situations for my other two pictures. This, however, is not the case with all the contributions. Danby is very fine.

"You ask me relative to two pictures for this ensuing exhibition (to be received on the 1st of June?). I shall be much pleased to promise one; and, if not, my large tent-scene, which is nearly finished. It shall not be a very small picture, if I can avoid it, and one that shall be characteristic of the country I have visited.

"Trusting you will pardon the haste of this, and accept my warm thanks for your kind inquiries after my health (which, all but a slight cold, is excellent), believe me to remain sincerely,

"Your obliged and obedient,
"WM. MÜLLER."

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

"22, Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square,
"Tuesday [1st April], 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Knowing your anxiety, I at once write to inform you that your son was, on last evening, elected a

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subscriber to the Clipstone Street Society, and I only hope, by his attention and study, it may prove of service to him in his future career.

"My time is nearly gone by for painting for the Academy, and my pictures are now all but complete. The largest, 'Passage of the Mangerchi, Asia Minor,' is to-day in its frame, and its *appearance* makes me hope that it may not be doomed to form a cover to the great door; but hope is never so obscured by uncertainty as with the disposition of pictures in the Academy.

"Mr. Pinnell has bought the large tent-scene, which also looks very fair. The small round one will find its way to Birmingham (after the exhibition); for a certain friend of mine was surprised I would not let him have it for nothing. He is going with his family to Italy, and, as he says, must be *economical;* so you will have the next refusal. Pray pardon haste, and believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—My friend Mr. Darby has asked me, (if I thought it of service to your son,) he would be pleased to request him to paint a small picture. His motives are kind, I am certain."

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"London, April, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Truly sorry I am that towards the last my health has given way: the confinement has been too much for me, who have, the twelve months before, been living in a *tent* and open air. Finding this, determined to have a sail; so have been working by boat about the mouth of the Thames for the last four or five days; yet do I not find myself improved in actual health.

"Depend upon it, I will strive my utmost to keep good my

promise relative to the pictures, but would feel particularly obliged would you inform me the latest day on which Green, the packer, receives for Manchester. CHAP. XVIII. 1845.

"Remaining your obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ., *Metchley Abbey.*

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"April 14th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I would not delay sending you the little bit until the completion of the 'Xanthian Dance,' which shall, however, be done on my earliest opportunity. I forward the small picture by to-night's train (Monday), and trust you will like it, as I think it is fortunate in colour, and clear; nay, in my room it has been a general favourite. My price for it will be £7. Now I have done with business, which, like most artists, I hate. Let me, then, enter upon a more pleasant subject. All my pictures have left me for the Academy, as also *left me* quite *unwell* (now that can hardly be considered a part of *any pleasing* subject). But to return to the one I alluded to in the first instance, I am looking forward to sketching green fields, trees, &c.—the works of a living God. These things make my heart glad. It is in nature, and not in streets, that I find my *own self.* Here I feel small, oppressed, as nothing. Man may be overcome by the greatness of his Creator's works. True; but his infinity passeth *all knowledge.* Believing this, we look on admiring, and bow down before the greatness which has created for our enjoyment all these wonders.

"Where I go to I can hardly say; it will be a short trip of a week or so, and in the space of a few days, preparatory to greater things with summer.

"Whether here or there, pray always to consider me, my dear sir, "Yours most sincerely,

WM. MÜLLER."

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To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury,
"17th April, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received this morning your cheque, for which let me thank you, as also the advice relative to my health. Truly it is to every individual the first subject he should consider . . . and of the *greatest* importance to the artist, as it influences his mind, and his mind being unwell his pictures partake of the same. Well, next to health comes *glass medium* (for the artist), as this has a wonderful power on his palette, and his palette influences his pictures. But, to be serious: mix it with oil, and for the thick class of painting I so much admire (*with transparency*) *there is nothing like it.*

"I much hope you will pardon haste. If you cannot succeed with what I enclose, I will, on my return to London (Saturday evening), send you——" *

About the middle of April Müller dispatched his pictures to the Royal Academy—five in number, which were—

No. 48. "Great Cannon, formerly belonging to the Knights Templars, Rhodes." (In the east room.)

No. 203. "Head of Zingari, Xanthus." (East room.)

No. 327. "Burial Ground, Smyrna." (Middle room.)

No. 367. "Tent Scene: Zingaris playing to a Turk's Family, Xanthus." (Middle room.)

No. 482. "Turkish Merchants, with Camels, passing the River Mangerchi in the Valley of the Xanthus." (West room.)

These were all noble contributions, and not one of them had a fairly good place. Most of them were either "skyed" or put close to the floor. The "Burial Ground" and the "Tent Scene," which should have been near the eye to have

* The remainder of this letter is torn off.

been seen properly, were both very high—almost close to the ceiling. I shall not presume to offer any opinion as to whether the unfortunate—I should perhaps say cruel—way in which Müller's pictures were hung this year resulted from design or accident. The result, however, of this treatment did without a doubt affect him deeply. It caused prostration and prolonged dejection, and roused the indignation of his friends. I believe he felt the disappointment the more acutely because he had received in private (as I am informed) encouraging hints from several members which led him to expect, what he would not have done without, fair treatment.

After Müller knew the result, he again entertained the idea which had often passed through his mind before, of leaving England altogether, and settling in St. Petersburg. He often talked of it as a place where an artist was sure of encouragement. In England, he used to say, there is little or no recognition, on the part of the more favoured artists who have achieved their diploma, of their brother-artists who are striving also to rise.

At this period (1845) I understand there used to be no regular varnishing-day at the Academy for "outsiders," but each exhibitor had a pass sent to him to enter the exhibition early on the morning of the opening-day, several hours before it was thrown open to the public. In this way Müller went with his friend, Charles Bentley, and sadly disappointed and depressed he naturally was. He did not remain long, but after taking some refreshment at a restaurant in Leicester Square, he hastened back to his own rooms. There, as the day went on, his indignation, annoyance, and dejection went on increasing until, in the evening, he threw himself down on the hearth-rug, and, rolling over, declared he would remain there all night. The paroxysm passed off, and he soon recovered his outward *composure;* but what his real state of mind was may be best gathered from the two

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following letters. The first was written immediately after the opening, to his friend Mr. Satterfield; and the next early in May, to Mr. S. C. Hall. They are both moderate in tone, and will, I think, tend to raise Müller in the opinion of all just men:—

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Bloomsbury Street,
"Monday evening, 29th April, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind and generous letter, containing the information required, I this morning received: the advice I will not lose sight of. I am sorry to say I am little better, having a nervous cough, which has been increased by what, I am sorry to say, I did not fully expect—namely, the neglect, and *insult*, I may say, I have received at the Academy in the situation of my pictures. A man honourably leaves his home, he visits other and distant climates, spends large sums of money; after labour and fatigue, he returns to his home, produces pictures that are contested for in his room, and acknowledged to be *superior* to his former works. His ambition leads him not to expect too high a reward—only a place that his pictures may be seen. Such has been my hope, and I find my 'Turkish Burial Ground' and 'Xanthian Tent Scene' on the very (at least the first-named) top of the large room, *conspicuously obscure ! ! !* These men act with little regard; indeed, it may be said 'they know not what they do,'—alike callous if these injuries fall upon one whom the world's disappointments may have hardened to bear it, or on a heart sensitive by early hopes blighted. Fortunately, I am not exactly one of the latter, and it only arouses my determination to extra exertion.

"The large picture of the 'Mangerchi' is not so badly hung, six feet or more above the ground, but in such a place that one may expect little from it. Patience is my motto, of

which I fear you must stand in need, to read this long letter; but your kindness has caused me to write it. Allow me to remain,

"Your truly obedient and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I still hope to keep my promise; nothing but illness will prevent. I must try and remember the *Snow-pieces* when I send the 'Cubebs.'"

To S. C. HALL, ESQ.

"22, Bloomsbury Street,
"8th May, 1845.

"MY DEAR HALL,—Despite all that has been done to cast an oblivion on my efforts at the Academy this year success has attended me, not alone in the sale of the pictures, but by the actual injustice of the situations. More than one of our principal collectors have given me commissions, or desired me to let them have a picture. Among the number is Mr. Vernon (ever the judicious patron and generous friend of genius); and, as one friend writes me, the only thing that surprises him is 'that they were not hung upside down.' Such has been the reward I have received for the expenditure of large sums, of great labour, the risk of health, breaking up for a time a connection, &c., the fatigue and exhaustion of a long journey. Such are the rewards or post of honour a protected body affords to the young English artist—the *top row* of the large room! But now we must take this as a lesson, and have *patience* (I hate the word, but I will have it), and I will pledge my life that, instead of its tending to do me harm, it shall do me *good*. I will study to prove to the world that if insulted I can forgive, but that I cannot forget the love of my profession.

"I hope my friends will view this affair as I myself do, and so quietly let it pass. In doing so they will do me a great service; for although I have a table covered with notes of

CHAP. XVIII. 1845. condolence, I should be sorry for the opinions thereon expressed to meet the eyes of the all-powerful dispensers of young men's destinies.

"WM. MÜLLER."

That expression at the end of Müller's last letter, referring to the Academy as the "all-powerful dispenser of young men's destinies," is one that deserves to be carefully and deeply pondered and considered.

It is truly sad to reflect, how many hopes have been crushed, how many careers have been irremediably blighted, by the treatment young artists have met with year after year. That this is indeed no fiction, many who are conversant with art-life in London well know, and can bear witness.

Artists have often struggled on, sick at heart, for a time against a too powerful and adverse influence, and have then disappeared for ever out of sight and unknown. It is impossible to believe that none of these young men have deserved a different and a less unkindly fate. "A fair field and no favour" is all that is asked for; but when there are grounds for suspicion that that is not granted, so far at least as landscape art is concerned, heart-burning and despondency are the inevitable result.

The advocates of the Royal Academy as now constituted allege, I believe, that there is no favouritism, and that merit alone is considered; whilst their critics say decidedly, and with a good show of reason on their side, that this is not so, and that the *money side* of the question is not without its influence.

Some artists, either from the want of having made a sufficient study of nature, or from the absence of poetic feeling, or from having been educated in a narrow and severe school of art, fail to recognise the merit of works differing much in character, feeling, or treatment from *their own standard;* hence, when *they* are constituted the judges, such pictures, although full of merit of a certain class, run

the risk of being either refused or placed almost out of sight. It is truly a poor consolation to artists so treated, that the undoubted merit of their works may, after a lapse of years, be fully acknowledged when, as far as they are individually concerned, it is *too late*. That there is a foundation of truth in the view I have here put forth is proved by the way in which the landscapes of David Cox and William Müller were notoriously treated by the Royal Academy—landscapes now universally acknowledged to be of the highest excellence, indeed truly *representative* ones of the English school. And again, it is sometimes asked, Do those members of the Academy who are each year placed on the Hanging Committee fully realise the nature and amount of their responsibility? Do they bear their proper share of this important work, or do they too readily delegate any material part of it to their subordinates? It is alleged also that favour is often shown to works of mediocrity, if painted by friends or relatives; and that the advantage accruing to the Academy in its yearly exhibitions from the important and varied works contributed by outsiders is not sufficiently acknowledged and taken into account.

There are, without doubt, high-minded and generous men, as well as men of the highest ability, in the Royal Academy—men well deserving of the honour they have achieved; but so much power as is possessed and wielded by that body, unless guarded by a truly broad and catholic feeling, and by the enlightened spirit of the present age in England, and subject also to some external check, may become dangerous in practice.

The question of reform of the constitution of the Academy has been often spoken and written about. As an old-established vested interest, it is truly surrounded with serious difficulties. An acrimonious spirit of attack is, in my opinion, to be deprecated, as likely to do quite as much, or more harm than good. The question ought to be approached in a

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broad and dispassionate manner, and looked at from the national stand-point of what would be best for the true interest and progress of art in England, and of the rising generation of artists. If this be done, I believe a solution might be arrived at, which would lead to the establishment of a broader, more liberal, and therefore a more popular basis for the guidance and regulation of the Academy, and for the reform of its schools. The spirit of monopoly, or anything akin to it, ought for ever to be banished from its councils.

I understand that these matters are managed better in Paris, and it might be well to take into consideration the regulations which exist in France and in other foreign countries for the protection and advancement of the interests of modern art and artists. If anything is attempted in respect to the question to which I have here ventured to refer, the sympathy and aid of men of high position and political influence should, if possible, be enlisted. Public opinion is a powerful lever in these days of free thought and a free press, and one that may go far to induce even a powerful and entirely independent body to reform itself.

For this rather long digression I ought, perhaps, to offer an apology.

As a description of the pictures which Müller sent to the Academy this year may be of interest to some of my readers, I will now give this, before proceeding with the narrative of his life.

"Great Cannon formerly belonging to the Knights Templars, Rhodes." About 30 by 18 in. This was a study in oil from one of his favourite Rhodian sketches. A huge cannon, with the effigy of a saint in high relief on the breech; the touch-hole covered with an ancient breastplate, over which are hung some old chain-shot. Very fine and true in colour, and vigorously painted.

"Head of a Cingari, Xanthus." This is a circular pic-

ture, and although small, having been painted on a panel only about 15 in. square, it is large in manner, and is touched in with rich colour throughout in a masterly way. It represents the upper half of a reclining figure in a picturesque Oriental costume; a turban of golden hue, with a red and purple fez cap, appearing above; a bright green jacket and rich sash, in which are stuck a brace of large and rich-looking pistols. The prevailing tones are warm, and these are relieved and contrasted with a bit of purple distance and dark blue sky. It has all the appearance of a veritable study from nature. Each part duly supports the rest, so that the whole effect is rich and pleasing. This picture is now in the collection of Mr. Sidney Cartwright, The Leasowes, near Wolverhampton.

"Burial Ground, Smyrna." This represents a late-evening effect, with a row of tall dark cypress-trees standing relieved against the sky. Towards the horizon the light of day is dying out in streaks of crimson and gold. The tombs are in shadow, and produce a solemn effect. It is a very impressive and poetical work.

"Tent Scene: Cingaries playing to a Turkish Family." This picture, one of Müller's finest works, is also known as the "Arab Minstrels," and is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Ashton of Manchester. The size is 3 ft. by 5 ft. 6½ in. It is warm in tone, and rich in colour. Three musicians are seated cross-legged near the foreground; one has a Lycian pipe, one a guitar, and the third a small violoncello. One of the minstrels is a negro, with a white turban and green jacket; a good contrast to the next, a pale-faced man, with rich yellow and red garments, and a turban of the same warm hues. Behind this group two figures are standing—one a Cingari youth with white turban, and the other a girl in a picturesque dress. On the right an open tent, of native manufacture, with a curtain and rough poles, occupies nearly half the picture, and is full of deep rich

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shadows. Under this tent some old Turks are seated smoking their long pipes, and listening to the music. Near them a woman appears to be occupied in some household matters, and several children are playing about on the wide-spread mats. A coffee-pot, cups, and slippers are skilfully introduced in the foreground, with gourds and other fruits of the country. On the left you perceive a fine stretch of country, with the river Xanthus winding through it, some dark hills, and a powerful cloudy sky. The cool and cold colours of this portion of the picture enhance materially the warm tones of the other side. In the immediate foreground, on the right, a pile of burning sticks is heaped up, on which an iron pot is placed to heat water for the coffee. This serves to bring the shadow of the tent down to the front, and completes the balance of light and shade. The white turban of one of the upright figures is knowingly brought against the darkest shadows of the tent, thus giving increased point and brilliancy to the whole composition. The lights are also carried across the picture by the lights on the upper strata of clouds. The whole arrangement of this difficult subject shows how complete Müller's art-knowledge at this time was. A wild phase of Eastern life has been successfully realised in this picture with consummate tact and truthfulness.

"Turkish Merchants passing the river Mancherchi, in the Valley of Xanthus, Lycia." 4 ft. 8 in. by 7 ft. This grand picture, the largest ever painted by Müller, is now in the possession of the Rev. James Heyworth, Henbury Hill. The dark river, swollen by recent rains, is rushing impetuously over a rapid, and the water is tumbling amidst rocks and broken stumps of trees in the immediate foreground. The ford is indicated by tall poles placed here and there in the bed of the river, where some four or five baggage camels, led and urged on by their turbaned drivers, are seen fording the stream. On the left, some Turks are kneeling near piles of

the picturesque Oriental baggage strewed around; a kneeling camel shows that they are occupied in readjusting the loads on the patient beast, before crossing. Several other Turks, and one or two camels, are standing near. On the far side of the river (the extreme right), underneath a rocky bank, the caravan appears to have just encamped, a number of Turks being collected round watch-fires. A storm has recently burst over the upper part of the valley, where grand clouds and mists are seen rolling down the sides of the mountains, and filling up the middle distance. Towering above the storm-driven clouds, some lofty snowy peaks rear their summits into a comparatively calm sky. The whole effect is wild and stirring, the colour brilliant and powerful, the manipulation broad, and the painting solid. In this picture Müller appears to have grasped and realised the accidental effects occasionally seen in mountainous districts, and which constitute the true poetry of landscape art. This picture, "Passing the Mancherchi," was placed rather high. It was priced by Müller at £125; and was selected by Mr. C. W. Wass for a prizeholder of £100 in the London Art-Union. It was soon afterwards resold for £300, and subsequently for £1,200.

In spite of Müller's disappointment with regard to the position of his pictures in the Academy, he recommenced to work in his studio during the month of May with his usual ardour. He completed a large picture for Birmingham, "The Hayfield," and proceeded with other commissions; but, as the month wore on, he suffered severely from a swelling of the thumb and fingers of his right hand, which prevented him from using it. As this affection was attributable to no local cause, but to organic derangement, it was the more serious. Still he was able to go on painting, in spite of failing health, as he always used his left hand for that occupation. At last he determined to leave London for

CHAP. XVIII. 1845. a time, on a visit to his brother at Bristol, in the hope of shortly regaining health and strength, as will be seen by the following letters, the handwriting of which is cramped, being written with his left hand. They are the last he ever wrote from London :—

To WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ., *Wisbeach.*

"Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury.
"May 12th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You have expressed a flattering wish to me relative to your desire to possess a small painting of mine. I can assure you it was not an avaricious feeling that made me allude to the sum proposed; but I have of late had so many kind friends desiring me to paint, that in justice to my reputation, and perhaps more so my health, I have unpleasantly to myself been forced to increase my prices: for I should truly like nothing better than painting and *giving away*, so that the unpoetical word *money* was never to be used. Yet we all must know in the nineteenth century such would be truly laughable, and to be laughed at. I will on my earliest opportunity commence a picture for you, and if, on your receiving it, it should not exactly please you, pray let me have it again, as on no account should I wish any person to retain a painting of mine if it did not please him.

"My dear sir, pardon haste, and believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I think you wished it to be a figure subject, and I have some fine tent-scenes."

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ., *Birmingham.*

"22, Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square,
"May 16th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The 'Hayfield' is done, 3 ft. 11 in. by 2 ft. 3 in. My price, with the frame, £34. If it should please

you, you will have the kindness to write and say. It is highly finished, and I think makes a pleasing and agreeable picture. A certain party saw it, Mr. —— (or the gentleman with the two hot plates for his dinner); he *insisted* (his own word) on having a second refusal of the picture: 'Consider it mine! Write me the price, and I will send a cheque by the next post.' All very fine, but do not be in too great a hurry, say I. You will keep all this quiet, if you please, as also the price. I have no wish to let that party have the picture.

"I saw Harry; he is well. I wish I was; but hope to be so by taking a dose of 'atomsphere,' as a friend of ours writes and calls it. "Yours most truly,

"WM. MÜLLER."

Just after the above letter was written Harry Johnson left London to return to Birmingham, and then he went on a visit to North Wales, so that he never saw Müller again. In one of his last interviews Müller said to him, "Harry, I do not know what has come to the forefinger of my left hand [the one he always painted with]; it is swollen all round the nail, and I can hardly hold my brush.' Shortly afterwards the right hand was similarly affected, but to a greater extent, as will be seen in the next letter.

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"22, Bloomsbury Street (late Charlotte Street), Bedford Square,
"Wednesday morning, May 26th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I sent Mr. Green two pictures—one, the 'Passage of Troops over a Common,' and 'The Dinner Hour' (or 'Hayfield'). True, I neglected forwarding a description note with them, but enclose one to you, sir, that perhaps you will have the kindness to hand to the secretary.

"I much regret I was unable to complete the third, as it formed a part of my promise. Illness and low spirits must be my excuse. I have had, and still have, a very bad right hand, caused by a swelling of the fingers, but more particu-

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larly in the thumb; this will account for my present style of writing (fortunately being able to use both hands). I hope to leave London this week for a short time, and to return in health. I have taken every precaution a man can take, and have had good advice, and as yet have not experienced that change for the better that I could wish. You will pardon this scrawl. I much regret that from the non-receipt of the paintings you should have been under the fear of my illness. I should at once have written to you, sir, to place the truth before the committee.

"Believe to remain yours most obedient and truly obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The two pictures mentioned in the preceding letter were sent to the Manchester Exhibition, in fulfilment of a promise he had long since made to Mr. Satterfield, who had been very anxious that Müller should exhibit some important works in Manchester. The one called "Passage of Troops over a Common" is the same I have already described as the "Baggage-Waggon," now in Mr. Ashton's collection.

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"22, Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square,
"May 29th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am unable to paint, or, in short, do anything, from a very serious swelling on my right thumb. This affords me an opportunity of exercising my penmanship with my left hand.

"I shall be most happy to place your friend's commission in my books; but time for its completion I may not promise. At the same time, my dear sir, let me thank you for the interest you have ever taken in promoting my advancement. My surgeon recommends change of air more than *medicine* (honest man). I think sketching will cure me, which combines change of air and scene; so on Saturday I think to

run down and have a *mouthful* of true country air. My stay will not be longer than a week or so, when I return to be *booked*.

"Once more thanking you for your kindness, allow me to remain, my dear sir, "Yours truly,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The above was written with his left hand.

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"London, May 31st, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am, as you will see by this, better. Had I received your letter yesterday, I should have arranged to personally thank you for the plans you have so kindly arranged in my favour, by seeking the Euston Square Station on Sunday. But fate has ordained it otherwise. I leave town by the Great Western Railway at one to-day, and only hope to be able to be back by the middle of the week after next, and all well.

"Let me truly offer you my *sincere* thanks for your kindness, and believe me, with regrets that I cannot avail myself of it, to remain

"Yours most truly and obliged,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—Fresh deities will visit Birmingham. 'Mercury and Argos' is, I hear, Mr. Birch's. It is a fine picture."

The postscript refers to Turner's picture purchased by Mr. Charles Birch.*

* I have seen a receipt for half the amount of the "Hayfield" picture, given by Müller just before he left London, of which the following is a copy:—

"Received of B. JOHNSON, Esq., the sum of £17, being the half of the price of the painting ('Hayfield') now in the Manchester Exhibition (with frame).

"May 22, '45. "WM. MÜLLER."

The following receipts were also given by Müller in 1845:—For the "Tomb in the Water," £44; "Snow Storm, North Wales," £25; "Cingari's Head" (circular picture), £20; "Great Cannon, Rhodes," £14; "Dance Scene at Xanthus" (sketch), £15; "Burial Ground, Smyrna," £50. Most of the above were purchased on joint account between Mr. B. Johnson and another gentleman. These works have all since changed hands several times at very high and continually increasing prices.

XIX.

THE LAST SUMMER IN BRISTOL.

1845.

WHEN Müller sought repose in Bristol after the exciting London season and his long period of hard work, he fondly hoped that a few weeks of rest and change of air would recruit his strength and restore his failing health; but it was not to be. The lamp of life showed at this time unmistakable signs of exhaustion, and, although for a few months it flickered brilliantly at times, the oil was fast draining away, and as the warm summer months departed, and the melancholy autumn approached, it finally sank down and went out.

Müller arrived at No. 1, Park Row—his brother's house—on Saturday, the 31st of May. He placed himself immediately under medical treatment. Patient and hopeful, he carefully attended to everything his doctors prescribed; but his cough and the symptoms of heart-affection increased, attended with some fever. That he had felt doubtful about the prolongation of his life for some time previously may be inferred, I think, from what he occasionally said to his pupil, Harry Johnson, in their London studio. He would often preface a story or bit of advice by this sentence: "After the old master has gone, Johnson, you will remember that he told you," so and so. When he first came to

Bristol he used to take short walks, and when weaker he drove out in a carriage. Müller painted but little during the month of June: this was a privation to him, for he was never so happy as when at work with his brush, as has been already observed more than once; but almost complete rest was recommended to him for a time. Afterwards, during the months of July and August, and even in the first week of September, he continued to make water-colour drawings and a few small oil-paintings. In July, indeed, this practice was suspended for a while by a severe attack of hæmorrhage from the nose and head, followed by an alarming state of prostration.

The following were amongst the water-colour drawings made by Müller during his illness:—"Harlech Castle," "Compton Dando, Somersetshire;" "Gipsy Encampment," "Winter, Gillingham;" "Hayfield." These were mostly copies or recollections of the same subjects previously painted. He also made a sketch of chimney-pots as seen from his bedroom window, which he named "Stansfield's Bay of Biscay," as he said it bore some resemblance to that artist's picture of that subject.

The most remarkable proof, however, of Müller's energy and love for *large* work during his last illness was the production by him of a fine fresco in colours, representing a wild boar hunt at Xanthus in Lycia, which he drew on the bare whitewashed wall of the room, and at which he worked with great interest, even when too weak to walk unaided across the room. This fresco was about eleven feet long. A copy was made of it by his brother Edmund some time afterwards, when about to leave Park Row, as the original could not be removed, and, like the frescoes which Müller painted in the lazaretto at Smyrna, it has been lost for ever. I have seen this copy; it is highly interesting, and is spirited and full of movement. The adventure and peril of hunting the wild boars in their native forests is ad-

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mirably represented. Two Turks on horseback, with their guns, &c., appear to be galloping towards the retreating boars, and still nearer another Turk, on foot, is in the act of discharging his musket at them. The swine are all running close together, chased by a few native dogs. In the centre and on the right of the picture there are several fine oaks with gnarled stems and rough, twisted branches, and in the distance the Taurus range of blue and purple mountains are relieved against a light sky.

In Mr. Harrison's paper a touching account has been given of the last sketching excursion which he made with Müller. As far as I have been able to ascertain, that was the only one Müller made after he arrived from London at Bristol, although he went out for a few short drives. On more than one occasion during his illness, Müller said sorrowfully, that when he was forced to leave London by the state of his health, fortune seemed at last to be within his grasp, inasmuch as he could then easily earn five pounds any morning by three or four hours' work in his studio,—but all this had vanished with health. It was evidently a great trial to him to be thus laid on the shelf by sickness; but he bore it manfully, and, on the whole, his spirits were wonderfully good throughout his illness. I will now give some of the letters written by Müller at this time to his friends; they are thoroughly characteristic of the man, as it will be seen he could hardly repress a joke, even then, at his own expense, and will be read I think with a melancholy and deep interest. Those addressed to his intimate friend, Mr. Gooden, here and there even sparkle with fun as of yore; and, indeed, when reading these remarkable letters, which lay open the inner man, the voice of the great painter, so long hushed, seems almost to be heard again addressing his friends.

To S. C. HALL, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
[Date about 10th June, 1845.]

"MY DEAR HALL,—I at length was forced to leave town, my health each day being worse. I am now in Bristol, and under *first* medical treatment. My disease is a curious one, 'inflammation of the reflex nerves;' yet they give me little medicine, and I am to be quiet—to do a little work. Now to no one do I owe *more* than to you after all my many promises, and it will give me sincere pleasure if I can discharge them. I have just heard of an old hall (and they say a curious one), by name, 'Chavenege Grange,' Gloucester. Do you know it? They say the interior is *very* fine; if so I will get it, if you wish, as I can ride there as exercise.

"Again (*for fun*) the British Exhibition may, I think, be noticed in the next month's *Art-Union* number (the last month's is a capital one). The subscriptions in this rich town to the Art-Union amount to £100! they expect £150. If you think a slight *critique* of any moment, I will send you some general observations; for there are some pretty pictures, and by native men.

"Pardon this long rigmarole, and believe me to remain, my dear Hall, "Most sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I sold my picture of the 'Camels and River,' on the first day of the Royal Academy, as an Art-Union prize; £125. The £25 paid into the committee. I do not see it mentioned. In writing me, will you oblige me with Godwin's address; I forget it."

To S. C. HALL, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
[Date about 18th June, 1845.]

"MY DEAR HALL,—I enclose a most hasty scrawl relative to Bristol and the Society; use it as you like. I only wish I

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could have re-written it, but I am too unwell. I am sorry to add that, as regards health, I am little if any better. I now have inflammation of the pleura, joined to a low nervous fever! Well, I hope for better things and brighter days (to me). I may not work, and blisters and medicine are my amusement. I just manage to walk about like an old man. They promise me a speedy recovery; may the promise be true. I fear the observations are much too long. I am indignant at the conduct of the Bristolians. I hope you will twist the facts about so that I may with truth say I did not write them; for I fear if it was known that I did so, my days are numbered, and I am in no way to render resistance.

"Again believe me sincerely and most truly yours,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To BENJ. JOHNSON, ESQ., *Birmingham.*

"Bristol [some date in June], 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am not surprised at your writing. All is safe; the cheque for £89. The truth is, at times we have great trouble in consequence of a Rev. J. W. Müller living within two or three doors of us. Our letters get mixed. Mine was now taken to him: he was from home; on his return he immediately forwarded it to me. But more curious still: I was in the habit of sending down to my brother various sums of money to Stuckeys, as payable to Mr. E. G. Müller; I inquired what sum he had in the bank, and the clerk told me he could not really say, but he thought £60. Now I knew £600 was more like the amount. They had mixed the two banking accounts. All is square now. Accept my thanks for your kindness, and my regret that you should, as is natural, have been alarmed.

"I paint quietly a little most days. I have had and have

a severe cough, which holds me back, but I am on the whole a little better. CHAP. XIX. 1845.

"Pardon my scrawl, and ever, my dear sir,

"Believe me yours truly,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"Do you want a £2 Ruysdael? If you do, *I can't paint* you one; but Mr. —— has a man who can."

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"June 22nd, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is now three weeks and more since last I had the pleasure of writing to you. I then left London for health. I have had the best of advice, but health is the desideratum. They cannot understand what is the matter with me. I had acute inflammation of the pleura: on go the blisters. Then a slow nervous fever, or, with another name, inflammation of the reflex nerves: for that, or something, I took enough prussic acid to have performed a *Tawell's* experiment; still my fingers were painful and swollen. Now I am being treated for another discovery—poison (not by my surgeons, but) by white lead in painting (a martyr to the profession). I believe there is a truth in this last discovery. I afford them excellent sport, as they say of fish. They now give me a hundred drops a day of sulphuric acid: that is to take the lead out of me, and great things are expected; *tant mieux*. But, to be more serious, I feel a little stronger the last two days, suffer much less, and there is something that says I am on the road shortly to recover. If so, *Nature has done it*. I would not have troubled you with this list of my illnesses had it not been to justify myself (I have many such to seek, I fear me); but my promise to you

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was to let you have the little Turkish interior within the month. Would that I could have done so, for God knows melancholy and low spirits have so possessed me that I have been a poor, weak creature. I may not as yet *paint*, but hope to have permission shortly. Oh! I long again to begin, as also in earnest to sketch; but that is more than I can well do at this time, so I read and mentally produce picture-galleries. I will ask the favour, should you, sir, meet any of my Birmingham friends, to remember me kindly to them, and that you will ever consider me,

"Your sincerely obliged and obedient,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To JAS. CHISHOLM GOODEN, ESQ., *London.*

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"23rd June, 1845.

"MY DEAR GOODEN,—Many thanks for your kind inquiries after me, as also your note. I only wish I could answer in a more satisfactory way. I can give no name to an illness that is called by six or seven. My lungs are sound, and, please God, my *heart* to my friends. Day after day I have become weaker and weaker There is internal inflammation, and a long talk about reflex nerves. It all amounts to this: I am ill—just able to toddle about, or slowly walk a mile or so. Painting is all but forbidden me, and sketching is too much. I read, write, and lament. If I shortly recover, I expect I shall be sent off to a warm climate—they talk of it at present; but as nothing is certain, so I write the ordinary remarks of those in authority, *alias* my medical men.

"You may imagine, with the brilliant commissions and openings in society I had, that I am not altogether in the most happy state of mind. Well, all is for the best, and I

believe it; and this may be the commencement of the closing scene of an ambitious man. I can reflect with pleasure on the past, and right well I know that there are few to sorrow on its close. But melancholy, I am told, is not to be indulged in. My surgeon saw me rather inclined that way the other morning:—'By *George!* Müller, you want amusement—something to interest you. You must not sit here with that confounded French book; you must seek amusement. I just have it,' says my friend of the lancet: 'come down to the Infirmary to-day; there are to be some two or three interesting operations; in particular, I am going to take up the iliac artery of a man for,' &c.! See my amusement. . . . . .

"I had expected hearing from Goodall, as I hoped to accompany him to Wells; that will, I fear, now be out of my power. You see I am ill by the length of my letter, of which you must by this time be tired. Well, I now conclude this catalogue of ills, with hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Gooden enjoy better health.

"Believe me ever yours most sincerely,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—Sir James South cannot leave the poor comet alone. He played enough with Lord Ross's telescope. I wish *Punch* would begin, and then not leave *him* alone. If you see Tom, give my kind remembrances, &c."

To JAS. C. GOODEN, ESQ., 33, *Tavistock Square.*

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"June 30th, 1845.

"MY DEAR GOODEN,—I would have answered your letter sooner (the receipt of which gave me hope and pleasure), but truly I was at a loss to answer your question. The names

CHAP. XIX. 1845. attributed to various appearances of illnesses, which I from time to time seem to have had, have been various, as of course my treatment. But, from the first examination of my chest, I was led to believe there was a little something wrong, and it happens to be in that organ which I boasted was free and in health—my heart; for this I am now under severe treatment—blisters, &c. My sides are raw, my patience nearly gone, as my strength; when, to make matters better, I strained the muscles of the calf of the leg, so that my locomotion is a shuffle (would to heavens all mankind shuffled as honestly!). I am of course very weak. I hate servants and strangers about me, so I am my own nurse (my brother has been out of town). I put on my own blisters, take them off and dress them, and, in short, am not allowed to see any one; it is a solitary confinement, with low diet and medical punishment.

"I have books and flowers, and a splendid method of taking medicine—by never thinking about it until down. True, I blush not to own that a tear at times dims the eye that has been six or seven hours looking over the page: 'tis weakness—a weakness, if you like it; but illness, solitude, and indifferent servants may be the cause—and let it be. My poor profession is on the shelf. How can a man paint with his mind filled with draughts, pills, and heavens! worst of all—those bitters?

"Well, I won't attribute it to a wrong cause; they won't let me touch a brush. Every day they administer a dose of hope. I am told I am better, the last two days. To-morrow is a field-day—a consultation, and a regular overhaul of my chest, back, &c., with thumping and knocking enough to disturb one's liver and raise one's gall; but of course I must go through with it,—amen. I hear no London news. Anthony, of course, painting away.

"I can write no more. Pray pardon the many errors I doubt not in this, and the miserable scrawl: my hand

shakes. Believe me sincerely obliged to you for your kindness and your letter, and to remain, with hopes of happier days, CHAP. XIX. 1845.

"Yours ever,

"WM. MÜLLER."

To WM. ROBERTS, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"June 30th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—*Many* thanks for your kind invitation and advice. Let me just draw you the picture of the poor invalid to whom that kindness has been offered. In the first place, low diet, medicine, and illness have made me, day after day, so weak that I could hardly walk the length of a common street; and, finally, a *sprain* in the muscles of the calf of the left leg has deprived me of that locomotion, so now I just shuffle about from room to room, I am denied seeing any one, eating meat, &c. There is a *slight* affection in the heart. I have the kindest and the best advice, and the strongest medicines. Prussic acid, seven drops a day, with various other little treats in draughts, pills, &c. They give me great hopes (but not of painting shortly); so when better (?) I will seek sketching. But, believe me, it requires more than ordinary firmness when I look out at the bright sky and green fields, which, to a certain extent, I can see here, the fresh breeze playing through the long grass—all speaking of summer: with a sick mind I turn back to my chair by *the fire*, and take up the book I have been nursing for six or seven hours before! To all this I must become habituated; and, thank God, as yet I am able to be in a chair. My strength astonishes my medical men. I have now, sir, given you the picture's deep shade. I shall have a pleasure in saying that they think me, the last two days,

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better. For myself, I know not. I once more beg to express my warm gratitude to you for your generous offer, and I think I need no further explanation to say why I do not accept it: it came at a moment when I had been suffering from extreme pain and a sleepless night; at such moments kindness will be truly appreciated, as I assure you it was by, my dear sir,

"Yours most sincerely and truly,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—Pray pardon this scrawl: my hand is not firm, as on former occasions."

To J. CHISHOLM GOODEN, ESQ., *London.*

"7th July, 1845.

"MY DEAR GOODEN, — A most important change has taken place since writing you last. My physician declared my lungs sound, but disliked a little *souffle* about the heart. They agreed to put me on good diet, and as soon as my leg should be well I was to commence regular exercise. Nature seemed to judge better, for in the morning my nose commenced a discharge of blood that *would* have frightened you." [A description here follows of the remedies tried to stop the hæmorrhage, which was renewed more than once, and for five days and nights Müller suffered much.] "But I promise much better things; am to be up to-morrow, and a free use of tonics, &c.

"This is the second note I have written since my calamity. Pardon imperfections: my head is weak, as well as my body; yet I hope soon to get strength. Die has written me: I have not as yet answered. He sold a £40 at Dublin. Have you seen him? He sends me a shady excuse about Paris.

"How is Poole in the cartoons? and how are the cartoons? Do give me a line; and ever believe me, my dear Gooden,

"Yours most sincerely,

"Park Row, Bristol. "WM. MÜLLER.

"Given from our bed, the year of our Lord 1845, and the day the 7th of the month July of the same year. Long live all painters!"

To J. SATTERFIELD, ESQ.

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"[Date about 10th] July, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was surprised that my illness had not reached you. A consultation with my physician and surgeon took place about three or four weeks back. I had a slight affection of the heart; but exercise, &c., may cure this with care. The same night I nearly bled to death, and it continued the night after nearly the same from the interior of the passages of the head.

"Well, sir, all that skill could do I experienced, and suffered *much pain*. Left in the lowest stage of weakness: do all they could, I could recover *no* strength. So within the last three days they have thrown me into bed, blistered, &c. I am not one of those weak persons who condemn medical aid: I place my reliance in it next to the Almighty, and then under His loving aid.

"Pardon the weak manner I write in; I can do no better: but believe me to remain

"Your truly obliged and ever sincere,

"WM. MÜLLER."

This was the last letter written by Müller to Mr. Satterfield, and, like that of the 26th of May, written with his left hand.

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To S. C. HALL, ESQ.

"No. 1, Park Road, Bristol,
"22nd July, 1845.

"MY DEAR HALL,— . . . Truly have I been very seriously ill; most profuse bleeding from the internal passages of the head, which nearly terminated my earthly career—a bleeding of which few persons can form an idea. The pain of the various applications, and the forcing large pieces of lint all but into the head, caused me to suffer much, as well as the various styptics, &c. Thank God, the last two weeks have passed, and I have had no recurrence of the bleeding. If this discontinues, there is the best of hope; but to recover lost blood is as slow a process as lost *time*.

"I am very weak, and gain strength with a slowness that astonishes me . . . .

"Most sincerely yours,
"WM. MÜLLER."

To J. CHISHOLM GOODEN, ESQ.

"No. 1, Park Row, Bristol,
"July 24th, 1845.

"MY DEAR GOODEN,—Many thanks for your letter; the contents of parts more vexed me than astonished me. I fear you will think I shall in my writing become a bore or an old woman: it is the only thing I can do, and it keeps my mind from my own miseries. I *cannot* recover the loss of blood, so cannot I gain strength. I tried to shave to-day, and fainted in doing so. I go out in a carriage five or six miles every day, live like a farmer-boy, but no strength . . . I sit in a blanket like an Indian artist chief (?). I admire flowers on the table, and arrange into groups of colour their beautiful forms; so I work with them until their petals fall off, their beauty gone, or 'like a snow-flake in the river, one

moment white, then gone for ever.' I send for more, or have more sent me.

"Your excursion in the boat must have been rather unpleasant; yet, with Tom as a companion (who is all *wrong* in his mode of practice in sketching), I doubt not you got on well. How strange it is, most amateurs will always go the long road, rather than take the little hill! One CAREFULLY drawn fragment with colour—be it of what it may—is worth all, I believe, many men do in their six weeks' excursions. Genius is one thing; but the greatest must have observed the forms of a willow, of an elm, of an oak, else with all genius he may make them like some unknown forms. I am delighted to hear you did not go to Die [Dighton]. In a letter he wrote he said it was dull, and that he intended 'decoying some unsuspecting town-fellow down to help pass over *the Sundays*.' *You* he fixed on for his victim . . . .

"God bless you, with thanks for your last communication, and no power to fix an hour for a longed-for smoke. Ever believe me

"Your sincere friend,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I have a quantity of Latakia tobacco given me. Must not touch it."

To J. CHISHOLM GOODEN, ESQ.

"20, Park Row, Bristol,
"August 20th, 1845.

"MY DEAR GOODEN,—I should have written yesterday, but I was under the effect of laudanum, and could not keep my eyes open. Reports (invented, doubtless, by picture-dealers) are abroad that it is all over with me; so, if I strictly am to believe my physician and surgeon, such is the case; for they say I have no disease at present known to

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them, and that I require but *extreme* care and attention, with as early change of air as possible, to restore me. But I fear the British Institution will have next to no 'Müllers,' and the Academy!—— Well, I must make my income up by teaching oil to a select few (young ladies), or writing articles for magazines and sonnets in praise of old ladies' parrots.

"I have sent a picture to Liverpool (an old one). I sold my soldiers at Manchester, and I have a fine subject from a book—'Attack of Dragoons on Smugglers,' just as they have run the cargo (Kent); low, misty, lurid morning light. N.B.—Dragoons get the best.

"I just wish I could gain strength. When I had a good quantity, I could paint as large as the house.

"Do pardon this scrawl: I cannot write as I could wish. Feel assured I took your inquiry of my brother as a mark of kindness, but no more than what I have ever known you to possess, and in particular to your sincere friend,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—You made me cry, with your recollection of *Shoreham*, for half an hour. Weakness, but nothing to be ashamed of."

The preceding letter was accompanied by an amusing sketch in pen and ink, representing an artist at work out of doors, near the seashore, with a packet of lunch near him, a church-tower and waggon in the distance, and some marginal notes.

To BENJAMIN JOHNSON, ESQ., *Birmingham.*

"1, Park-Row, Bristol,
"August 23rd, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been long confined to a bed of illness, and [am] so now; but a little better the last three or four days, so that I sit up a little.

"In the worst part of my illness I had a letter from your son. I could not answer it. Pray tell him this arose from my extreme loss of blood, but no ill feeling. What is he doing? Give him my kindest wishes. I gain strength so slowly that God knows when I [shall] go to my much-loved profession again: my heart and soul are in it, I do believe.

"Trusting you and family have enjoyed health, pray, my dear sir, receive my best wishes for a continuance of it, and believe me

"Most sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S. — If away, will you oblige me by your son's direction?"

About a month after Müller wrote his last letter to Mr. Satterfield, of Manchester (dated about the 10th of July), that gentleman, who always took a very kind interest in everything which concerned his favourite artist, wrote the following letter to his brother Edmund:—

To MR. E. G. MÜLLER, 1, *Park Row, Bristol.*

"Victoria Park, Manchester,
"18th August, 1845.

"DEAR SIR,—I wrote a few days ago to your brother, and had hoped to have received a letter from him in reply, with a more favourable account of his health. It has concerned me much to have heard to-day, through a gentleman from Birmingham, that your brother's health has assumed a serious aspect, and that anxious fears, in fact, are excited on his behalf.

"I can truly assure you that I shall sincerely regret if

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such be the case, for I esteem him much, not less for his high character as a man than for the service he has done to art in this country; and it would grieve me if one so valuable were, at so early a period of his life, to be taken from us. Pray send me a few lines, for I shall now feel anxious until hearing from you.

"This letter you will of course consider confidential.

"I am, sir,

"Yours with respect,

"JOSHUA SATTERFIELD."

The testimony of esteem for Müller's high character contained in the preceding letter of Mr. Satterfield was equally borne by Mr. Acraman, and many other gentlemen who had long known him, and felt the warmest attachment and friendship for him as a man and admiration for him as an artist.

The last landscape in oil which Müller painted is a small upright, representing "A Country Lane at Gillingham," 16 by 10 in., and is now in the collection of Mr. S. Mayou. It was painted in August, and is fine in colour and very powerful, but deficient in finish. The palette-knife appears to have been freely used. A group of trees on the right, some fallen timber on the road underneath, and on the opposite side a country lad passing along the lane. Gillingham Church tower and a cottage seen in the distance, with a fine sky (cumuli massed in pyramidal form), complete this masterly little picture. Before painting it, Müller made a rapid study of the subject in sepia, which I have seen at Mr. Edmund Müller's. After this effort, Müller made a beautiful study of flowers in water-colours, which has been described by Mr. Harrison in his paper; and later still he painted the celebrated flower-picture in oil which was long in the possession of Mr. Fallows, of Manchester: it is 23 by 19 in., and was last sold in April, 1874, for £304 10*s*., being at that time part of the Holmewood collection.

This, and a rather unfinished study of fruit, were worked upon by him till the 7th of September—the very eve of his death. Miss Branwhite had sent him the flowers, an autumn bouquet, which he arranged in an ornamental gilt vase, and at once commenced to paint. There were several dahlias and fuchsias; one, a *fuchsia fulgens*, he especially expressed his admiration for, as he remarked that the cool greens of the underside of the leaves made such a pleasant and effective contrast with the others. This work is characterized by his usual fine colour, vigorous handling, and powerful shadows. The same may be said of the little fruit-picture, which is now in the collection of Mr. J. D. Weston, of Clifton. It is a splendid bit of colour; and although slight and unfinished in parts, the general effect is admirable. Some richly coloured peaches, grapes, and filberts are placed on a bit of garden matting, and are cleverly relieved against a blue and grey sky, which forms a contrast to the warm and deep tones of the fruit. A few low-toned green leaves complete the harmony of colour. Like the flowers, this fruit had been sent as a present to Müller. It was the nearest approach to nature within the reach of the invalid; and although too weak to stand, or even to sit up, he was propped up with pillows, and thus he painted. His brother informs me that he never remained the entire day in bed, and always felt happiest when at work. His feeling for colour was certainly never grander than in these last efforts, and he kept up his spirits to the last.

The two following letters, which refer to the flower-picture, will be read with especial interest, for they are the last that William Müller ever wrote. They are written in rather a disjointed manner, and in an unusually feeble hand—a touching proof of his fast-waning strength; but his mind was still as clear as ever:—

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1845.

To JAMES CHISHOLM GOODEN, ESQ., *Portsmouth.*

"1, Park Row, Bristol,
"September 3rd, 1845.

"MY DEAR GOODEN,—In haste I write you—pray pardon it. I am very unwell: to say truth, still I just keep my own.

"I have had a few days' *painting!*—a flower-piece, and I think a good piece of colour; two small landscapes, and to-day the 'Capture of a Greek Female Slave' (for colour). The two last have been painful to me, as I have a seton in the side. All the above are 'bits,' but the flower-piece, which is, I think, 2 ft. I only hope I may be able to go on. Rheumatism has hold of me, and I suffer *much pain;* but my brother's kindness seems to soften nearly most of my miseries for the time.

"Oh, would to God I could meet you, as I hope this letter! We could have our quiet dinner and glass of wine, with a chatter over events.

"I wish nothing more than to be seated with you in a snug parlour, a good fire, and anticipation of such a meal as we can order when we set our wits to work. Well! I live in hope, and, please God, those days may come yet.

"Pardon such a scrawl: I write under pain.

"Yours most sincerely, my dear Gooden,

"WM. MÜLLER.

"P.S.—I regret you could not get a companion in London. Has Die anything very fine, that keeps (him) at Hargrave?"

To B. JOHNSON, ESQ.

"September 4th, 1845.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was glad of your letter to-day. I am a little better, and *much* since Thursday last. I *have* painted three pictures!!! One, a fine piece of colour of some beau-

tifully richly coloured flowers, in gold vase, with gems, &c. I send it to Peel to be flattened in mahogany panel. They will not allow me to paint larger than 25 or 28 in. by corresponding size.

"It is curious I have lost no vigour, no colour, can now (paint) easily as ever, and yet I at times can hardly write a line. I have also a beautiful study for colour I have lent me—some humming-birds; they will paint prettily.

"And now, relative to the 'Tomb,' or frame to the same. My carver has charged me £5 12*s*. I think it too much: can only in conscience charge you £5, which I think too high; yet I shall lose 12*s*.,—but no matter. Your account is perfectly right—£34 5*s*.; frame, £5; £39 5*s*. Now, as to forwarding it to me, suit your convenience; but if you do, pray send it to Stuckey's Bank, Bristol, to be received by my brother, Mr. E. G. Müller.

"I have been worse the last two days, with dreadful rheumatism. I heard of Henry; he is well, and was at Bettws. Pray pardon this scrawl; and you may easily see I am rather weak in the right hand.

"But believe me most sincerely yours,

"WM. MÜLLER."

The above letter was forwarded by E. G. Müller after his brother's death; and, as he then stated, it was the last he ever wrote.

XX.

CONCLUSION.

CHAP. XX.
1845.

A FEW more lines, brief and sad, and this memoir will be finished. On Monday morning, the 8th of September, Edmund Müller had commenced to set his brother's palette after breakfast, as was his wont; and William Müller, who was propped up, seemed about as well as he had been of late, when suddenly a change came over him. He appears to have broken an internal blood-vessel. He had just strength to call to his brother for help, and then said, "Remember Gooden and—and—that other." He could not pronounce the name, but it was supposed to be Charles Bentley, to whom he was much attached. Soon after this, exhausted nature gave way, his head fell, and he never spoke again. He had entered "the Silent Land," and all his work and sufferings were over.

On Friday, the 12th, he was quietly laid to rest in the old Lewin's Mead burial-ground, situated in a retired part of Bristol, leading out of Brunswick Square. Several of his mother's relatives, the Jameses, had long been buried there. It is a small and secluded cemetery, with a few trees, shrubs, and flowers; and the grave of Müller, marked only with a flat stone and a simple inscription, is situated at its furthest end, and is placed underneath an overhanging elder-bush. As Tennyson sang in memory of another young Englishman, we may say of Müller—

W. J. MÜLLER

"'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth."

Edmund Müller, who had nursed with unremitting care his only brother night and day for several months, suffered in health for some time after this event. He wrote to some of his brother's old friends immediately, to tell them that the end had come, two of which letters I will now give :—

To T. MORSON, ESQ.

"No. 1, Park Row, Bristol,
"September 10th, 1845.

"SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you a line to communicate the melancholy information of a termination to my poor brother's sufferings, which took place on Monday morning at ten o'clock.

"I trust you will excuse my writing in this manner, but I do so from the high respect my brother held you in, as also to request that you would have the kindness to communicate the event to his friend Mr. Solly, who will I know feel his loss greatly.

"With respect I remain,
"Your obedient servant,
"E. G. MÜLLER."

To J. C. GOODEN, ESQ.

"No. 1, Park Row, Bristol,
"September 11th, 1845.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your kind note. I thought you might not have been aware of the state of health my

poor brother has been labouring under for some time past.

"I much fear, from the excellent state of spirits he was in to the last two hours of his life, and sudden as it was at last (although cautioned that it might be so), that I certainly was not exactly prepared for it. Indeed, who is prepared, under similar circumstances, for the loss of so near and dear a friend—the only relation I could care about? It is my intention to leave for London by the express train on Saturday.

"Should you be in London, it will afford me a great pleasure to say a few words to you.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"E. G. MÜLLER."

When Edmund Müller came up to London, he called on Mr. Gooden, and spoke to him of his brother's last moments, and how he had exclaimed, "Remember Gooden;" and in token of this remembrance he gave him a beautiful little oil-picture painted by William Müller, and representing "Don Quixote in his Study." The knight is seated at a table reading a book, and manuscripts, books, and armour are strewn around, and the old panelled walls are hung with pictures. It is only a sketch; but it is powerful and full of character, and is still in Mr Gooden's possession.

On the 11th of September, 1845, the *Bristol Journal* contained the following verses to the memory of W. J. Müller, written by his friend, the Rev. T. Grinfield, M.A., Rector of St. Werburgh's, Bristol, the same who wrote the lines on the picture of "Lake Albano:"—

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER,

The celebrated Painter of Landscape; a native of Bristol: whose death, on the 8th instant, is recorded in our last.

Closed is the eye, that late so bright and true
All forms of beauty feelingly would view;
Cold is the hand, that Nature's varied grace,
Swift as the tongue, could eloquently trace;
All motionless the foot, that flew so light
O'er Alpine crags, o'er Tuscan landscape bright,
Where, Memphis, thy famed pyramids are piled,
And the Sun's temple * crowns the Egyptian wild,
Where Athens points her citadel's proud throne,
Her purple mountains and fair Parthenon,
Through Lycia,† where Homeric Xanthus flows,
And classic scenes of unknown grandeur shows.
Rich with the spoils of art he thence returned,
Fortune and fame his powerful pencil earn'd;
But ah! too fast, too bright, the flame of genius burn'd!
Time scarce had stol'n his three-and-thirtieth year
Ere he, who gained our praises, claims the tear
By admiration shed o'er Müller's early bier.

Immediately almost after W. Müller's death, a mask of his features and forehead was taken in plaster of Paris, from which, and from one or two daguerreotype likenesses, a bust of him was modelled.

Of this bust I give a photographic copy at the commencement of this chapter. Mr. Harrison and Mr. E. G. Müller consider it to be a decidedly good likeness. Undoubtedly the features *are* like, and it represents, as it should, a head of great power, the mouth and chin especially indicating firmness; but it wants the spirit which characterized Müller's countenance. When in health his eyes were full of fire and expression, indicative of his richly gifted nature, which is wanting, to some extent, in the model before us. In spite of these drawbacks, however, I hope it may be viewed by my readers as an interesting memorial of the great artist.

* The ruins of Heliopolis in the ancient Thebais.

† As a sketcher of scenery in water-colours the late Mr. Müller has been seldom equalled—never surpassed. His pre-eminence in this department of art will not (we think) be disputed by those who, about a year ago, shared with us the privilege of inspecting his portfolio of Lycian sketches. His splendid pictures in oil of Athens, Naples, Lake Albano, must be fresh and bright in the admiring remembrance of many among our readers.

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Müller's death took many of his friends by surprise. The veteran David Cox thus wrote, when he heard of it, to his young friend, Harry Johnson:—

"Greenfield House,
"Saturday, 13th September, 1845.

"MY DEAR HENRY,—I am glad to hear you are safe arrived (from Wales); but your note has given me a great shock, to learn of poor Müller's death. I wish you could come up to-morrow, as I wish to hear more particulars. Mr. Birch has just gone up with my son, and must beg you will excuse more, and believe me,

"Yours very faithfully,
"DAVID COX."

A few months after Müller's death, his splendid collection of Lycian and Egyptian sketches was exhibited at the Institute in Bristol, and attracted very great interest. Lord Teignmouth, Mr. Henry Hallam the historian, and other gentlemen of distinction came to see them, and expressed their admiration. The following spring these and many other sketches left by Müller, and also about forty of his unfinished sketches and pictures in oil, were sold by Christie and Manson, at their rooms, King Street, St. James's, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd April, and realised a sum of upwards of four thousand pounds—not a sixth part of their present value, but at that date a high price for sketches and unfinished works.

One of the last kind acts which Müller did before he left London was to make a few slight drawings to illustrate his visit to the crocodile-mummy caves in Egypt, with a view to their publication in the *Art-Union*, accompanied by a long description; the latter was found amongst his papers after his death, and was published the following year, with the sketches engraved in wood, in the *Art-Union*. The *Art-*

Union also contained a very feeling and appreciative obituary notice of Müller.

Mr. Joshua Satterfield, of Manchester, who admired Müller's genius and esteemed his character as much as any one, thus wrote, after his death, to Mr. B. Johnson, when returning some of Müller's letters, which had been lent him:—

"DEAR SIR,—Many thanks to you for the letters you have been kind enough to send for my perusal. Need I add with how much interest I have read them?

"Poor Müller! One amongst many instances of genius consumed by its own fire. Such, most decidedly, was his case. I saw the prospect of this after my second or third interview with him, and oftentimes in my letters did I advert to the great necessity of extreme caution; but, alas! the ardour could not be subdued. The fear of fatal consequences was quite lost sight of in that ardent love of his art which ultimately brought him to an early grave.

"Should you visit our part of the country, I shall have a melancholy satisfaction in showing you the five small works of his I possess, three of which he painted expressly for me.

. . . . .

"Dear sir,

"I am yours respectfully,

"JOSHUA SATTERFIELD."

With respect to the genius of Müller and his distinguishing qualities as an artist, I shall now, although at some risk of repetition, venture to offer a few concluding remarks. He was possessed of a lively and large amount of imagination, quick observation, and an accurate eye for form. To these natural gifts he added great knowledge of composition, light and shade, and wonderful vigour and rapidity of handling; but his highest excellence, I believe, was as a colourist. His feeling for colour increased and became

CHAP. XX. more marked with each succeeding year, although he has been aptly termed "a born genius in colour." He was greater as a landscape than as a figure painter, but his greatest success was undoubtedly as a sketcher; yet I incline to the belief that if he had been trained in early life to the study of the figure, his success in that branch of art would have been beyond any other. I have been led to this conclusion by his astonishing progress, after he turned his attention to Eastern figure subjects, and by the apparent ease and great rapidity with which he produced such pictures as the "Slave Market," the "Chess-Players," the "Opium Merchant," and "Prayers in the Desert," after he settled in London.

In one respect, more perhaps than in any other, Müller displayed his rare genius as a painter of figure subjects: I mean the happy facility with which he introduced and grouped a *great number* of figures in the same picture. To some artists to combine four or five figures is often a stumbling-block; but with Müller it appeared just as easy to group and arrange twenty or thirty figures (as in the "Slave Market," "Moses commanding Darkness," &c.) as only two or three: there is no confusion, no awkward lines, no stiff repetition of forms, in these very successful and yet very difficult subjects. Artists, much more than others, are able to appreciate the rare gift to which I am now referring, that of the *successful* introduction of a great number of figures into a picture, for so many have tried it and failed. This remarkable faculty was alone almost enough to stamp Müller as a man of genius. Few artists have painted so great a variety of subjects (see Appendix No. 2), and in so many different styles, as Müller. Many of his early pictures, painted at Bristol, partook of the merits and defects of the older masters of landscape, whose works were set before him for his imitation when a lad—I mean fine composition united to a certain hardness of outline and coldness of colour.

Ruysdael, Poussin, Wilson, Berghem, and Ostade were all imitated in turn. In his middle period he aimed more to produce light, pearly tones, sunshine and brilliancy, with a smooth surface, as in the "Bay of Naples" and other Italian, Venetian, and Swiss subjects painted before Müller went to Egypt. These were somewhat after the manner of Claude, although still retaining a strong leaning to the style of Gaspar Poussin, whose works he never ceased to admire.

Later still, the influence of Rembrandt, and above all of Tintoretto, became very marked in Müller's works, and he evidently sought to imitate their method of handling as well as their colouring. In Müller's latest works, broad and powerful shadows, and a large and simple manner, are united to great richness, juiciness, brilliancy and glitter of colour.

In all these works by Müller, whether of an earlier or a later period, there is always much to attract the attention. Like the works of David Cox, they improve rather than tire the spectator on being viewed repeatedly, for this reason, that they are full of *thoughtful* work, and are never common-place.

As regards the poetical feeling for nature, although Müller possessed this, I believe, in a less degree than David Cox, and had certainly less love for rural scenery, yet he was by no means wanting in a deep and thorough appreciation of the poetry of English and Welsh landscape. This is abundantly shown in many of his beautiful English river scenes, representing both winter and summer—in his views around Bristol, and in delineations of the rocky torrents and mountainous districts of Wales.

Objection has been taken by one or two art-critics to some of Müller's works that they are deficient in atmosphere and refinement of space. This is certainly not the case with respect to many of Müller's works, although it may attach with a semblance of truth to such pictures as were painted with the intention of obtaining great power and force of contrast.

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Had Müller lived a few years longer, he would probably have carried out his cherished project of revisiting Egypt, and then, with the fresh stores there accumulated, he would have felt able to carry his works further as respects finish than the materials and sketches at his command enabled him to do during his brilliant but too short life.

We have of late years seen what may be achieved as the result of long and patient study on the spot, in the Eastern pictures of Holman Hunt.

Müller has been compared to David Roberts, but I see no similarity in the works of these two artists, except that they both sketched and painted in the East.

With W. Etty he had more in common, for both were great colourists; but it must be acknowledged that, in many of his striking and peculiar characteristics, Müller stands almost alone in England amongst contemporary artists.

I feel indeed convinced that if an exhibition of Müller's principal works in oil, including also a fair and adequate selection from his sketches (the subjects to include some of various dates, so as to constitute a history of his progress in art),—if, I say, such an exhibition could be organized in London, it would be a source of very great enjoyment to all true lovers of art, and clearly demonstrate Müller's genius, power, and versatility as an artist.

Of the character of Müller as a man I have fully spoken already: that he was kind, generous, and honourable, uniting indomitable energy to rare ability and industry, I have endeavoured to show; also how much high promise for the future the world unhappily lost by the premature extinction of William Müller's life at the early age of thirty-three. Comparatively unknown in life, he became famous in death. His works are the records of his genius. Peace be to his memory!

APPENDIX I.

PAINTINGS EXHIBITED BY WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, AND IN THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, LONDON.

Royal Academy.

1833.—Destruction of Old London Bridge.

1836.—Peasants on the Banks of the Rhine waiting for the Ferry-Boat.

1840.—Athens, from the Road to Marathon. Ruins of Gournou, Egypt; Sunset.

> "Gournou is that part of Thebes situated on the right side of the Nile, ascending. The large masses of stone at the base of the temple are the remains of a gigantic statue, said to have represented Memnon."

1841.—Slave Market, Egypt; Sketch for a Picture. Convent, Bay of Naples. The Sphinx.

1842.—Poor Arabs; a Sketch. Interior of a Temple inhabited by Arabs, who sell the Curiosities found in the Tombs, Thebes, Egypt.

1843.—Welsh Mill on the Dolgarog. Arabs seeking Treasure. Prayers in the Desert.

1845.—Great Cannon formerly belonging to the Knights Templars, Rhodes. Head of a Cingari, Xanthus. Burial Ground, Smyrna. Tent Scene—Cingaries playing to a Turkish Family, Xanthus. Turkish Merchants with Camels passing the River Mangerchi, in the Valley of Xanthus, Asia Minor.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

1840.—Offering a Greek Slave for Sale in a Street leading to the Slave Market, Grand Cairo; painted from Sketches made on the spot. 5 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 7 in.

1841.—Sketch of a Bazaar at Siout, Egypt. 1 ft. 5 in. by 1 ft. 1 in. Avenue of Sphinxes, Moonlight, Thebes. 4 ft. 2 in. by 6 ft. 8 in. Slave Market, Cairo; Sketch for a Picture. 1 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 6 in.

App. I.

1842.—Gillingham on the Medway. 4 ft. 9 in. by 4 ft. 1 in. Sketch for a Picture of the Good Samaritan. 1 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 11 in. The Slave Market, Cairo. 3 ft. 2 in. by 4 ft. 6 in. The Nile, with Village of Beni-Hassen in the distance, looking towards Cairo. 3 ft. 7 in. by 5 ft. 7 in.

1843.—Interior of a Cottage, North Wales. 2 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. 4 in. Pont Hoogan, North Wales. 4 ft. 3 in. by 5 ft. 11 in. Salmon Trap on the Lledr, North Wales. 7 ft. 2 in. high by 5 ft. 9 in.

1845.—Dance at Xanthus; Sketch for a large Picture. 1 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 1 in. Rhodes, with the Pacha's Palace on the right hand of the Picture. (The Colossus is presumed to have stood on the right of the white tower.) 4 ft. 3 in. high by 6 ft. 8 in. wide. Tomb in the Water, Telmessus, Asia Minor. 3 ft. 8 in. high by 5 ft. 9 in. wide.

Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.

1836.—The Rialto Bridge, Venice.

1837.—Snow Piece. Italian Boy.

1838.—Hoar Frost. Scene near Hanham, Bristol. Composition from Civita Vecchia, Italy.

1840.—The Memnons; Sunrise.

> "Ancient history has mentioned these extraordinary and gigantic figures from the curious assertion, that at sunrise a sound may be heard from the nearest to the spectator; hence its name of the 'Vocal Memnon:' but modern travellers have failed in establishing this as a fact. In the distance, on the left, are the mountains which form the valley of the Tombs of the Kings; the entrance being behind the temple called the Memnonium. The hill bears to the right, being about two miles distant. Four sketches made in 1839."

1841.—Sketch of the Opium Seller at Manfalout. Street Scene in Cairo, leading to the Mosque of Flowers. The Frozen Ferry; Scene near Haerham, Somersetshire.

APPENDIX II.

NOTE OF THE PRINCIPAL OIL-PICTURES BY WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER.

ENGLISH SUBJECTS, PAINTED BETWEEN THE YEARS 1832 TO 1843. THESE ARE IN ADDITION TO A GREAT NUMBER OF COMPOSITIONS AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OLD MASTERS.

Redcliff Church, with Mackerel Boats.
Destruction of Old London Bridge.
Wintry Landscape. } A great many replicas of these subjects.
Snow Piece. }
Warehouse, Princess Street, Bristol.
Boats in a Fog.
Forging the Anchor, St. Philips.
Bird Shop, Bristol.
Large View, Bristol.
Frozen River, with Figures on Ice, and Hoar Frost.
Landscape View of Whitchurch, near Bristol. This subject was repeated many times.
Kings Weston Park.
Timber Waggon in a Sandy Lane, Whitchurch.
View of Leigh Woods. Repeated several times.
View of the Mendip Hills.
Cottages in Gloucestershire.
Landscape, with Peasants driving Sheep.
Ditto, with Woman and Child crossing Bridge.
Ditto, with a Peasant and Pony, and Rainbow.
Ditto, after a Shower; a Boy with White Mice.
Ditto, with Children and Donkey.
Ditto, with Children sailing or rowing a Boat. Often repeated.
The Eel-Pots at Pangbourne, or Goring. Large picture, and a large sketch.
Henley-on-Thames; Fishermen mending Nets.
Scene on the Thames—Windy Day.
Moonlight Scene, with Gipsies. Two or three copies.
The Dinner Hour, Figures and Waggon in Hayfield.
Mountainous Landscape, with Tower.
Hampstead Heath. Several times repeated.

App. II.

Hampstead Heath, with Birdcatchers.
Interior of Elizabethan House, Barnes. Exhibition at Leeds.
Interior at Cheddar, Somersetshire.
Lea Mills, near Lea.
Frozen Ferry, near Haerham.
Marine Subject—Entrance of Thames. A subject often repeated under different effects.
Old Cottage, with Children Fishing.
Gillingham on the Medway. A subject repeated about a dozen times, different sizes; one with Gipsies, and a Gipsy Tent on the Ice.
Harrowing heavy Land, with Figures.
Fishing Scene near Purfleet on the Thames, called "The Fisherman's Creek."
Dartford-on-Thames.
The Dredging Machine, familiarly known as "The Dredger." A grand picture of rough water off Gravesend.

Italian and Swiss Subjects, painted in the Years 1835 to 1842.

Tivoli. This subject repeated a great many times, and of all sizes, chiefly uprights.
Rialto, with numerous Boats and Figures.
Dogana and Santa Maria Salute. Repeated several times.
Ceremony of the Embarkation of the Doge of Venice.
Ditto, of the Marriage of the Doge with the Sea.
Via Mala, Switzerland.
Pass of the Splugen, Switzerland.
Near Chavenna, Italy.
Waiting for the Ferry on the Rhine.
Lake Albano.
Lago Maggiore. A subject repeated many times.
General View of Venice.
Italian Peasants on a Road.
Large Picture of Florence.
View of the Rialto, Venice.
Italian Boy and Guinea Pig.
Italian Boy, with Hurdy-Gurdy.
Interior of Cottage, Heidelberg.
A Savoyard Boy, with a Marmot.
A Monk, Italy.
Entrance to Lake Como.
Mont Blanc. Exhibited at Leeds.
Port of Civita Vecchia, with Boats and Shipping. Often repeated.
View of Rome.
Bay of Naples. This subject repeated three times, all of large size.
Convent, Bay of Naples.
Boats on the Lagunes, with Painted Sails, Drying Nets, &c.
Besides the above, there are many pictures of French subjects sketched in 1840; several of Fontainebleau, Angers, Avignon, &c.

Egyptian Subjects, painted in 1839 to 1843.

The Slave Market, Cairo. Five or six copies, various sizes.
Chess-Players, Egypt. Sketch and large picture.
Interior of a Temple, Thebes, inhabited by Arabs, who sell Curiosities found in the Tombs.
Pilgrims, or Prayers in the Desert. Two sketches and large picture.
Eastern or Arab Shepherds. Sketch and large picture.
The Sphinx, Evening, with Pyramid of Gizeh.
Selling a Slave at Alexandria. Three or four copies.
Avenue of Sphinxes, Moonlight, Thebes. Two copies.
Offering a Greek Slave for Sale, Cairo.
Merchant of Cubebs.
Head of Egyptian.
Bazaar at Siout. Four or five copies.
The Nile, with Village of Beni-Hassen in the distance, looking towards Cairo, with Figures.
Ruins of Gournou, Egypt; Sunset.
Poor Arabs. Large picture and sketch.
Arabs seeking Treasure in the Mummy Caves. Picture and sketch.
The Memnons.
The Pyramids during the Inundation, with Figures on a Raft. Circular.
Sheik reposing. One or two copies.
Grand View of Cairo.
Interior of Bazaar, Upper Egypt.
Opium Sellers at Manfalout. Four or five copies.
Street Scene, Cairo. Several copies.
Entrance to Mosque, Cairo.
Entrance to a Bazaar, with Egyptian writing; termed the Letter-Writer.
Entrance to Tombs of the Kings. Figures put in by Linnell, after Müller's death.
The Money Changer.
In addition several single figures and studies in oil.

Of Grecian subjects the chief were—Athens on the Road to Marathon, Views near Athens, and the Acropolis.

Welsh Subjects, painted in 1840 to 1843.

Snow Storm on the Moors, Roe, North Wales.
Pont Hoogan, North Wales.
Salmon Trap on the Lledr.
Mill on the Dolgarrog.
Interior of Cottage, North Wales, with old Man and Boy.
Pandy Mill, North Wales.
View of Bettws-y-Coed.
Old Welsh Water-mill.
View near Llanrwst; Cottage, and Boy Fishing.

App. II.

Carnarvon Castle ; Sunrise and Mist.
Upright Interior near Roe ; Woman, Girl, and Goats.
Interior, near Roe ; Woman and Girl feeding Chickens.
Tal-y-Bont.
Water-mill and Bridge, North Wales.
Grand Waterfall during a spat. A large picture.
Besides the above, there are several early Welsh subjects, painted by Müller before 1840, the chief of which are Views near Conway, Carnarvon Castle, Nant Mill, &c. ; also a large picture of Pandy Mill, with Cattle and Figures crossing a Bridge. About 1834. Size, 5 to 6 feet.

English Subjects, painted in 1844 and 1845.

Baggage Waggons with Troops, crossing a Common.
Harvest Scene. One or two copies.
Gillingham on the Medway.
The Hayfield.

Scriptural Subjects, painted in 1842 and 1843.

Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert.
The Good Samaritan. Two copies.
Moses commanding Darkness over the Land of Egypt.
Israelites crossing the Red Sea.
The Pharisee and the Publican.

Several small figure pictures, such as Bacchanalia and other compositions, were painted in the above years, chiefly at Clipstone Street.

Lycian, Rhodes, and Smyrna Subjects, painted in the Years 1844 and 1845.

Tomb in the Water, Telmessus.
Dance at Xanthus. Tent scene.
Tent Scene—Arab Minstrels.
Turkish Merchants with Camels passing the River Mangerchi, near Xanthus.
Head of a Cingari, Xanthus.
Two Lycian Peasants seated. Now at South Kensington.
Rhodes, with the Pacha's Palace.
View of the Port of Rhodes, with ancient Tower.
Great Cannon formerly belonging to the Knights Templars, Rhodes.
Burial Ground, Smyrna ; Evening Effect. A small replica of this subject was also painted.
The Inner Harbour, Rhodes ; rough Water.
Encampment of Yurooks, with Baggage-Camel, at Tlos (Asia Minor). About 6 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in.

APPENDIX III.

CATALOGUE

Of the beautiful Works in Oil and Water-colours of the highly talented artist, WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER, Esq., deceased, consisting of the very interesting series of two hundred drawings in water-colours, illustrating Sir Charles Fellows's researches in Lycia, besides a considerable number made in Egypt and Greece; also about forty unfinished pictures in oil. Sold by Messrs. CHRISTIE and MASON, at their Great Rooms, 8, King Street, St. James's Square, on Wednesday, April 1st, 1846, and two following days, at ten o'clock precisely.

SKETCHES MADE IN GREECE, EGYPT, AND NUBIA, IN 1838 AND 1839.

		£	s.	d.
1	Arab Boatmen	0	10	0
2	Near Siout on the Nile	1	11	0
3	Chapel near Athens	0	10	0
4	Avenue of Sphinxes	0	13	0
5	Rocks on the Nile, near the first Cataract	1	13	0
6	Boats on the Nile, with Fire-light	1	10	0
7	Near Manfalout	1	4	0
8	Near Siout	2	8	0
9	Ditto	2	5	0
10	Water-wheel for Irrigation	1	1	0
11	Head of Sphinx	1	4	0
12	Near Manfalout	3	15	0
13	Interior of Second Chamber, Belzoni's Tomb	1	15	0
14	Djirjah on the Nile	2	2	0
15	Figures, near Cairo	0	19	0
16	Boats on the Nile, near Siout	1	3	0
17	Sunset, Egypt	1	1	0
18	Interior of Coffee-House, Cairo	2	2	0
19	Catacombs near Siout	2	0	0
20	Excavations at Beni-Hassen	1	10	0
21	Crocodiles on Sand-bank, Nile	2	4	0
22	Near Manfalout	3	13	6
23	Beni-Hassen, and its ruined Village	1	1	0
24	Part of the Acropolis, Athens, with Caryatides	4	12	0
25	Part of the Acropolis, Athens	2	12	6
26	Luxor on the Nile	3	6	0

App. III.

		£	s.	d.
27	Beni-Hassen, Chamber 60 ft. by 43 ft.	0	15	0.
28	Near the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings	1	5	0
29	Pass leading on the Tombs of the Kings	3	3	0
30	Boats on the Nile	4	12	0
31	Greece	2	4	0
32	Near the Cataracts of the Nile	4	4	0
33	Manfalout	4	4	0
34	Pyramids as seen from Nile, four miles distant	5	5	0
35	Egyptian Sheep	2	2	0
36	Study for Foreground, Greece	1	6	0
37	Arab Houses, now in occupation of Greeks	0	15	0
38	Near Siout	3	6	0
39	Egyptian Ploughing	1	10	0
40	Portion of the Acropolis, Athens	2	4	0
41	Distant View of Athens, with Acropolis	2	10	0
42	Temple, Dendera	2	0	0
43	Near Cairo	1	1	0
44	Houchford, on the Nile	1	0	0
45	Acropolis, Athens ; Sunset	4	6	0
46	Part of Acropolis	1	10	0
47	Arab Shepherd	1	6	0
48	Arab Female	1	2	0
49	Arab Shepherd Girl	1	1	0
50	Caryatides, Acropolis, Athens	3	0	0
51	Greek Boatmen	1	3	0
52	Carpet Seller, Turk	1	7	0
53	Sketch from peculiar Dress, Turk	1	11	0
54	Arab Boy	0	10	6
55	Arab Agriculturists sowing Grain	0	10	6
56	Entrance to Manfalout	3	3	0
57	Arab Guide at Gournou	0	16	0
58	Plains of Marathon, Greece	3	7	0
59	Madinat Jabou, Egypt	1	2	0
60	Siout	0	15	0
61	Greece	3	12	0
62	Arab, Gournou	0	9	0
63	Arab, Siout	2	10	0
64	Entrance to a Mosque, Cairo	1	10	0
65	Method of Irrigation on the Nile	0	10	6
66	Bedouin Boatmen	0	16	0
67	Janissary	1	12	0
68	My Gun, and Arab Boatmen looking at Snake	1	3	0
97	The Dourn or Thebaic Palm	1	18	0
98	Acropolis, Athens	4	0	0
99	Valley of the Tombs of the Queens, Egypt	2	2	0
100	Athens	8	0	0

		£	s.	d.
101	Cairo, Interior	3	0	0
102	Sand Storm in the Desert	4	4	0
103	Memnons	7	15	0
104	Acropolis, Athens	7	10	0
105	Temple, Dendera	1	3	0
106	My Boat on the Nile. M.S.S.	7	0	0
107	Luxor, Egypt	1	6	0
108	Village of Gezar, Egypt	4	16	0
109	Luxor, Egypt	0	15	0
110	Temple, Dendera	2	0	0
111	Karnack	0	10	6
112	Camels near the Nile	11	0	6
113	Acropolis, Athens	2	15	0
114	Beni-Hassen	1	18	0
115	Athens, Greece	2	8	0
116	Memnonium	1	4	0
117	Interior of First Temple, Karnack	1	4	0
118	Ruins of the Erectheum, Athens	2	12	0
119	Acropolis	1	14	0
120	Malta, from Fort Manuel	2	15	0
121	Tower of the Winds, Athens	3	12	0
122	Acropolis, Athens	2	14	0
123	Ditto ditto	5	5	0
124	Mount of Anchasmus, from Acropolis	3	5	0

SECOND DAY'S SALE, ON THURSDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1846.

151	Part of the Acropolis, Athens	1	2	0
152	Part of Parthenon	1	8	0
153	Acropolis, with Ruins of Convent in which Lord Byron resided	16	5	6
154	Temple, Egypt	1	7	0
155	Karnack, Egypt	1	13	0
156	Raft on the Nile, used for Fishing	9	0	0
157	Part of Parthenon	2	10	0
158	Madinat, Egypt	1	2	0
159	Temple, ditto	1	10	0
160	Karnack	1	4	0
161	Cave of Parraghia, Spilcotissa	1	18	0
162	Acropolis, Athens	5	10	0
163	Gournou	1	0	0
164	Triumphal Arch, near Athens	3	10	0
165	Entrance to Mosque, Cairo	1	1	0

App. III.

		£	s.	d.
166	Temple of Jupiter Stator	2	16	0
167	Acropolis	5	0	0
168	Monument of Lysicrates	4	0	0
169	Slave Market, Cairo	3	7	0
170	Egypt	2	10	0
171	Near Siout, on the Nile	4	0	0
172	Head of Turk	2	4	0
173	Near Siout, on the Nile	1	3	0
174	Pyramids from Nile	6	10	0
175	Part of Parthenon	2	12	0
176	Small Common Yellow-headed Vulture	0	14	0
177	Pelican shot near Manfalout	1	10	0
178	Athens	3	10	0
179	On the Nile, near Siout	3	10	0
180	Athens	1	4	0
181	Outside Acropolis, Athens	2	12	6
182	Luxor	4	6	0
183	Valley of the Tombs of the Queens	6	15	0
184	Date-palm, Egypt	3	3	0
185	Egina, with Greeks	6	0	0
186	Plain of Marathon	2	6	0
187	Parthenon	8	0	0
188	Karnack	2	8	0
189	Street in Cairo	8	8	0
190	Acropolis	4	15	0
191	Street in Cairo	18	7	6
192	Egypt	4	8	0
193	Part of Piræus, Greece	16	5	6
194	Tombs inhabited by Arabs, Egypt	1	8	0
195	Street in Cairo	2	15	0
196	Ditto	7	10	0
197	Bazaar, Cairo	2	12	0
198	Near Siout	5	5	0
199	Parthenon	7	10	0
200	Plains of Marathon	5	0	0
201	Karnack	0	12	0
202	Ditto	3	8	0
203	Arab Merchant, Cairo	5	12	0
204	Entrance to Temple, Egypt	12	0	0
205	Temple of Dendera, Egypt	5	15	0
206	Bazaar, Cairo	14	14	0
207	Temple, Egypt	2	6	0
208	Letter Writer, Cairo	14	3	6
209	Raies, Captain of Boat	9	19	6
210	Slave Market, Cairo	8	8	0
211	Egypt	4	10	0

		£	s.	d.
212	Parthenon, East End	5	5	0
213	Entrance to Mosque, Cairo	1	16	0
214	Turkish Bazaar, Siout	5	15	6
215	Part of Acropolis	3	3	0
216	Temple of Dendera	3	5	0
217	Arabs at Prayer	8	0	0
218	The Nile, looking towards Nubia	1	13	0
219	Interior of Cairo	7	7	0
220	Avenue of Sphinxes	5	10	0
221	Entrance to Athens	15	4	6
222	Bruce's Tomb, Valley of Kings	7	7	0
223	Acropolis	1	1	0
224	Arab Houses	2	0	0

Sketches in Lycia, Rhodes, &c., 1843—1844.

225	Tlos, Lycia	12	12	0
226	Xanthus, Mount Taurus in distance	28	7	0
227	Tlos	19	19	0
228	Tomb, Pinara	11	0	6
229	Tlos	13	13	0
230	Cannon, Rhodes, Super-Calassi	8	18	6
231	Taurus	11	11	0
232	River Hermes, Smyrna	15	4	6
233	Arabic Tower and Mole, Rhodes	21	0	0
234	Ditto ditto	14	3	6
235	Musical Party, Lycia	11	11	0
236	Rhodes	14	14	0
237	Ruins on the River, near Macri	10	0	0
238	Turkish Cottage, Lycia	12	1	6
239	Tlos	9	19	6
240	Sketch near Xanthus	12	12	0
241	Lion Tomb, Xanthus	16	5	6
242	Camels, Smyrna	13	2	6
243	Near Xanthus	6	15	0
244	Part of the Gulf of Smyrna	13	2	6
245	Pacha's Palace, Rhodes	11	11	0
246	Turkish Encampment near Xanthus	5	10	0
247	Turkish Cottages	14	3	6
248	Near Pinara	5	0	0
249	On the Road to ———	13	2	6
250	Niobe, Rhodes	9	9	0
251	Cingari's Hut, Lycia	14	3	6
252	House of an Imaun, Lycia	14	14	0
253	Persian Khan, Smyrna	15	4	6

App. III.

		£	s.	d.
254	Arab Tower, from the Quay, Rhodes	43	1	0
255	Mole, Rhodes	9	9	0
256	Interior of a Turkish Cottage	16	5	6
257	Turkish Burial Ground, Smyrna	20	9	6
258	Rhodes	17	6	6
259	Smyrna, with the Jewish Burial Ground	17	17	0
260	Ancient Telmessus	28	7	0
261	Caracofou	25	4	0
262	Pinara	14	14	0
263	Turcoman's Hut (making *Ecuree*)	18	18	0
264	Theatre, Xanthus	24	3	0
265	Leech Depôt, Xanthus	26	5	0
266	Church of San Nicola, Rhodes	17	6	6
267	Rhodes	24	3	0
268	Burnt Pine Forest, on the Road to Mangherchi	25	4	0
269	Pinara	12	12	0
270	Pinara, looking towards Tlos	21	0	0
271	Looking towards Valley of Glaucus from Makri	16	5	6
272	Tlos	14	3	6
273	Street of the Cavaliers, Rhodes	22	11	6
274	Tlos	16	5	6
275	Castle of Smyrna			
276	On the Road to Bouja			
277	Going to the Mosque			
278	Homer's River, Smyrna			
279	Theatre of Ancient Telmessus			
280	Port of Makri			
281	Xanthus	21	0	0
282	Water Tomb	32	11	0
283	Tombs, Xanthus	21	0	0
284	Pinara, Ruins of the City	21	0	0
285	Pinara	16	5	6
286	Tlos	21	0	0
287	Interior of my Room at Makri	68	5	0
288	Turkish Burial Ground, Smyrna	17	17	0
289	Turcoman's Hut	31	10	0
290	Tombs at Ancient Telmessus	13	13	0
291	Macri	13	2	6
292	Port of Macri	25	14	6
293	Xanthus, with the River	21	0	0
294	Ruins at Xanthus	14	3	6
295	Pinara	10	10	0
296	Interior of Brigand Turcoman's Hut	31	10	0
297	Musical Party, Cingaries at the House of the Cavasse, Xanthus	16	16	0
298	Burnt Pines, on the Road to Pinara	38	17	0

		£	s.	d.	
299	Camels, Smyrna	32	11	0	App. III.
300	Turkish Cottage on the Plain of Xanthus	21	0	0	
301	Camels, Xanthus	22	4	0	
302	Interior of Yurook's Hut, Lycia	12	12	0	
303	Interior of Turcoman's Hut, Xanthus	24	3	0	
304	Yurook's Hut, Xanthus	19	19	0	
305	Interior, with Prisoners and Guard	22	11	6	
306	Fir Forest, Lycia	44	2	0	
307	Turkish Mill	15	10	0	
308	Firs, on the Road to Mangherchi	35	14	0	

THIRD DAY'S SALE, ON FRIDAY, APRIL 3RD, 1846.

309	Rhodes	47	6	6
310	Tomb at Xanthus, showing encroachment of River	11	11	0
311	Cannon, Rhodes	19	19	0
312	Interior of Turk's Shop	10	10	0
313	Pinara	9	19	6
314	Pacha's Palace, Rhodes	18	18	0
315	Tlos	11	0	6
316	Hospital of the Knights Templars, Rhodes	12	1	6
317	Tlos	9	19	6
318	Water Tomb, Xanthus	15	15	0
319	Xanthus from the River	10	10	0
320	Xanthus from the Sands	16	5	6
321	Taurus Mountains from Tlos	13	13	0
322	Rock Tombs, Pinara	18	18	0
323	Xanthus	28	7	0
324	Pinara	18	7	6
325	Jewish Burial Ground, Smyrna	26	5	0
326	Xanthus from the Theatre	28	7	0
327	Tlos	12	12	0
328	Tlos	21	0	0
329	Xanthus from the Theatre	39	18	0
330	Sculpture—House, Xanthus	34	13	0
331	Camel Market, Smyrna	34	13	0
332	Mount Sipylus, or Marissa	8	18	6
333	On the Road to Vourla	19	8	6
334	Yurook's Hut, Xanthus	21	10	6
335	Camel, Xanthus	15	4	6
336	Xanthus	14	3	6

App. III.

		£	s.	d.
337	Interior of Tomb, with Horses	13	13	0
338	Old Camel, Sixty-nine Years	37	16	0
339	Camels, Smyrna	23	2	0
340	Turkish Hut	3	13	6
341	Wild Vines, Xanthus	6	6	0
342	Bird shot at Xanthus	2	2	0
343	Date-tree, Xanthus	3	5	0
344	Camel, Xanthus	5	5	0
345	Interior Sketch	7	0	0
346	Interior, with Turks	6	16	6
347	Camels, Smyrna	4	4	0
348	Turkish Utensils	4	4	0
349	Turkish Burial Ground	13	2	6
350	Kingfisher, Lycia	4	6	0
351	Turkish Utensils	2	12	6
352	Figure	3	3	0
353	Greek Boy	2	12	6
354	Son of Brigand Chief	2	6	0
355	Turcoman Chief	4	6	0
356	Turk	3	3	0
357	Yurook	8	15	0
358	Gardener in Orange Grove	3	10	0
359	Turk	4	10	0
360	Cingari	3	5	0
361	Yurook	5	5	0
362	Water Carrier	4	4	0
363	Cingari	11	0	6
364	Yurook Chief, Xanthus	3	10	0
365	Yurook Chief, Lycia	5	5	0
366	Cingari	5	5	0
367	Group of Turks, Rhodes	9	9	0
368	Turkish Attendant	3	3	0
369	Boy, sitting down	1	12	0
370	Ruins of Smyrna	8	8	0
371	Lycian Boy, with Bow and Arrow	6	0	0
372	Xanthian Dance	35	3	6
373	Figure Smoking, sitting down	4	15	0
374	Turkish Water Carrier	3	0	0
375	Greek Boy	1	14	0
376	Female Figure, Xanthus	3	7	0
377	Xanthian Hunter	3	10	0
378	Turk, with Fire	4	4	0
379	Xanthus	5	15	6
380	Turkish Utensils, Macri	1	11	0
381	Figure, Xanthus	6	6	0
382	Mule with Provisions	7	7	0

		£	s.	d.
383	Ships off Makri	6	6	0
384	Unknown Bird, shot by William Müller	1	5	0
385	Kingfisher	2	15	0
386	Woodpecker	1	15	0
387	Tomb, Xanthus	8	8	0
388	Morning, Tlos	5	15	6
389	Turcoman	4	0	0
390	Utensils and Camel's Saddle	2	2	0
391	Roman Fragments, Xanthus	3	5	0
392	Xanthian Boy	2	2	0
393	Foreground Fragments, Tlos	1	9	0
394	Head of Wild Boar, shot at Xanthus, January 22nd, 1844	5	5	0
395	Vulture	4	6	0
396	Turkish Sheep's Head	2	8	0
397	Turks; a Study	11	11	0
398	Xanthian Boy	1	11	6
399	Xanthian Hunter	6	16	6
400	Cingari playing on a Turkish Fife	0	16	0
401	Costume of Turkish Female	1	9	0
402	Greek, Lycia	2	0	0
403	Cingari playing Turkish Guitar	2	0	0
404	Street, Smyrna	2	12	0
405	Albanian, Smyrna	3	5	0
406	Husbandman, Xanthus	2	12	6
407	Yurook, Xanthus	5	5	0
408	Girl, Xanthus	1	11	6
409	Greek Boy, Macri	3	3	6
436	Gipsy Encampment, Winter, Gillingham-on-Thames	25	4	0
437	Heath Scene; Bird-catchers	29	18	6
438	Pyramids from the Nile	13	13	0
439	Pangbourne, Berkshire	35	14	0
440	Angers, Normandy	75	12	0
441	Harlech Castle, North Wales. Painted at Bristol during his last illness	23	2	0
442	Sketch, Compton Dando, Somerset. Painted at Bristol during his last illness	23	2	0
443	Two Venetian Sketches—Bridge of Sighs and Canal Scene	8	18	8
444	Windmill, Norfolk	23	2	0
445	Duplicate of No. 436. Painted at Bristol during his last illness	45	3	0
446	Valley of the Tombs of the Kings of Egypt	17	17	0
447	Lycian Tombs in the Rocks	27	6	0
448	Rock Tombs, Tlos, Lycia	129	3	0
449	Pinara, Asia Minor	18	18	0

App. III

		£	s.	d.
450	Tal-y-Bont, near Llanwrst, North Wales	37	16	0
451	Limekiln, Lynmouth, above the meet of the waters	32	11	0
452	Hayfield. Painted at Bristol during his last illness	20	9	6
453	Ditto ditto	42	0	0

Recapitulation.

	£	s.	d.
First Day's Sale	422	15	0
Second Day's Sale	1,995	10	6
Third Day's Sale	1,816	18	6
	4,235	4	0
Extra	7	5	0
Total	4,242	9	0

APPENDIX IV.

LIST OF OIL-PICTURES PAINTED BY WILLIAM JAMES MÜLLER, AND EXISTING IN VARIOUS PRIVATE COLLECTIONS IN ENGLAND AT THE DATES GIVEN BELOW.

D. W. ACRAMAN, 1, Lower Crescent, Clifton, August, 1842. Italian Peasants on a Road. Ceremony of the Marriage of the Doge of Venice with the Sea. Landscape, with Peasants on a Road near a Lake, and a Cascade. An Italian Boy with a Hurdy-gurdy. A Frozen River, with Figures on the Ice; a Windmill on the Bank. View of the Rialto, with numerous Boats and Figures. A Landscape. Santa Maria della Salute and the Dogana, Venice.

CHARLES MEIGH, Grove House, Shelton, near Hanley, April, 1845. A Landscape. Interior of a Cottage at Heidelberg. Interior of a Temple inhabited by Arabs, Thebes. The Sphinx, and large Pyramid.

The RIGHT HON. LORD NORTHWICK, Thurleston House, Cheltenham, August, 1846. View of the Bay of Naples. View on the Rhine. Sketch in Venice. Italian Boy and Guinea-Pig. View in Rhodes. A Wintry Landscape.

JOSHUA SATTERFIELD, Manchester, 1845. A Snow Scene, Grounds of Blaize Castle. A Mill, with Children crossing a Frozen Pond. A Boat fast in the Ice, Hanham, Somerset. Entrance to a Bazaar, Siout. Slave Market: "Selling a Slave," Alexandria.

JOSEPH GILLOTT, Edgbaston, November, 1846. Large Mountainous Scene with Caravan crossing the river Mancherchi. View of Athens (large picture). The Slave Market, Cairo. View in Egypt; two Statues in the Desert. Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert. Head of an Egyptian. Landscape, View on the Nile. The Chess-Players.

HENRY BRADLEY, Leamington, May, 1860. The Harbour of Rhodes and the Arab Tower; Figures on the Quay. The Salmon Trap on the Lledr: a grand upright picture. The Doge's Palace, Venice: long picture with figures.

App. IV.

William Roberts, Harborne Hill, near Birmingham, May, 1867. A small Figure Piece, Turks. Landscape, with Children and Donkeys. Landscape, with Cottage and Children. The Old Water-Mill. Whitchurch: a fine upright picture.

William Sharp, Wood End, Cout, Handsworth, 1865. Frost Scene; the Gamekeeper: large upright. Eastern or Arab Shepherds. Prayers in the Desert. Tomb in the Water, Telmessus. Winter Scene, with Cottage, Trees, and Frozen River.

Edwin Bullock, Hawthorn House, Handsworth, 1870. The Port of Rhodes. Venice, the Dogana, and Sta. Maria della Salute. Lago Maggiore. The Slave Market: small copy. Gillingham on the Medway. Angers. A Savoyard Boy. Landscape, Compton Dando: large picture. Landscape, with Peasants driving Sheep. Landscape, with Woman and Child crossing Bridge.

Thomas Ashton, Manchester, 1870. The Baggage Waggon. Landscape, Welsh Water-mill, with Children. Arab Minstrels, Lycia.

J. D. Weston, Dorset House, Clifton, 1873. Avenue of Sphinxes, Moonlight, Thebes. Rocky Stream at Lynmouth: oval. Water-Mill, North Wales. Landscape, upright, Cottage and Trees. Mountainous Landscape, with Tower. Kings Weston Park. Leigh Woods. Fruit Picture.

S. Mayou, Edgbaston, 1873. Selling a Slave: upright. Opium Seller, Manfalout. Interior of Welsh Cottage at Roe, Woman, Girl, and Poultry. Country Lane, called Gillingham: Müller's last landscape in oil.

Mr. Newsham, Preston, Lancashire, 1874. Landscape, Distant View of Whitchurch. Old Cottage in a Welsh Glen; two Children fishing. Gillingham on the Medway.

Henry Cooper, The Haunch, King's Heath, 1874. Welsh Interior, upright; Woman with Spinning-Wheel. Embarkation of the Doge, Venice. View near Llanrwst, with Cottage and Boy fishing, Dead Fawn: early picture. Chess-Players, Cairo: sketch for large picture.

Walter Lyndon, Henburys, Near Moseley, 1874. Carnarvon Castle, Morning Mists. Swiss Châlets, with Figures and Mountains. Rural Scene, with Peasants and White Horse. Near Gillingham, upright, with Cottage, Children, and Boat.

John Henderson, Montague Street, Russell Square, 1874. View at Tivoli: early. Rocky Stream, Lynmouth. Prayers in the Desert: sketch for large picture.

Sidney Cartwright, The Leatower, near Wolverhampton, 1874. On the River Scheldt, Dutch Boats, with Towers of Antwerp in the Distance,

4 ft. 6 by 2 ft. 10 in. Head of Cingari, at Xanthus: circular picture, 13 in. by 13 in. Exhibited at Royal Academy, 1845. Frost Scene, 26 in. by 16 in., 1838. Cattle under a Shed; Cottage and Frozen River.

Albert Levy, Hall Road, St. John's Wood, 1874. The Good Samaritan. Whitchurch, Somerset. Gillingham on the Medway. The Slave Market. Street Scene, Cairo.

Pictures by W. Müller belonging to the late Mr. Gillott, sold at Christie and Co.'s, April, 1872.

	£
A Monk, 17 in. by 9½ in.	52
The Port of Rhodes, 16 in. by 24 in.; from Mr. Bullock's Collection	350
Landscape, with Peasant on Grey Pony, and Rainbow, 9 in. by 17½ in. 1843	150
Interior of Cottage, North Wales, with an Old Man smoking, and Boy, 6½ in. by 11 in.	200
Turkish Burial Ground, Smyrna, 13 in. by 20 in.; from R. D. Blain's Collection	270
Dogana, and Church of Sta. Maria della Salute, 10 in. by 18 in.; from E. Bullock's Collection	330
Fruit, Vegetable, and Still Life on a Table, 25 in. by 30 in.	90
Landscape, with Hagar and Ishmael, 2 ft. 1 in. by 3 ft. 4 in., 1842; purchased direct from artist	280
The Memnons, 1843, 2 ft. by 3 ft. 4 in.; bought from artist	315
The Treasure-Finders, 30 in. by 54 in., 1843; painted by Müller for Mr. Gillott	410
Landscape after a Shower, Rainbow, Boy with White Mice, Children in Foreground, by W. Collins, R.A., 30 in. by 48 in.; from the Collection of Mr. Proudfoot, Manchester	770
The Slave Market, Egypt, 1841, 15 in. by 25 in.; from Collection of Charles Birch	1,510
The Bay of Naples, 3 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. 10 in.; bought from the artist	2,000
The Chess-Players, 1843, 2 ft. by 2 ft. 3 in.; from the Collection of Charles Birch; exhibited at Leeds.	3,950

APPENDIX V.

THE ARTIST IN XANTHUS AND OTHER PLACES IN LYCIA.

Letter No. I.

"Xanthus, Asia Minor,
"November 29th, 1843.

App. V.

"My dear Hall,—I promised, on leaving England, to give you some account of my progress in this country. That promise I now keep, trusting you will pardon haste, as 'posts' are scarce things, and an opportunity occurs of sending this to Makri with dispatches that leave to-morrow. If I can give any information worthy of insertion in the *Art-Union* I shall be glad, as it will at least answer to me the purpose of a week's writing, by acquainting my friends that I am still in the land of the living. Well, then, after the usual journey through France I reached the Mediterranean, and took my berth in the *Minos* for Smyrna, leaving my friends, Messrs. Fellows, Hawkins, and Scharp, at Malta, to come on by the *Medea*, the vessel appointed to the expedition. At Smyrna I was, much against my inclination, detained nearly a month. It is *not* a picturesque town; it is an ordinary Eastern town, filled with picturesque people. Never have I seen so much beautiful costume; while the long strings of camels laden with fruits and other merchandise prove highly attractive to the artist. But the Turkish burial-grounds there are richer in their large cypress-trees than any I had previously seen—in particular those near the Caravan Bridge. There is much that is exceedingly poetic in these resting-places of the dead. The sombre shadow well agrees with the intent of the spot, and if the visitor be inclined to indulge his fancy let him visit them by moonlight, or at least twilight. At such times the tombstone, with its carved turban, often deceives, and it requires no particularly powerful imagination to conjure up ghosts and spirits in any number. Few of the Turks are bold enough to go through these cemeteries after dark, and my Greek servant, Nicolo, flatly told me he should decline, and would not go for all Smyrna. He kept his word. He feared the jackals more than the ghosts; but saw what I wanted to see, and returned to the hotel.

"Enough of Smyrna, I say now, and so I thought when there. I left it on board an Austrian vessel for Rhodes, as I had in charge the firmans, servants, &c., for Mr. Fellows. I was anxious to reach him without a moment's delay; so, after just taking a running look at Rhodes (on which

subject I have much to say on some future occasion, as I intend, on my return, making it my head-quarters for some weeks), I hired a caïque or boat, and got all things on board, and started for Xanthus with a fair wind and most beautiful sunshine. Never shall I forget that glorious night. I am rather too old a traveller to allow fine bright moonlight nights to prevent my sleeping; the period of high romance has long since vanished; yet on this occasion I could not sleep, and I had not had my clothes off for three days and nights. So I remained in a happy state between musing and thinking, or listening to a Turk narrating a long story, which, when translated by my dragoman, proved a very pretty tale. The moon sunk lower and lower, and as its silver light for the last time touched the waves, as if by general consent, the Turks lay down one by one. All was silence, except at times the heavy breathing of the men and the heavy splash of the waves as our little craft knocked the water from her bows. Such a silence affords opportunity to think, especially in such a position as I then found myself; thoughts of home pressed upon the mind, mingled with the ever-anxious hope of the traveller—health. I indulged such thoughts, until at length the glorious sun rose from the sea and shed its cheering beams over the scene, and we discovered in the distance the steamboat *Medea*. This was just as it should be. The wind, unfortunately, failed us; but we made signals, and in a very short time had the pleasure of seeing a boat with six men put off; and now all was confusion in getting the things ready for disembarking, which was done, as other boats took us in tow. We then placed the baggage in the first tent at the mouth of the river Xanthus, and at once proceeded to the head-quarters of Mr. Fellows, leaving the *traps* to be brought on by camels and the pontoon.

"And now for a word or two on the appearance of the coast, river, &c. At the mouth of the latter is a considerable bar, which renders the crossing by no means easy; during one of the former expeditions it occasioned the loss of two of the sailors, who were trying to cross when the boat was heavily laden. Fortunately for us there was little wind, and we passed with considerable ease. On landing there is one wide expanse of sand, which, under the intense rays of an Eastern sun, reminded me of Egypt. On the right lies a marsh of flat ground, which extends its pestilential influence over the surrounding country, and forces the inhabitants to leave the valley for higher ground as the summer approaches. At the present season little fever exists, although I have to regret that it has already visited our party, and proved fatal to one poor fellow: true, he had long been ill on board his vessel (the *Queen*, I believe). With the exception of this, and one other instance, as yet we have not had the common average of sickness. In this climate it would be about five per cent. Xanthus, the seat of the operations, is about a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet above the plain, and on the left and right is closed in by mountains of considerable height, backed by the Taurus range, which is now capped with snow. My earliest opinion, on visiting this country, was, that some magnificent scenery must exist in the mountain range; and as the costume of the people for simplicity and elegance far surpasses the dress of the ordinary Turk, no want of figures could be felt. In

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this I have not been disappointed ; for although as yet I have only been one or two excursions to any distance, I cannot pass over my visit to Pinara in silence. But I would say a word or two previously on the ruins and antiquities of this place (Xanthus). They principally consist, then, of tombs, either in the rocks or standing, as they have existed for centuries, part shaken by earthquake or pillaged by men. Their forms are most classical, and when covered with sculpture, as in the case of the two grand ones now under process of removing, little inferior to the finest and purest Greek period of art. Of these two tombs, I must say, if the expedition removed nothing else, they will add to our country two of the most beautiful and splendid remains in existence. Many other objects as fine will, doubtless, in time make their appearance. One has already been turned up—a lion. Although mutilated and in a rigid style of art, there is a beauty in its outline, a purity in its form, that would enable it to stand by the side of the finest works of the ancients. Much ground has to be searched, and I sincerely hope not in vain. The city was formerly very large, as its ruins now cover a vast extent of soil. There is little, unfortunately, in the remains of the buildings or temples that may be termed *sketchable*, being principally piles of stones of enormous size. Cyclopean walls, with Roman ones built upon them, do not exactly suit the artist's folio. Yet there may be one who will chance to see this rapid scrawl, a landscape-painter—I mean one who would delight in nature in her wild moods, her savage beauties. Let him accompany me to Pinara; but he must be content to live on semen, sleeping in his capote on the ground in his tent, and, as we have experienced, he may have the treat of a thunderstorm—one when the lightning plays about him, and thunder as a sort of bass, ending with the tent blowing in, and a perfect deluge of rain. More than one of these nights we passed, glad when daylight broke, and if sunshine with it, all the better. I say he must be contented; and if he will promise to be so, let him mount his horse and form in with the long train of visitors, servants, and baggage, and after six hours' ride he will, tired or not, thank me, and acknowledge that Pinara, with its mountain like a giant castle, pierced with thousands of loop-holes (these are tombs surrounded by a moat — this a mountain-torrent, clothed, instead of ivy, with oaks and pines), forms one of the grandest subjects for the pencil he has ever seen. Let him gaze upon it by sunrise—by sunset—and if his curiosity will not be satisfied, it may be by seeing its grand form developed through mist by the lurid light of some flash of the thunderstorm. After its outline is familiar, the tombs will attract his attention, as in many instances they are temples cut in the rock. Those in ravine harmonize wonderfully with the general scenery ; their colour of a rich ochre, and this is curious, as they seem not to have been painted. They were cut in the rock: as before stated, that rock is marble. Were they covered with wax? If so, would they have kept their colour for thousands of years? Pinara is not so dry as Thebes, yet, whatever was the means, colour exists on the tombs. The letters in the Lycian inscriptions are painted blue and red. Why not, then, some substance placed over the entire tomb, giving it polish and general finish? At Myra there is a splendid instance of paint being used in sculpture: it is only of late days it has been omitted. I have seen it on

the ruins of Greece, of Nubia, now in Lycia, and can but think it calculated to improve the architectural effect, by rendering the building a part of the general scene, by blending them together. But to return to the tombs. The greater part of Pinara is as a piece of honeycomb; it is perforated and carved, and I have generally seen, where much pains have been spent on one of these late abodes of man, great judgment in choice of position has been exercised. They did so with their theatres—at least such is my opinion from what I have observed. Why not with their tombs? It has been but of late years that attention has been paid to our burial-grounds; much may be done to improve them. I say nothing about their monuments of cream-jugs, tea-caddies, or Gothic blasphemies. It will be wise for us to look to this department of art as it existed amongst the Lycians. Some ideas can be *cribbed* (pardon the word). I hope yet to see *a modern Lycian tomb.*

A Turk in general is no friend to our graphic display; he is, from never having seen anything of the sort, afraid of some evil consequences; and once, when I drew on a scrap of paper the head of a very handsome imaginary gentleman, and gave it to a Turkish lad, thinking to cast some seed of portraiture among the villagers, I had the mortification to witness my splendid performance *stoned* by the people before my face. Try money—piastres do much in Turkey—but it won't enable you always to sketch the natives. I asked one night about six or seven to come and take coffee round our fire, and bring their monotonous musical instruments with them (which are very curious). Now I thought I might get a good group by keeping a little in the shade, and working away whilst they howled to their hearts' content. No sooner was I discovered than I was obliged to come to a treaty of so many piastres a *head.* Now all was right, and to my sketching again I went, when my young friend was discovered doing the same. The Turk, with his usual cunning, immediately demanded an increase, if two drew him. This I would not agree to at first; but at length brought matters pretty even by insisting that boys ought not to be paid the same as men; so they yielded, and I procured a drawing that pleased me. Then I went to my tent and spent nearly a sleepless night, by jackals walking round it—not an uncommon thing to see their shadows at night (if moonlight) thrown on the walls of our temporary abode. This is not altogether pleasant, when you know that *canvas forms the wall.*

"You must look on this letter but as the bones of skeletons found on the desert; you can, if you like, place it into form, and connect its various disjointed parts, to render it sightly and understandable; if not, it must appear as it is. From Rhodes I trust to send you another epistle, and it may contain an outline or two of some curious remains that, from never having been published, may afford interest. Indeed, Rhodes is all new—a most interesting period of architecture; and its ruins bespeak its former greatness.

"Yours ever, &c.,

"Wm. Müller."

App. V.

Letter No. II.

The Artist in Xanthus.—Days and Nights in Tlos.

To S. C. Hall, Esq.

"Lazaretto, Malta,
"May, 1844.

"My dear Sir,—I promised to give you some farther account of my progress through the highly interesting country I have been visiting. As you will see by the above address, my present voyage is brought very nearly to a close. I am now subjected to the penalty of travellers in the East, viz., quarantine. If this had been the only one, I should not have complained; but in consequence of leaving Rhodes by the Beyrout boat (doubtless loaded with pest), I had the pleasure of ten days at Smyrna, four walls for a room, with four large windows or holes—no glass. When Dr. Johnson gave his definition of a *window*, 'an orifice in an edifice for the admission of light,' he might in our case have added wind also. We went in all well, and came out all *ill*. I can sleep in the open air, and have done so for weeks; but I don't like a sharp wind from the north playing about me all night.

"I left Xanthus, after having visited some of the most interesting spots in the neighbourhood; amongst these I shall ever consider Tlos as being one of the most extraordinary; its situation is grand in the extreme. We arrived late in the evening, after a ride or slow march of eight or nine hours, the last hour being the worst, as we had to ascend the hill on which Tlos is situated, our baggage-horses being tired, and ourselves nearly in the same condition; but the hill was nothing compared with the difficulties which presented themselves as we arrived on the summit. I should make you acquainted, that to the Aga, the traveller in Asia looks for lodging; he is a sort of magistrate, or rather I would term him 'lord of the manor.' In the dusk of the evening I made his acquaintance; he was standing surrounded by his servants, who had all turned out, as well as the dogs, to see who could be the party ascending the mountain. My servant, Nicolo, approached him, and, after the usual salutations, informed him we were anxious to obtain rooms, and that it was our intention to remain there some days. He never troubled himself to remove the pipe from his mouth, but pointing with his fingers, directed us to some stables in which the cattle then remained. Poor Nicolo, feeling his dignity hurt, began to remonstrate, telling him a thousand lies, I believe. After making me out a prince, or something not much less, the Aga softened down—if from this reason, or from my repeating the word Teskeri (a passport of considerable power), I know not—and, removing the pipe, he said there was a small room on the other side of the court we might have, and perhaps, on the morrow, other arrangements would be entered into. We were, I should say, then in the courtyard of the house, which was a very romantic, castellated place. We were not many minutes locating ourselves, and, I think, astonished our friend, the Aga, at our cool manner of procedure. We soon bundled his carpets, mats, and other matters into a mass, and tumbled them out at the door. When one is wet, hungry, and cold, one cannot be expected to pay

much ceremony, even to an Aga's household-goods and chattels; I can say for myself, that at such moments I hate anything and everything that is in my way.

"I desired Nicolo to see that the Turk's servants fed the horses and mules, whilst I commenced my operations by trying my hand at a fire; and were they not astonished when I struck my light with the phosphoric matches! If a prince condescended to light a fire, he surely did not do it with the ordinary means they were acquainted with, and the act passed off right well. I almost established myself with that box of matches as a being of quite a superior nature. And when our canteens came to display their varied contents, the stare of astonishment was something all but ridiculous, as in general Turks never show their surprise; but these were 'country Turks.' After pulling out our plates, dishes, cups, &c., &c., the climax arrived in the production of our 'grand' oval squat teapot: a murmur of admiration ran round the room as it displayed its shining sides sparkling in the firelight. I felt proud of this pot myself: it was none of your trumpery ones; there was a dignity, a sort of conscious strut of importance in its appearance, that always seemed to say, 'What could you do without me?—just try what you could do.' I felt the truth of this, and on that night it seemed to be more saucy than ever; they considered it silver: perhaps aware of this, it rose in its own estimation. We did what I advise others to do, bring your dinner with you; if you do not, you may just have the pleasure of trying the experiment how you like fasting for a few hours. Cold fowl! I can hardly write the word, and you could hardly read it, if you had been, as I had been, living off that bird for four months without any change: its confounded yellow legs, or skin like kid leather, used to make me do anything but say my prayers. I thought of fowls as somebody thought of rabbits in Norfolk, or rather wrote about them—

'Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
I thank the Lord I've had enough.'

"But, nevertheless, as some wise person has observed, who doubtless made the discovery, 'Hunger is a fine sauce,' so to work we went in right earnest. I more than once thought the Aga would have had no objection to partake; he eyed it much as a little boy does anything he longs to have for his own particular masticating uses, only he (the Turk) eats not of the meat of the Giour. I always had a dislike to eat before a number of persons in Turkey. You are bound to overcome this feeling: you are made an exhibition of, during your meal. Drive them out, and they come and look in at the window; in short, they consider it a right they possess to see you at meals, just as the enlightened and educated take a pleasure in seeing wild beasts feed. By-the-bye, there is not so much difference, after all. A traveller with his food, after a good day's fag, eats much in the same manner as a wild beast whose only amusement is eating, and that only six days in the week, as masters or keepers of Zoological Gardens imagine they have no appetite on the Sabbath. But to return; *pas à nos moutons*—to our cold fowls: they were soon finished; and now came that glorious moment, a sort of dreary twilight of existence, when

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having with all care filled the bowl of that magic instrument, your pipe, with the finest Latakia tobacco, or, as this happened to be, Manassea, your servant places lightly on the top a small piece of charcoal; you then gently commence to inhale the odours of the weed, until wrapped in its silvery cloud you forget the past in the pleasure of the present. What did not the 'old fellows' lose in not being acquainted with smoking! What odes, what verses, Latin and Greek, should we not have had in its praises! An ode by Horace on this subject (not a satire, unless against non-smokers) would be glorious. But the pipe ends as well as the day; and my visitors had by this time watched both pretty nearly to a close. I began to feel a wish for throwing myself into the arms of that sleepy gentleman, Mr. Morpheus, and I thought the Aga and his retinue had as great an inclination to watch us perform that operation; but, notwithstanding my strong desire to sleep, I was too wide awake to allow him to remain, so orders were soon given to have clear decks, and, after the usual ceremony of bowing, he fixed his slippers on his feet, and, followed by his domestics and half the village, went off.

"And now I was alone on the summit of a mountain, in a half-Turkish palace and fortress, in a strange land surrounded by strangers. There may be little, it is true, to fear, but thoughts will creep into the mind. I was pleased with seeing the delicate attention of my host: he had left a loaded pistol and sabre in the room; it is common with the Turks to do so. Would they be required? I examined them well, as also my own arms; made up the fire, trimmed the lamp, and in the folds of my blanket lay down to pass my first night in Tlos.

"The morning came, and such a morning! and such scenery, such mountains and valleys, such a distance, melting away and uniting with the sky! There lay the Taurus, more like some faint sound, some distant recollection of a past event; for *atmosphere* seems to perform on scenery what *time* does on the mind for the past, they both soften alike.

"In the middle of the valley ran the Mangerchi, uniting its stream with the Xanthus, and sweeping onward to the sea. The foreground consists of tombs, whose classical forms well suited the scenery; some standing boldly out, whilst others were cut in the solid rock: these last are often used by the people of the country to place grain in; most are blackened by fires, but in general the cattle turn them into stables. It is seldom the Turks live in them, and in all my rambles I but remember one (which was at Makri) inhabited; it was a sarcophagus, and had other rooms built to it, its doorway having been the short side of the tomb, broken into by people long past. It is curious, and at the same time a strong evidence *that the tombs contained valuables of some description*, that you find them all broken into; and in many instances it must have required no ordinary force to accomplish the purpose.

"I should have been delighted to have found one entire, and I fear (but certainly from different motives) I should have been barbarian enough to have demolished it to have arrived at its contents. On one occasion I discovered some human bones in a tomb at Pinara; aged they must have been, but if the remains of some venerable Lycian it is impossible to say; they were all in a state of putrefaction; they had consolidated into a mass. I preserved the

lower jaw-bone, which, from the want of the back teeth, and consequent ossification of the parts, proved it to have belonged to rather an old person.

"Whilst speaking of tombs—rock ones—I must not omit to mention that at Tlos is the celebrated one called the 'Tomb of Bellerophon.' It is, beyond doubt, most highly curious in an antiquarian point of view.

"It has been named by its discoverers as above, in consequence of a sculptured figure of a man on horseback, *the horse having wings*—in short, just what is now drawn to represent 'Pegasus.'

"Now, taking into consideration the history of Bellerophon, which is, as far as I remember, as follows (I write from memory), every one will admit there is a propriety in giving the name to the tomb, as here his principal actions took place, and probably his death :—

"He went to the court of King Prœtus in consequence of having killed his brother. The Queen was desperately in love with him; but he not answering to her passion, she, from pique, accused him to her husband, the King, of having tried to insult her. Prœtus being loath to punish him, he being a guest, sent him to Lycia. Here, with the hopes of his death, his uncle, then King, ordered him to slay a monster that infested the neighbourhood—the 'Chimæra.' Minerva, pitying him from his innocence, gave him Pegasus, by which he accomplished his task. He afterwards attempting to fly to heaven, &c.

"This is the brief outline, perhaps not quite correct; but what a field for speculation! Here is sculptured the Pegasus; the 'Chimæra' is found in the superb marble tomb of Xanthus,—the first mentioned being in such excellent preservation that the paint is observable on it.

"What thoughts these facts suggest, more able pens than mine will handle. I but marvel and confess my inability to do them justice. Mentioning the paint on the Pegasus, my belief is that the tombs have all been painted: we know that the inscriptions were blue and red. It is singular that in England, and many other countries in Europe, no paint is used on external architecture. Now the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Syrians, the Indians, the Mexicans, and, lastly, the Chinese, all have used or use it. If well done, it blends and harmonizes the building with the surrounding scenery. What can be worse than a new, glaring, staring, white building? It will become old, is the answer, and the objection will be removed. Paint it, and with the building's age the colour becomes old, and then a richness will be produced quite captivating to the eye. Climate here may be urged as an excuse, in consequence of the wet. That is soon overcome: wax-colours, oil-colours, or a thousand different mediums may be used. I fear ever to see it commenced, for in England we have little of those discriminating delicacies. In our architecture we have little originality and much coarseness; too much of the Roman and Gothic: and, in the former, one can only be struck by a vulgar adaptation of the Greek—an ostentation of size and material.

"The subject of paint, as externally applied to embellish buildings, is one that deserves the attention of our architects. But to return to Tlos: after a hasty survey I commenced sketching, and had that pleasure which few understand so well as those who have travelled to obtain a desired end—

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seeing an entirely new class of subject gradually developing itself on the paper. We returned at dark to our frugal meal, pleased with our day's performance, and bright with hope for the morrow. The Aga, as usual, was in the room, smoked, and took his coffee. He seldom troubled us with any particular remark: he seemed wrapt in his own silent thoughts. It was evident his mind was labouring with some curious and difficult subject; and a mind unaccustomed to think, when engaged in so doing, requires no very great observation to notice its working on the features. I shall mention by-and-by, and as briefly as possible, the subject this worthy Turk had engaged himself upon. Day after day continued fine. That word hardly expresses what I mean. It was weather glorious and serene, not too warm nor too cold an atmosphere. I dislike those singularly clear days so much desired by ladies and gentlemen who ascend small mountains and count fourteen village churches, or see things that cannot be seen. This was not too clear or too misty—just enough to soften colour and form. It was weather that gives a buoyant feeling to one's spirits: on such days one can do anything, and it continued during several. Even at night a moon was in the sky by which it was easy to see to draw; but it was going on far into winter, and one cannot trust to the continuance of the season about this time, so 'make hay whilst the sun shines;' and glad am I to say I did so, for one evening the clouds began to accumulate about the mountain-tops, the wind was cold, and the sun went down in anger, blood-red. Nature seemed changed; the vultures screamed as they flew over the valley to seek their homes in the mountain, whose dank purple sides were being quickly covered with mists. I shut up my folio, and, I know not why, should have been glad of some society. Perhaps you have never known this feeling; but perhaps you have never been so situated. It was not fear, but it was nearly allied to it: it was the dread of something unknown. I turned my steps up the side of the hill, not staying as usual to saunter amongst the tombs, which were now doubly melancholy, seeming to mourn their own decay. I arrived at my little room, and soon enjoyed a warm fire and a good meal. But the storm was abroad: slowly, and as if the breathing of some enormous monster in the distance, sounded the thunder; the mists boiled up, hiding everything, and you waited with patience some sudden change. Nearer and nearer came the thunder, brighter and brighter the lightning; thick rain fell, until at last one sudden gust of wind blew over our habitation, and then followed lightning and thunder such that I never remember having heard or seen before. Everything trembled; the house shook as flash after flash succeeded one another; rain literally came down in torrents. I gave up all hope of the house standing out the storm. The room was all wet, for the roofs of Turkish houses are not made to withstand such rain.

"My principal care now became to stow away as many of our articles as might suffer; also to keep up a fire, which in such a situation is of the greatest consequence. I had almost forgotten to say, just as the storm broke on us, the Aga rushed from the room, crossed the court, and I suppose sought, in some other part of his half-castle half-house, a security he did not seem to imagine he possessed with us. The reason for this precipitous flight

I found afterwards to be that some years back that part of the building had been struck by the lightning, killing several horses and doing much injury to the stables. The storm continued.

"Picking out the dry planks in the floor, we half slept and half watched the night through. The morrow came; and how grand to see the mountains as the light clouds and vapour were at times covering and at times revealing their superb forms! But all that day we had rain and nothing to do, and if we had there was no light to do it by. But this state of things could not continue for ever, although it did much longer than I expected; and it was on one of these evenings, while listening to rain and thunder without, and encouraging the fire to burn by giving it the titbits I could, that our door opened, and in stalked my worthy friend, the Aga, with about three or four of his wet-footed servants, who arranged themselves all in a row, and *let off the steam* from their damp clothes. With no inconsiderable pleasure did I hear their prince of masters order them to leave the room, and truly I thought he did so that the poor devils might go to some dry place; but he had other motives, for when they were gone, and his pipe lighted, he called my servant to him, and, with much more good-nature than usual, desired him to sit down, and told him to tell me, in words as nearly as I can remember, the following:—'I have been thinking,' said he, 'that you Franks must be extraordinary people: your riches must be great, and your curiosity much greater, if, as you assert, you have been influenced merely to gratify it to leave your country, your women, and your children, to travel for months, and all for what? For a few bits of marble. Is that an object worthy your making such a sacrifice for? Now be candid. Are you not seeking to discover immense treasure, which, as everybody knows, may be found here, provided they possessed the charm?' I protested against the idea, but in vain. I even went so far as to sanction the version of the motives of the expedition which was given by my man Nicolo, and I also believe credited by him,—that the stones were to be taken home to build a '*handsome house* for the Queen.' Still he was incredulous, and continued 'that he had no objection to our doing so, nay even would assist us, for he knew much about the place.' Here the thunder rolled a little heavily, and he gave a start; but he went on, now bringing his face close to my servant's, and speaking in a low, hoarse tone, that seemed like the echo of the storm without. 'There is a hole on the opposite side of the valley; it is in the old building with seven doors (the remains of probably a Roman basilica), at the lower end. After having passed through the bushes and small trees, you come to a passage; follow that, and the hole is in front of you, the end of which is filled up with a large stone. Now, if any one that could move that——' Once more the thunder; and as if he had felt it coming as a reproof, at that moment he discontinued. I desired to know if any one had ever attempted this passage. He said, 'Yes; two Turks.' 'And what success had they?' 'After various precautions (astrological, of course), they went there one moonlight night, and with various charms removed the stone partly, when an immense figure shaking his chains, which were made of gold, struck them both dead. Their tomb is at the mouth of the hole. They were seen going in by a black

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slave who accompanied them, and who gave the above account of their destruction (doubtless from the gas—confined mephitic vapour). The tomb is there, so is the hole, for since this incident I have seen them.' Feeling myself amused with what he had told me, I asked him what evidence he had of the place containing money. He said people had often listened and heard the giant count it out; nay, he was certain of it; there could be no doubt. Now the thing was, could we not, through the medium of some of our sailors, blow up the place? He had thought it over; it would only require two camel-skins of powder; and, he added, he thought no one would object, for the service done in pointing out the spot, &c., to give him one-third of the treasure. However modest was his demand, he had fairly worked himself into a talkative mood of excitement, and I saw it would not do to blow up the castle he had built in the air; so I said I should much like to see the spot, when we could better say what quantity of powder would be required. He undertook to show it me the next morning; and, making a very cautious survey of the chamber, he desired my servant to say that he would go only on condition I kept it a profound secret. A promise was soon obtained; the next morning fixed. The storm nearly over, he rose and left me.

"The next morning soon came with sunshine, and all nature revived after the storms of the last few days. I waited for my friend, the Aga; my patience at length was done, as well as my breakfast; so, finding he did not come, I sent for him, as I had some curiosity to see this wonderful spot. He made an excuse, but he was very sorry, that morning he could not go, he had business; the next, it was the same. At length I perceived he feared it. Here was a great Turk, armed to the teeth, six feet high, afraid to go and point out a hole in a building, not half a mile from his house. I was resolved to see it, however (not thinking to find treasure); so, closely questioning our friend, by his directions I started, taking my usual companions—sketch-book, gun, and servant—and, after a little walk, came to the ruins. But here a fresh obstacle arose: my servant positively refused to enter them. He was a Greek, and believed every word the Turk had told him; nay, his own superstitions would have furnished a tolerable-sized book. Expostulation was vain, but threats and hints about character on his leaving made him enter the first enclosure or court. I now found my way to the small trees or shrubs: all was going right; when, before I could raise the gun to my shoulder, a jackal started out. Nicolo took to his heels, as if it had been a legion of young devils, leaving me to ruminate what was the next step. This was soon determined—to advance into the place as far as prudence would allow, keeping a sharp look-out. I believe I was a little more afraid than people usually are in such cases. I found the stone: it is singular—a large portion of marble, of a much earlier period than the building. I imagined I could make out some characters on it, part of an inscription. Such stones abound in Tlos; you find them in watercourses, used as steps to houses, almost anywhere. The unknown writing must have added to its mystery. He had, on telling me the story, alluded to some signs, proving the stone which, he said, if once read, would immediately lead to the finding of the treasure. In a country where so much is to be found, and so little is found, my curiosity must plead my

excuse in paying any attention to so absurd a story. It proves one thing, however, that superstition is nearly the same in that part of the world as it was in our own some fifty years back; nay, even now is in remote parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. I returned, and could see I had much risen in his estimation; and fully certain was he that I should be the means (through Mr. Fellows) to bring these hidden riches to light.

"I forgot to say that I think the sound he mentioned may be accounted for by the dropping water from the upper country and hills. The place abounds with springs. One of these may take its underground course through the building; at all events, I did hear something, and much more like water than the noise gold makes.

"The quantity of paper I brought with me began to run short, and two or three days would bring it to a close. This was a warning to adopt economy in using paper, and each night, with a miser's delight, I saw the addition of one or two sketches. I now devoted my attention to the figures, which are very picturesque, and in some points differ from those of Xanthus,—more particularly in the female dress, which is not so rich. But more on this subject another time, as it is a curious one, and I have not only many of the costumes, but sketches of nearly all. Thus my last scrap of paper was consumed, and on the morrow we were to make our departure.

"The horses were in the courtyard at six; breakfast over, luggage packed, and now adieu to my old friend, the Aga. If not the best, he certainly was not the worst of men. We parted with regret: God knows if we ever meet again. It is very unlikely that I shall again visit a place that afforded me so much pleasure. Tlos! I like your scenery, your melancholy tombs, your grand acropolis, your running streams and noble trees. I like your half-civilised natives, your little Turkish children (my little coin-finders),—I like them all; and as I descended the hill amidst the adieus of the inhabitants, it was with sorrow I took my last look at the fortress, and made my last salaam to the Aga. And now for the Mangerchi and the pine forests.

"Did you, reader, ever cross a rapid river with uncertain bottom on horseback, and a bad horse too? Well, if you have, you do not want to do it again; and if you have not, it is not quite so agreeable as you may imagine. In particular, when the water is well above the chest of your horse—he, in short, all but swimming; and when he *is* swimming, you are much better pleased to be on his back on *terra firma*. How the old knights managed to get over, with armour and all, I don't know.

"We reached the Mangerchi, a rapid river, or series of broad streams, which in heavy rain unite, and at times it becomes impassable. As it is, it costs many lives annually. Gradually descending from the pine forests, we saw it like a sheet of silver winding its way through the bottom of the valley. Occasionally it was hidden behind the dark foliage; at other times it shone forth, brilliant and beautiful. About a river seen through a wood there is a sort of hide and seek; one moment you look after it, the next it is lost; you admire it, another step and it is gone. In a quarter of an hour we should be on its borders. I wished to hasten on, for by the clouds in the sky a storm was coming on, and already the wind had stripped off pieces of bark from the

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tall pines, which, as we passed through the forest, came tumbling about our heads. All told of a storm, and I wanted to cross the river previous to its coming. The serungee hastened on the cattle with the baggage, and in a more close column we put our best foot forward. Tree after tree passed, and at last we came near to the shore, just when a vulture rose into the air. I looked below, and never shall forget the sight! There must have been close upon a hundred of these gigantic birds (measuring as much as nine feet four inches from tip to tip of the wing), some on the body of a camel that had been drowned; others, that had either come to partake of the feast or had finished, surrounded the beast; some, evidently well gorged, sat in a stupid state, until our near approach warned them to be off, and then with a flap of the wing they rose, making as much noise as a discharge of rockets. I longed for a ball in my gun, or more so for my favourite rifle 'Tom.' In my lifetime I have shot many vultures and eagles, but I think amongst this number there was one a size larger than ever fell to my lot to point muzzle at. I watched them with the same regret, or nearly allied to it, as when an artist sees a beautiful spot, and he has no material by which he can 'take it off.' I have foregone many sketches in that way, and with a sigh left the spot, making firm resolves to visit it again; but effects are no more to be found the same one day after the other, than are large vultures on the borders of the Mangerchi.

But I thought I had said I was in a hurry to get on before the storm that threatened should arrive. The reader must think otherwise, if I stay talking about sketches and vultures; but I was and am in earnest, so on. That's a drop that fell on my hand—yes, there's another, and another; off horse, and arrange the luggage. The river is deeper than it has been of late, and we are within a quarter of a mile of the fording-place. Our guide now gathers up a long cane, and measures the depth in the part near to where we are, so as to judge of the best place of security. He looked a little dismayed when it was about six feet, but with promptitude he determined to go lower down. He once more mounts his horse; the baggage is arranged, the rain falling pretty hard. The black water rushes over the stones; it is water rapid, like that that one dreams of; it is water that, reflecting the dark tones of the sky, is solid, and seems to have no bottom; it is water that one would expect each minute to turn up some corpse, and as the large drift timber is washed down at times, little imagination is wanting to make one believe such is the case. We now continue our road, or rather track, amongst long grass and bog. This soon changes to pebbles, and, as if the rain thought it desirable to do the same, we now have hail, and it beats in our faces as the strong wind sweeps it against us, and the cold is intense; but all at once the horses start,—we are blinded, and at the same moment a crash as if the mountains had fallen together. It is lightning near us, but how grand! its echoes roll on, fainter and fainter; it hardly ceases, it dies away gently. What is that smoke in the distance? It is the wood on fire; a tree has been struck by the electric fluid. But this is common.

"We now find the first post indicating the way across. The guide, with a firm foot in the stirrup, rides in; the baggage-horses one by one follow; it is shallow, it soon deepens, it now rises nearly to the belly of the horses, deeper

still. In vain one attempts to keep one's feet high and dry; the only fear is for the baggage-horses,—the camels go on well. Each servant, on reaching the bank of sand in the middle of the river, takes hold of a bridle; the rain and hail fall nearly to blind one; and when in a rapid on horseback there is a giddy feeling in the head, from the movement of the water around, that can hardly be explained. At this instant there was a check and confusion to our party, from a piece of drift-wood striking one of the horses and nearly upsetting him; had it been a minute later, in the deeper part, good-bye to my tent, &c. Wet and cold, we see the opposite bank. Pleased that no accident has occurred, we once more plunge into the last current, and although deeper than the former, safely reach the opposite shore. Here we halt. The fury of the storm seems over, as well as ourselves the river, and by the sky it promises to clear, which promise it keeps, and glad shall we be of a little sunshine to dry our 'feathers' in. It is past mid-day, and as our little troop enters the forest, the idea strikes me that a fire—our semeca (bread), the everlasting cold fowl, and on this occasion eggs, to be roasted by the fire—would be desirable; and if any moment in the world was pleasant to me, this was the one. We made a fire in less time than one could crack an egg-shell, and then *such* a *fire!* In nearly all the forests of Lycia the inhabitants blaze the trees at the bottom, light a fire, and allow it to burn as long as it can. This plan brings the turpentine down, and produces the wood which they (when cut) use as candles. It is not an unpleasing sight to see a party, with their camels and baggage, passing through a wood at night with the pine torches; it is a subject that the savage and glorious painter, Salvator, might have delighted in.

"Our fire was not a stingy one, for the forest was at our use; and in no time we collected the sharp thin leaves into a large pile, and then the stray boughs, taking the precaution to cut off the communication with the leaves on the ground, or we should have made a pretty job of it. How much I wish some of those whose stomachs are consulted with such care could have seen how we delighted in our plain cookery; it would have done them good. I have in many countries made my meal in the air, with the sward for a table-cloth, my fingers for knife and fork, and hunger for sauce; and on this occasion, the *sauce* being excellent, we enjoyed our meal in perfection. We dried up, steamed away, and after all smoked away. Jokes were passed on the clumsy manner of one, and stories told by another; Turk and Frank forgot their prejudices (would that all mankind could do the same!), and we passed a happy hour. But that illuminator of the day, the sun, told us he would not stay for us; and knowing he is as imperative at least as a railway train, we thought we would take the hint, just out of good nature, so to saddle. With regret I left that jovial fire; but on we went, and, after a slow ride of four or five hours through a beautiful country, we reached Xanthus; and there, perhaps, a little rest may recruit one's strength for fresh exertions. So, folding myself well in my blanket, and listening to the pattering of the rain on the tent, I said good-night; and so I say to you.

"Yours ever,

"W. Müller."

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Letter No. III.

"Packet-boat *Lycurgus*, 1844.

"My dear Hall,—I promised to give you some account of a wrestling-match, which good fortune enabled me to see during my stay at Xanthus; and, not to take up too much time, I shall begin at once by saying that in consequence of some information I had gained of a marriage with the Cingaries, and that there would be some games performed in honour of the nuptials, amongst these a wrestling-match by torchlight, I was more than commonly anxious to visit it, as it would be illustrative of the manners of the people. On a splendid evening, when the dark orange-colour of the twilight faded gradually in the west and seemed to give place to the deep purple of night, star by star shone out, and all was tranquillity, I stood by my small fire and awaited my many companions who had promised to join me, and in a short time, from midshipman up to captain, they arrived; and after having partaken of some of my coffee, which had quite gained a reputation amongst my kind and ever-merry friends, we settled our order of march, and the marvel-hunters (as a Jack laughably termed the gentlemen of the expedition) light their torches, and, headed by a servant or two, wind down the path from the encampment to the plain below. Now the Cingaries were located a mile or two in this plain, and to find their whereabouts was not one of the easiest things. Their abodes are in the myrtle groves; they cut paths through them which wind and twist about, and at every corner you come upon some tent, whose occupant is a worker in brass, making spoons ornamented with beads of glass, or fire-arms, powder-flasks, &c. They are a clever and industrious people, of no professed religion; disliked by the regular Turks, yet partly Turks. Their costume is not the same; their features more marked—a wildness in the eye, a fiery expression, and often a deep, low cunning, which is fully exhibited in any dealings with them. Of this I could give many instances, for I found many; yet on the whole I like the Cingari: he is a gipsy, and I always had a sneaking partiality for that independent, vagabond tribe. Their home is on the mountain or on the plain, their wants few, and in this country (Asia) those wants are easily supplied. They wander from place to place, as necessity or fancy suggests.

"The noise in the distance, of the drums, soon told my nautical companions that we must 'shape another course,' or that we had made most serious 'leeway.' So about ship, and after various tacks, holding off and on, it was evident we neared our desired port, and should have done so direct, had it not been for an unfortunate ditch which brought us up. Those who tried to cross, furnished us with much amusement by floundering in the mud; they cleared themselves, amidst their own execrations on the bad roads of Turkey and our laughter. We now went 'right ahead,' and soon found a more favourable spot to cross at; and there a council was held if it would not be more correct to forward a messenger to the chiefs. This was of service in two ways, as it cleared the road of nasty barking dogs, and did the thing civil to our neighbours. A few moments elapsed, when out issued from the groves

several figures (some of whom I knew) waving their torches in the air, who plainly gave us to understand that if we were in want of anything it was not a welcome. They conducted us through a labyrinth of green bushes, and all of a sudden a spectacle broke upon my sight which, from its novelty, I shall never forget. I stood to contemplate it for a second or two, and should have done so much longer, but unfortunately the groups that composed the scene broke up, and so destroyed the curious picture. Seated round fires sat in circle several hundred persons; their basilisk eyes shining from under their white turbans gave them an unearthly appearance: they seemed like some vast collection of spirits in council over some mighty deed. Such a group might have furnished ideas for the author of 'Vathek' to people his Hall of Eblis with; or a Danby or a Martin, with a subject for one of their grand and poetical pictures. But with our approach they arose; and it became apparent that as the fire-light caught on the gold of the epaulettes of the officers the presence of our party was regarded as a compliment, as considerable respect is attached to any ornament, and, I believe, is as much coveted by the poor Cingari as by the youth who first seeks these baubles amidst the slaughter and carnage of his fellow-creatures. The blood of thousands tarnishes not the gold; it shines in the drawing-room, and it glistens in the Cingari camp.

"We were conducted to a centre place, and pressed to sit; but, having an extensive acquaintance amongst these sons of the plain, I had the honour to be placed next my friend, the chief of the wrestlers, Oiel; and as I may have much to say concerning him, I must in the first place state, in introducing him, that he was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen; his tall figure moved with ease and grace, and, although one could at a moment see he was a man of herculean strength, there was nothing of that muscular hardness of outline, that too *squareness* of parts (if I may be allowed to use such an expression), that generally accompanies persons possessed of great strength. His dark olive complexion was in keeping with his wild expression; and as he took his beautiful pipe from his mouth, and with a smile and slight bow offered it me, there was an elegance and ease of action that could not be surpassed in the most polished society. On the right hand of him was a Nubian of distinction; his diamond-bright eyes rolled from one spot to the other, resting on no object for a second; dressed in a simple robe of grey, its want of ornament was a fine contrast to the rich dresses that surrounded him.

"In a few seconds music commenced. Now when I write the word music, it must be clearly understood Cingari music—drums, and a horrid pipe (wild as a bagpipe) whose sustained note screamed forth and jarred on the ear much like the sensation to the teeth of cutting work; yet withal there was a wildness that harmonized with the general scene. At last coffee was brought round—what is called coffee. How often I hear people speaking in assumed raptures of Turkish coffee! Poor innocents, how little do they know about it! How I should like to see them drink but a little of this thick, gritty, muddy, bitter, choking fluid, for such it is in general; yet overcome general prejudices, call it by another name (as the Jews do with pork), and you may drink it and like it, and when some black slave presents you with a

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little cup in its silver filigree stand you will confess that, if not altogether what you expected, it is far from bad. I soon liked it, and bought the mill, the iron-roasting pan, the little cups, in short all the contrivances to make coffee *comme les Turcs;* and on my return I have tried to give my friends a treat, *mais, les ingrats,* they will not drink it, and will never believe it can be admired by any person sane. We relished ours, however, on the night I allude to; and if the officers thought it might have been slightly improved by cream (French), there is no accounting for European taste.

"The fires were trimmed, a large circle cleared, and now, all expectation, we awaited the commencement of the performance (as we should say in Drury Lane); and the commencement rather disappointed my expectations. An elderly man, with a fine white beard, took the centre of the circle, holding in his hand a wooden vessel with water. Once more the drums and pipe broke the grateful silence with their harsh tones, when out jumped two lads perfectly nude, with the exception of a small cloth round the middle; they performed some antics round in the middle circle, and, having run here and there, one came to the old man, kneeling down on one knee. He was washed over with the water; he rose, held out his right hand, which was as a challenge, and, with extreme rapidity, the other youth darted forward and touched it. The second then went through the ablution, when, separating to the opposite sides of the circle, they approached one another with all possible caution, soon closed, and, for lads of fifteen or sixteen, they behaved well; but then their figures gave no idea of the beautiful or grand. Two or three of these matches were decided, the termination taking place the instant the one could place the other on his back; they then parted the best of friends, collecting around the ring half or quarter piastres. This was all well enough, but gave me no idea of wrestling; but I had not long to wait. A man in the prime of life leaped into the ring; his full and well-rounded limbs shone in the light of the fire: a murmur of applause seemed to greet him. He stood firm and erect for a second, then, with modest self-possession, slightly bent the head, knelt down, received the water, and, as he stood up offering the challenge, how strongly did he remind me of the Apollo! and he brought the President West's remark with all its truth strongly to my mind. He was indeed a noble figure, and one might have imagined his offer to the contest would have remained unanswered, as he seemed to possess rather a dangerous beauty. But not so; it was answered in a minute, and by one in every way worthy to be his opponent. As they evaded one another in the commencement, one could see their forms were elastic, yet strong; supple, yet firm, with just that right quantity of muscle. But now they close; the right arm is under the left of each other, the legs apart; they breathe a second previous to the struggle, and that was nothing but the shifting of fine groups of antique statuary. Oh, for a sculptor to have been there! How vain the effort to make models imitate action. Now they fall to earth, now again they rise: the one lifts his antagonist high in the air, and you make certain in an instant he will dash him to earth; but he evades the fall with the greatest address, and, panting for breath, they rest for a minute. Again they resume the struggle, which was continued for an hour, and at length,

conquered by fatigue, the conquest was resigned, neither being victors or conquerors.

"During this long trial good temper seemed to guide their actions, and this was observable in several others who wrestled afterwards; and one can but be struck with the vast difference of such an entertainment in what is termed *savage* life and civilised. In the latter, if such a display of manly strength and amusement had taken place in England, would it not have been accompanied with debauchery, beer and spirit drinking, until the senses wrestled with reason? Would not gambling have lent its hideous countenance to the scene, and prostitution have plundered hand in hand with the revellers? It is strange, but not less true, that open vice accompanies nearly all those amusements which the lower and middling classes take pleasure in. Too often do we find aristocracy lending its aid to these scenes; but in general their orgies are performed amongst themselves, and in private. Let us hope, however—and I sincerely hope it—that education—education of the *million*—is fast removing the vice of the million. Let all lend their little means towards it, and the result must be secure.

"I have mentioned my friend Oiel as being the chief of the Xanthus wrestlers, and I hoped to have seen him matched with a trusty opponent. My servant intimated this to him, but he regretted there was no one present who may be termed his equal; yet, with a good nature only equalled by his general conduct, he said he would show us his method, and he prepared immediately. Piece by piece he laid aside his garments, and at length what a splendid figure stood before us! How grand is the form of man!—his majesty or godlike figure stands alone unrivalled. Oiel's opponent was, as might have been expected, by no means a match for him, and it was too evident that he could do just what he pleased with him, and, as regarded the wrestling, I was not sorry when this one-sided exhibition concluded. We found the hour late, and, after a small present, we rose. We had our retinue of torch-bearers to the confines of the grove, after which we lost our path, and amidst much fun we stumbled our way home; and the next morning I found, when too late, that we lost the best of the sport, for just after our departure a stranger, jealous of the fame of Oiel, had made an especial visit from the mountains of Adalia to try a fall with him, and I well remember the account Oiel gave of it to me, and his smile of self-satisfaction when he said (with a slight stamp of his foot), 'I threw him once, twice, thrice; and I can throw him when I please.'

Departure.

"The time was now fast arriving which I had fixed for my departure, and the floods, which had inundated the plains, rendering the scenery only suitable to the study of a deluge picture, made me anxious to move to another part of the country—Makri. I could not sketch, and I could not sleep dry at night; and, as I have before said, a week or two of that class of weather is enough, especially when your cooking-house is blown down, your fire out, and you sit day after day surrounded by wet canvas. Even the figures ceased to have an attraction, curious and beautiful as they were, both in

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costume and general character, and perhaps it may not be unacceptable to give some idea of their dress. This is done much better by the few accompanying sketches than anything I can write.

"The general appearance of these Turks is at times most striking, from the immense display of embroidery, in which considerable talent is displayed in the pattern, as also from the quantity of arms he carries. A great peculiarity I have noticed in the Xanthian is the manner in which he arranges the loose gown, or 'antere.' This almost always folds well, and adds grace to the figure. His shoes are of calf or deerskin, much like the American mocassin.

"Amongst the richer classes no expense is spared, as ladies in Turkey are as fond of silks and rich stuffs as in any part of the world. I have been surprised to notice what beautiful costume may be found even in a tent life. The 'salvor,' or drawers, of a red colour, often of a light beautiful pink; the 'antere,' of a striped material, like the damask silks; so also is the 'jelee,' or short sort of waistcoat; whilst that most sacred and secret part of ladies' attire, the *chemise* ('joinelee'), is of a construction or fabric which, for lightness and delicacy of texture, I can compare to no known European manufacture I am acquainted with.

Musical Instruments.

"I had the good fortune to become possessed of a camel-driver's violin shortly after my arrival; he accompanies the voice with it, and, although not what we can exactly term music, at a distance it is anything but unpleasant. One can judge much of the tone or state of civilisation of a country, either by their music or their love of it. Now, throughout all the parts of Lycia in which I have been, they are decidedly fond of music; and it was with considerable difficulty I got them to part with a small instrument of home manufacture, resembling a guitar, the body made of a gourd pierced with holes, instead of the ordinary sound-hole. It had four strings, two of which were tuned as unisons, and were of brass wire. Instead of frets, its scale was formed by pieces of cord tied round the neck, and when I found it decidedly in tune, with intervals correctly marked, as in every true scale. I regretted much my covetous love of novelties obliging me to deprive them of what evidently was a source of great enjoyment; for round the fire of an evening they continually gave a little concert, and whiled away the long hours in songs of love or war. The friends of the owner of it positively refused his parting with it; but the temptation of twenty piastres was too great, and a few more to his son completed the bargain, and smoothed down my conscience. Some time after, I found another in general appearance the same, but on minuter inspection I coveted it five times more; and I hope, with the assistance of the little sketches, to make its merits fully understood and appreciated, for it claims novelty and great ingenuity. On the one side it has the usual number of thread frets; now the neck is divided into two, and what is usually the back in most instruments is strung, but in another key, so that the player can at his pleasure change his key by turning the instrument. I have shown it to many of my musical friends, who have expressed great pleasure in seeing it; and in one instance I think it may not be improbable

a small instrument of better manufacture will be constructed from it. It is played with a bit of the bark of a tree, and at times a quarter-piastre. Of the drums I have occasionally alluded to, they are much the same in all countries. They have one, however, which is small, and is nothing more than a basin of metal, covered over with parchment; it is placed on the ground, and struck with sticks with cloth bound round the ends.

"I noticed two sorts of pipes—one belonging to the gipsies, the other to the regular inhabitants. It is similar to what I have seen in Egypt, called by Mr. Lane in his 'Modern Egyptians' (vol. i. p. 75) *ney*. I could not produce a single note on it, although my frequent exertions merited better success. The instrument is held on one side of the mouth, and, I believe, the wind forced into the pipe against the side of the instrument. Its effect is exceedingly pleasant amongst the hills, and in particular of an evening, as your flocks are coming home.

"But to return, after this long digression of dresses and music. Captain Warden's arrival having been prefaced by two days' dry weather, allowed the waters to abate. The first provided me with the horses, and the time seemed to favour our removal. I care not if one has been living in tents, in tombs, in inns, in your own house or in your friend's, in the ruins of temples or in boats, one becomes attached to the place; and nine to one but, on leaving it, old associations arise, and regret becomes the feeling predominant. I nearly cried on leaving Thebes; I did not on leaving Xanthus, but I much regretted parting with a spot where I had spent so many happy days.

"Breakfast was going on well. Nicolo, as he put the rice on the table, reminded me it was the last time; and I do not think my young friend Johnson, whose amiable qualities as a travelling-companion I must ever acknowledge, much regretted it, for with the feelings of youth novelty has fifty times the charm in scenery as well as diet, and the latter needed change. The horses came up; when all was confusion: beds in oil-cases, canteens to be packed, portmanteaus to be strapped, and, last of all, tents to be struck. The Turks looked on, dozed on, and I can say of them as Marston of his dog, when he wrote that quaint passage on the immortality of the soul, 'Delight, my spaniel, slept whilst I,' &c. Then, 'whilst I' made all haste in my power to get packed as early as possible, and mule after mule received his burden, the old cook-house of mats had already written on it, 'To let;' and we soon saw it was not long in being taken by the Turks. Peg after peg, and stay after stay, and the old tent came to the ground: adieu to No. 3, Xanthian Crescent; and adieu to my friends, to the sailors, to the Greeks, and always next to them my dogs. The Turks were, as I before said, numerous to watch my departure, for I do think I had become a bit of a favourite with them, and I was pleased to think they had affections for the stranger; but I was not prepared to find them so strongly displayed as I foundthem, as the little anecdote I am about to narrate will prove.

"I had been put over the river in the boat, with servants, &c. Its passage was difficult, and all but impossible to ford from its swollen state.

"The horses were forced to cross much lower down, where the river, from

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spreading over the plain, was much more shallow. I knew I should have an hour or so to wait, and I amused myself by gathering flowers. The anemones are most beautiful, the colour as brilliant as the size is large; the red are remarkable. They in general are finest in a sandy soil, and then they cover the ground like a beautiful carpet.

"Whilst so engaged, in the distance I saw a man riding at the top of his horse's speed. He made for the opposite bank, threw himself from his steed, and spoke to some Turks, who pointed to the other side. He evidently wished to cross; the boat would be out of his power, as it required skill to manage her. He hesitated a moment, when he disencumbered himself of his garments and arms. He could not be going to swim the stream; it was a rapid, foaming on to the sea, twisting and twirling if opposed; its whirlpool told its strength, and the dark markings on its surface were as the frowns on a passionate man's face, foreboding little good. I had short time to doubt: in he plunged, and with a giant's strength he cut through the waters, which, notwithstanding, carried him some hundred yards down the stream. He gained the shore, and ran along the sandy bank, extending his hands towards me. It was my old friend Oiel. He had heard of my departure; he had crossed the river to say 'good-bye.' Down we sat, and smoked our last pipe, and hardly was it finished when the horses came up to saddle. The serrugee wants no delay: I pressed his hand, struck my spurs deep in my horse's flank, and, as I galloped off to join my party, I heard his splash into the water.

"'There may be many high in life who may blush to call you friend, but your conduct may furnish them a good example.' Thus moralising, I overtook my companions; and shortly after our mules, determined to keep up their character for stubbornness, would, despite all we could do to the contrary, tumble all our luggage into a dyke—fortunately a dry one. This prevented our progress for an hour or more, and the very bad ground we had to pass over, from the late rains, prevented our advancing but at a slow pace. Still I hoped by nightfall to arrive at Kestep. The rain began to fall, and I began to indulge in the idea that we might have to spend the night under some tree; and, as the evening came on, I divided my sympathy between the poor beasts and myself. The rain became thicker, and we all wet; yet on we went, wishing our jackets, like the rain, thick. It now became dark, and anything but agreeable. The loud shout of the serrugee broke the otherwise perfect stillness of the night, and our little troop passed on. A thick mist encompassed us. All at once I saw a light, another, and another; they moved and became more and more distinct, and, slowly nearing, they struggled through the general gloom, and I was at a loss to account for their appearing. In the space of a few minutes the gigantic outlines of camels became visible. These, moving through the mist, had a grand appearance, and soon explained the mystery. It was some merchants travelling by night; each leader of the camels had a torch. The effect of this procession, lighting up the trees and shining into the recesses of the woods, was most picturesque, and formed a fine subject for a painting. From these people we gained the information that we were near our resting-place, and indeed the deep barking of dogs

soon announced our proximity to a village. These brutes turned out like a legion of young devils, but we cared little for them; for with what pleasure does a man hail the meanest resting-place when wet, fatigued, and hungry. After having taken care of your poor beast—and good care, with a clear conscience of not having abused his valuable services—you enter the friendly door. This one belonged to a small Turkish cottage used by travellers. I poked my way in the dark into the interior, and with some matches procured a light, and, for want of some wood, began to tear down a sort of fence near the door, when a little Turk, dressed all in red, like a *diable rouge*, made such a noise as if I had been going to burn the Koorán; but, finding I was the master of the party, he allowed me to be his. This information he gained, I imagine, by my servants whispering in his ear; which had the same effect as is narrated of the Irish horse-tamer, and perhaps he looked to the piastres on the morrow morning. Be it as it may, he became civil, and we had an excellent fire. Our frugal meal produced and dispatched, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets; and should have had a good night's sleep, had it not been for the roof of the house, which was not waterproof. I soon awoke. I think I had been dreaming I was in the *dripping-cave* at Knaresborough. It was impossible to sleep in a pool; so, moving the logs of wood, and making a good blaze, I took a sort of cab-horse sleep; and as the grey morning broke I shook myself and my friends, who rose from their shower-bath, and all turned their attention to breakfast. That over, once more on the road. It was wet and gloomy, and promised a continuance of bad weather. We wished good-bye to our host, paid him for his civilities, gave a few half-piastres to some half-starved children, who, if not so, looked so—and now, *en route*.

"Wm. Müller."

THE END.

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